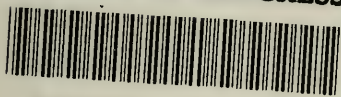
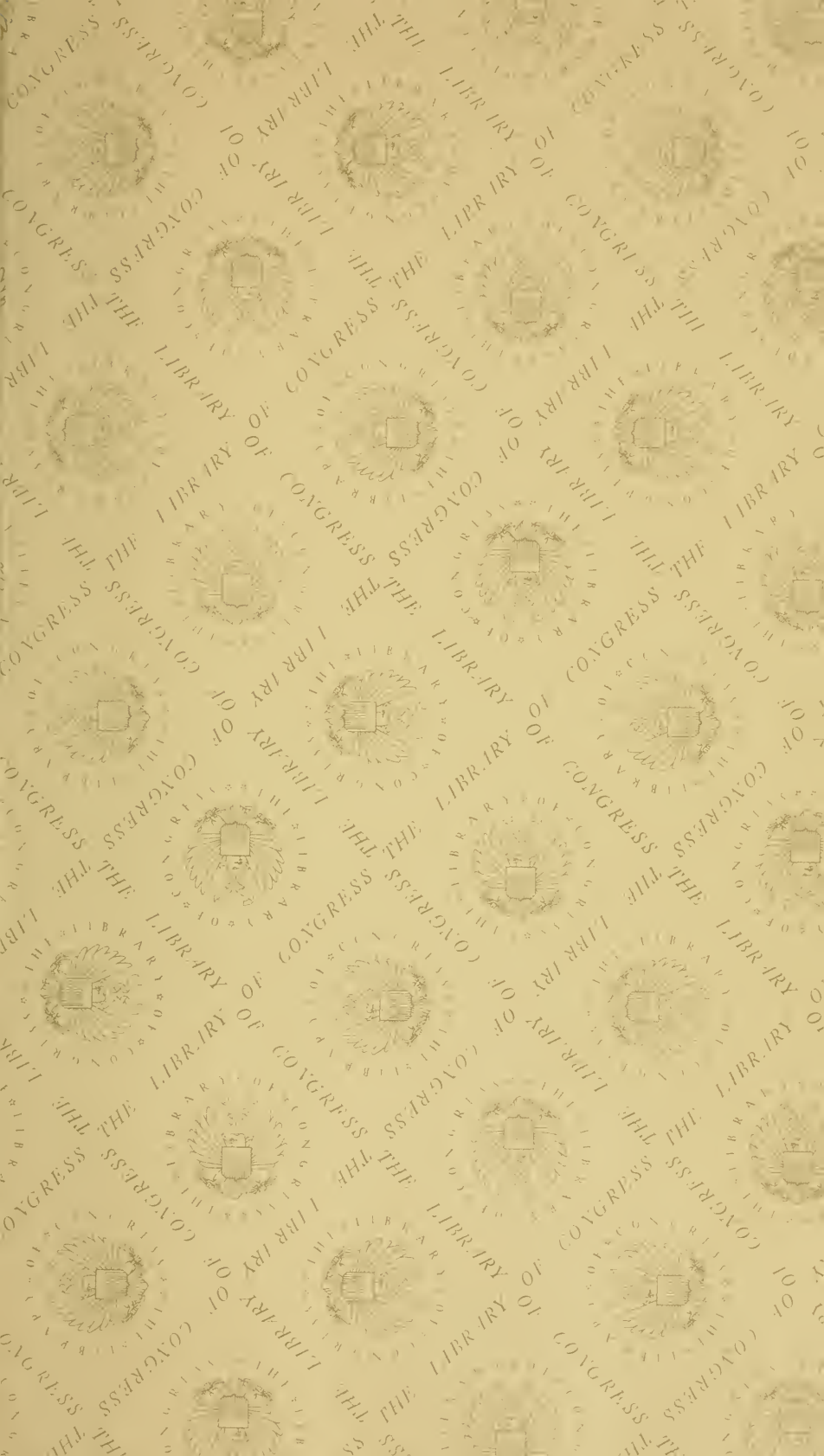


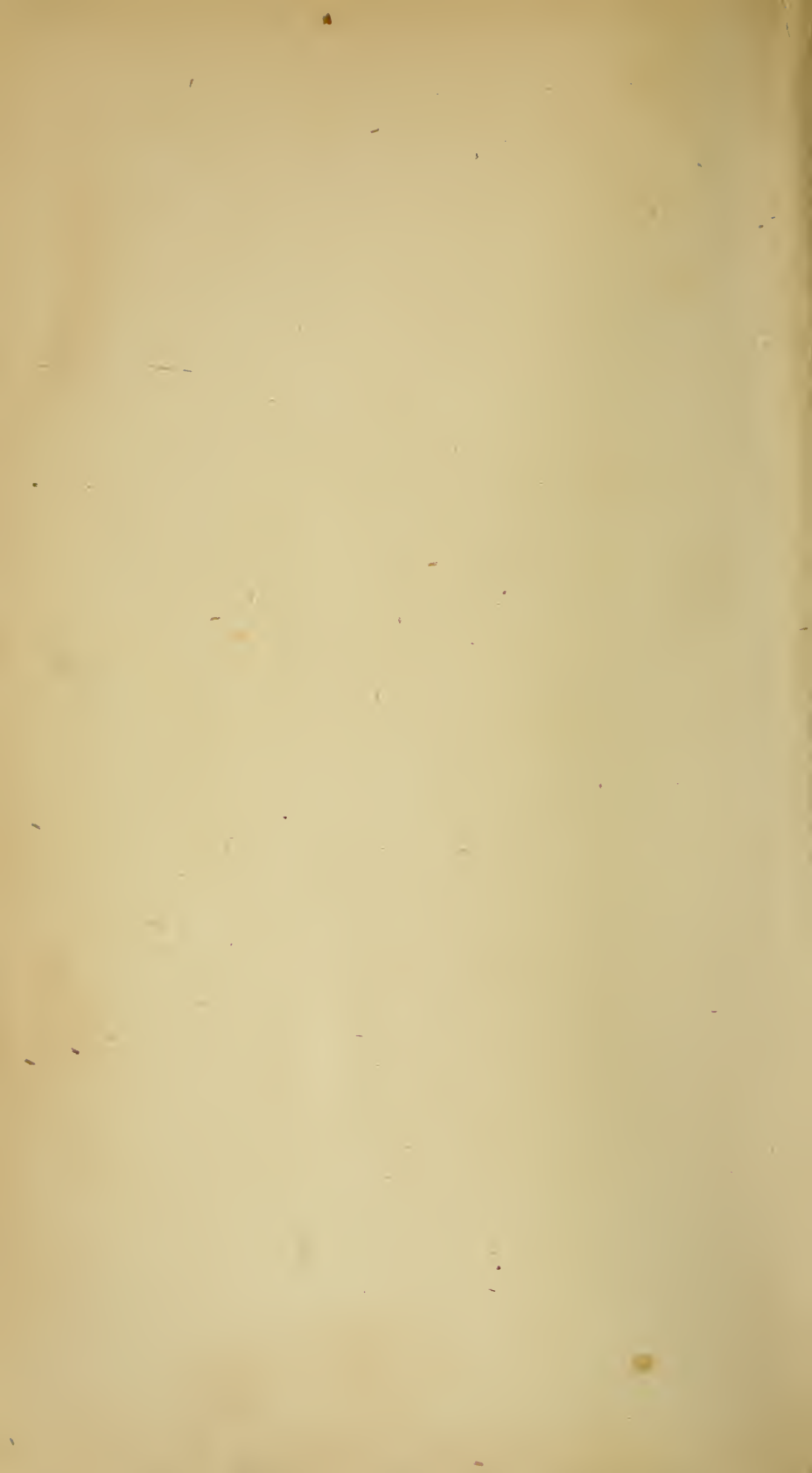
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MA KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK.

OR

BLACK HAWK.



OR
BLACK HAWK.

MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK;

OR,

BLACK HAWK,

AND

SCENES IN THE WEST.

A NATIONAL POEM:

IN SIX CANTOS.

EMBRACING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THIS CELEBRATED CHIEF-TAIN; THE BLACK HAWK WAR; A LEGEND OF THE ILLINOIS TRIBE OF INDIANS, SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY BECAME EXTINCT; A SUCCINCT DESCRIPTION OF THE WISCONSIN AND LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRIES, AND THEIR RICH MINERALS; THE MASSACRE OF CHICAGO, AND OTHER DEEPLY INTERESTING SCENES IN THE WEST.

BY ELBERT H. SMITH.

I sing of love and wedlock, death and life,
Of pioneers and heroes, peace and strife;
Of countries new, and settlements begun,
Of fortunes sometimes lost and sometimes won;
Of justice, liberty, and equal right,
And paint to fancy scenes of rare delight;
Of mines of silver, copper, golden ore:
Proclaim the tidings far from shore to shore!

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1849.

PS 2859
565
1849

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1849,
BY ELBERT H. SMITH,
In the Clerk's office of the United States Court, for the South-
ern District of New York.

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a.m.p., Oct. 17, 1929

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THE DEDICATION.

To all the lovers of the arts of Poesy and the Belles Lettres,
and to all the friends and patrons of American enterprise and
home industry, hoping that the same may prove useful and
amusing to them, is this work most respectfully dedicated,

By their obedient and humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

DEAR READER—The author, in presenting to you a new work, hastily got up, is aware that it may have many imperfections, and hopes the indulgence of an enlightened and generous public.

Whether he has done justice to the renowned savage, the hero of the work—to our noble governor, the great partisan warrior of his day, and to that gallant band of pioneers who have contributed so much to the glory and prosperity of the West, the reader must determine.

The account given of the genealogy of Black Hawk, a description of the war in which he acted so conspicuous a part, together with his whole history, will be found interesting: also, the various scenes in the West, herein described, more or less familiar to the first pioneers, cannot but be perused with pleasure by all who recollect them; whilst their relation will be more especially novel, interesting and delightful to all those who never heard of them before.

This comprehensive treatise portrays things as they were in the early settlement of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, when civilization first dawned upon the beautiful forests and prairies, and the cultivation of the luxurious soil commenced; and shows

this country's natural and abundant resources ; its fruitful mines of silver, lead, and copper, where men dig for hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth, and become rich, together with those of the Lake Superior country, where now is the rush of those who wish to make their fortunes ; the cheapness of the soil, which produces so bountifully both the necessities and luxuries of life ; the prospect of entering into profitable business with a small capital, and the chances for speculation afforded by early and choice locations ; the almost certain prospect of bettering one's condition and circumstances by a change of place, and of living in the enjoyment of health, peace and competence in another clime, are just inducements, and are all things worthy to be inquired into.

The author might easily have swelled this volume to five times its present size—but this would, in a considerable degree, have defeated his object ; which was, to make a useful work, comprehending much in little, whose low price would bring it within the reach of everybody ; to cast all minor circumstances which would burden the pages of future history out of the way ; consigning them at once to that oblivion of after-time, in which they must of necessity be lost, and dwell only upon such important things as are calculated to survive the present generation, and live through the dilapidations of time. Such are, indeed, the only legitimate subjects of history.

To the lovers of literature, and especially to the admirers of the art of poesy, it is presumed this work will afford great

pleasure and delight; while to those who are not in the same degree capable of perceiving and relishing its beauties, it cannot fail to be a source of information that will abundantly repay the cost.

The massacre of Chicago is a theme deeply interesting. The author has taken great pains to inform himself thoroughly on this subject, and has obtained his information from living witnesses and periodicals of that day. All the statements concerning this most interesting narrative, may, therefore, be relied on with implicit confidence. They form important items in the history of the country long to be remembered.

The question may very naturally arise, why the author did not compose the whole in rhyme, as he could easily have done. To which he answers, that he is partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in this style; but the constant tendency to rhyme continually furnished him, as he went along, with beautiful couplets; some of which he has retained among the blank verse, considering blank verse as the base.

At other times he has reduced whole portions of the work entirely to rhyme—portions which were at first intended for blank verse—so that he has now, in such a variety of styles, something that will suit all tastes and classes of readers. The author might multiply reasons for the course he has taken in these respects, if it were deemed necessary. He might say that Shakespeare did so—that this is a day of innovations on the

learning of the past ; and as it was with the Israelites in early times, so has it become with us now—for in those days there was no king in the land, and every man did according to that which seemed right in his own eyes.

BLACK HAWK,

AND

SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Invocation. The Pioneer sets out on a journey to the far West. Some account of his travels. The Mormons. His description of Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland. The loss of the Erie, Detroit. His voyage to Copperdom. Lake Superior and its mines. His voyage up the Mississippi, and across the great Valley, where he falls in with an old resident, with whom he has much conversation with regard to Black Hawk and the War.

I.

AMERICANS ! magnanimous of soul !
With hearts as warm, as generous and as free
As that pure atmosphere in which ye breathe ;
Come, listen, while I sing of one poor man,
The self-taught hero, aboriginal,
Of the Indian race his genealogy—
Illustrious, so deserving of renown,
And causes which impelled him to the war ;
His mighty deeds, his perils, dangers, labors,

Endured time-long for his loved people's sake.
With phraseology and lofty thoughts sublime,
Fit for the theme, may heavenly powers inspire me !
A man untutored, singularly devoted
To reverence the Great Spirit, sacrifice
Life, and whatever else to him was dear,
To serve great Manitou, his kin and country,
Fulfil a destiny prescribed by heaven :
In later days to furnish deeds of song,
Equal the Roman, or what Greek has done,
Upon Columbian soil, and far away
From what was once esteemed the classic ground.
Yea, I repeat, some heavenly power inspire me !
With utterance meet, to sound, from first to last,
In tuneful numbers, animated lays,
And give the hero what of meed is due ;
For, O ! he well deserves immortal praise !

II.

Amid th' Atlantic beautifully lies,
Close on the margin of the great blue sea,
A pleasant sea-girt isle ; upon its east
And on its southern border ocean rolls ;
While on the north its shallow strait divides
From other lands, inhabited by men
Of manners, laws, and language similar.
Far 'mid the billows of the briny sea,
With promontory high looks out Montauk ;
Thence eastward all is boundless ocean's realm ;
A city large its western borders grasp.

Across the strait the London of the west,
Great Gotham lies, of everlasting growth ;
Its chesnuts, oaks, its pines and cedars tall,
The quaint luxuriance of the soil bespeak.

III.

The hidden regions of the western world,
T' explore, there went from off this isle a man,
Who many countries saw in beauty dressed,
And vast luxuriance, when as yet were new.
About himself and journey lone there was
Something peculiar, as of course must be ;
Since he was neither driven out from thence,
By force of circumstances or of need,
Save his own free desires and ardent mind,
To scenes romantic, wild, thereto impelling.
His habitation such as some might envy,
Sufficient to content most men, not him ;
For of a restless, roving mind possessed,
Unsatisfied desires to see and trace
The boundless country teeming far away,
He straight to leave his home and kin prepared ;
And, without tears, regret, or grief for aught,
His journey perilous, and lone began,
And as he journeyed up the way, thus sung :
Farewell, blest island, sea-girt, thee I leave,
Thou handiwork of God ! and all things else
To thee pertaining—purling brooks, and shores,
That oft receive the dash of ocean's waves,
Perhaps to see no more ! I love thee still,

And ever will my heart ! but why lament,
Since other climes attention too demand ?
He crossed the strait, and passing Gotham by,
The river of the North ascended up,
Until the mountains towered on either side ;
Old Allegany, torn by Hudson's flood,
And broken up, though rocky was his chain,
To give the waters passage to the main.
The highland-peaks, and tuft-crowned cities past,
He reached the capitolian town at last.

IV.

Particulars of his journey cannot here,
As he at first in haste did take no notes.
Touched at young Troy, a rising Hercules,
And saw the site where good old Union stands,
Mohawk in all his glory winding on.
He floats along in artificial moulds,
And channels taught to flow by will of man,
Unknown in ancient times ; through aqueduct,
And tunnels under ground of passage dark,
And gloomy sound, from solid rock torn out.
The central city such attractions held,
It drew the hasty traveller from his way.
Rome, Syracuse, Salina, Lyons passed,
In quick succession ; to Palmyra came,
Where Mormon prophet dug from neighboring hill
The golden plates of Mormon's sacred book ;
A book blasphemous, all our teachers say,
Has led its thousand harmless dupes astray.

V.

To give a history of the prophet here,
And of the new religion he is founding,
Far West, and o'er the Atlantic is resounding ;
And of his great success, and signal fall,
Would interesting be, no doubt, to all.
This, what a mortal errorist can do,
Who claims to be commissioned from above,
Doth well elucidate. It shows yet more ;
That any man who can succeed to impress
All credulous minds that he's in very truth
Inspired of God, such doctrines to divulge ;
Although he be a Christian but in name,
A trite impostor clothed in shepherd's garb,
Yet will he for a time draw round him friends,
A congregation eager, followers too,
Devoted to his will in sacred things,
Who in misguided way do serve the King of kings.

VI.

The Mormon prophet, we will call him Joe,
As others do—the word's of easy flow—
To make the faith of his adherents strong,
And quell all doubts as he progressed along
For each impetus had new revelation,
Which, if believed entire, had won a nation.
His miracles he sometimes wrought, 'twas said ;
But if he failed, it proved their faith was dead.

VII.

His followers multiplied at Kirkland's temple,
Which rose beneath his care a mighty dome ;
Until to western lands divinely called,
To raise a temple by Almighty hand,
For nations of the earth to flock unto,
Lost tribes of Israel, Gentile, wandering Jew.
The temple rose, and so did persecution—
The people there, would grant them no ablution
For crimes imputed, but did drive them out,
By sword, and fire, and terror, hate and rout.

VIII.

At length the Lord did call him to Nauvoo,
The prophet said, to build the temple there ;
For through much persecution they must enter
Into that rest for every saint prepared.
A temple there was built, and city too,
A city thronged and chartered by the State.
There, too, dissension rose among the people,
To persecute the prophet unto death ;
But he long time evaded all their wiles,
Suffered arrests, imprisonments and scoffs.
Betrayed into the hands of wicked men,
He died a martyr to the faith he taught.
Reflects no honor on his persecutors—
A lawless band of desperadoes there.
Then were his people persecuted sore,
In this good land where every mind is free

To worship God as well beseemeth him ;
E'en many unto death, and forced to fly,
To North and West, Iowa, Council Bluffs ;
And leave their city fair to beasts of prey,
Or unto men rapacious more than they.
Compelled to wander in a land of strangers,
All comfortless, and outcasts from their home.
Oh ! 'twas an everlasting, open shame !
Enough to blast forever the fair fame
Of persecutors and conniving powers !
Who thus could sport with law, in this fair land of ours ;
And suffer lawless miscreants to usurp
The laws of State, and take into their hands
The sword of justice, to avenge on men
Their hate, and seize their substance for themselves.
A poor man for his vineyard Ahab slew,
And met dire punishment, although a king.
To California's genial clime they've flown,
And what their fate will be, and ruthless end, unknown.

IX.

Here having left, next Rochester he saw—
The city, and the country scenes around,
Well pleased the pioneer. He there abode,
Till days went by, which seemed not to have passed ;
And in his daily converse on this theme,
He thus retorted on the infidel :

X.

Rochester ! What's she more than other places ?
Why, man, you're mad ! for she, with all her graces,

Is far superior to most other towns,
And this to prove needs not the aid of clowns.
What other town can boast a Genesee ?
That, rolling through her midst so gracefully,
And dancing on the rocks goes murmuring ;
The music of whose waters never die !
And boast such falls, except Niagara's bound,
And such delightful scenery around ;
And *ad infinitum* of mills of flour,
And never-ending great hydraulic power ?
Such enterprising men to carry it on,
A city beautiful to look upon.
Here do not all facilities combine !
Railroad, canals, and aqueducts entwine ;
And is not Eden's flowery garden here ?
And Genesee, Euphrates' great compeer ;
And his rich valley, Eden as of old,
Where, as on Ganges, diamonds lie, and gold ;
Where choicest wheat abounds, of value more,
And heaven in bounty lavishes his store ?
Delightful city, with her high built towers !
Are not thy ladies fair as morning flowers ?
Or as Mahomet's nymphs in sacred bowers
Of paradise ? while dome, and church and steeple,
Proclaim, where'er we look, a pious people.

XI.

Niagara roars, and so does Genesee !
Sam Patch went on his way most merrily,
Oft jumping down these falls from highest steep,
Disdainful of the shortness of the leap.

At length he built a scaffold 'bove the falls,
Shudders the mind when up this scene it calls ;
The most adventurous leaper of his time
Prepared to make another more sublime :
The day was fixed, a multitude came near,
To witness such a feat as gave them fear,
Far more intense than that the venturer felt,
Before the throne of grace he had not knelt ;
As all did think they'd done in such a case,
And of the great Deliverer sought grace ;
And hazardous of body and of soul,
Submitted to the elements' control.
Some said he lost his balance in the fall—
Some said that brandy was the cause of all.
The maddening gulf sent up a hideous roar,
And opening wide its mouth him to devour,
Received him in unmeasured depths below,
Closed over him forever, son of wo !
His immortality on earth is sure,
Remembrance of this leap will e'er endure
While Rochester upon this shore remains,
These falls to sound eternal nature's strains ;
And roar from age to age, and dash their spray
O'er those in future as on us to-day.

XII.

Time's march doth him admonish, and the light
Morn ushers in, is shrouded quick in night.
Much as he loved these scenes, he must away,
To where the sun flings his last evening ray,

O'er western lands, the earth in darkness shrouds,
And tints with golden hues the sunny clouds.
And now, prepared, his devious way he takes,
Westward, to the Queen city of the lakes,
In a swift packet drawn by extra steeds,
Along the water-course that thither leads.

XIII.

Arrived, he straight embarked on board a ship,
T' embrace the earliest chance, a pleasant trip,
Upon the placid lake in summer's day,
Where gentle breezes cool the sultry ray ;
Where bands that make sweet music heighten joy,
And pastime social, knows of no alloy.
Returning soon unto the pleasant shore,
A harbor, ne'er so full of ships before,
He saw wedged in. All peaceful in command,
This one and that gave way ; he reached the land,
Walked up the busy, peaceful streets, relieved,
And blessed the town that had him safe received.

XIV.

Here saw the great and good, the young and pretty,
And other groups walk up and down the city—
Beheld its beauty, saw much to admire,
For often met his eye the sacred spire,
And solemn temple. He was pleased to see
These tokens of a people's piety.
Sure, said he, 'tis a great commercial city,
Whether our words be quaint, or grave, or witty ;

For I have traversed Main-street up and down,
East, west, enjoyed the freedom of the town,
And business ! business ! nothing here moves slow,
A world of business done in Buffalo.
She sits a queen, the city of the lakes,
Of others' doings, cognizance she takes ;
And like Gibraltar, all must pass the strait—
Pay tribute, and unload, re-ship their freight.
She's happy in herself, and has no rival—
Her commerce, one continual revival.

XV.

He bade the Buffalonians adieu,
And thence the far-famed Falls went to espy,
And listen to the great Niagara's roar.
But ere he'd reached the place, his ears were stunned
With loud imperious cries of—" Write ! sir, write !"
As thinking his descriptions fraught could be
With rare amusement ; fit to edify.
At such demands, imperious as to him
They seemed, did vex him, and he would not it,
Nor do what every-body else had done,
To write an episode upon the Falls.
Still he no malice bore, nor would withhold
What would contribute to the good of any ;
And so, adventurous, he essayed to give
The first impressions of his random brain
To public gaze. Sure, thought he, nought sublime
From that one hurried glance can be expected ;
Designing, as he did, to take one peep,

At more convenient season come again,
To view at length the works of the Almighty,
And wonders here that all the world attract.

XVI.

The neighboring village gained by railroad cars,
He rested from fatigues of journey long.
In this woodland retreat awhile reposed,
Then crossed the foaming rapids to the isle
Which does this cataract in twain divide ;
Where found he guide-boards to direct his way
To sites of prospects, whence all things to view.
Down to the cascade traced the gravel walk ;
O'er foaming rapids crossed another bridge
To Luna Isle, lying above the Falls ;
A prospect wonderfully grand beheld.
Returning back unto the former isle,
There what his optics saw, he thus describes :—
Unto this island's farthest verge went down ;
I there a bridge beheld, from rock to rock,
Extending 'mong the rapids, 'bove the Falls ;
Which to a high stone tower did lead, that stood
Midway between the roaring cataract
And on its utmost verge. Its winding stairs
Ascending up, I looked into th' abyss,
And felt impressions indescribable,
Awful to witness, never fully told.
Projecting o'er the Falls a bridge hung out ;
Unto its outer verge I saw one go,
Look over, and start back, as though he felt

It crack beneath him, loosening from the rock—
At which another heartily did laugh ;
And venturing on as more courageous, felt,
On looking down the steep, a similar shock.
On that o'erhanging form I, too, walked out ;
But first examined well the bridge, to see
That it was founded on the rock secure,
And that the timbers it composed were sound,
In good repair, that nothing could give way.

XVII.

St. Lawrence is a most tremendous river,
Extremely deep, and draining almost all
Those lakes and inland seas, with all their streams,
On North America's great bosom lie ;
Is here a rocky precipice poured down
Of perpendicular height, of vast descent,
A sheet of water full six furlongs wide,
Forever flowing without variation,
And unaffected by what rains and storms
Or drought may come, as thus far has been proved.
Who can conceive these waters' furious bound ?
The noise is heard for several leagues around.
The rising mists obscure the mid-day fair,
And ever show a beauteous rainbow there !

XVIII.

He, from the awful heights of that lone tower,
The foaming rapids round about him there,

In looking up, did see the river foaming
Far up, and coming down with dreadful rage,
With all his congregated waters round.
Him towering o'er the adamant he saw,
And dancing on the rocks with thundering sound.
Unto the precipice he saw him rush,
And spread his billowy arms of white across
The verge of that high semi-circular wall,
And give the leap into the void below,
As plunging to the central caves of earth—
That mighty void scooped out by hand Almighty
To show his power—the wonder-working God—
How far his might exceeds what mortals can.
Receiving still a thousand tributaries,
To wit: Ontario, Ottawas, and others,
He makes his flight sublime to ocean's realm,
Where thirty leagues scarce measures all his breadth.
The ground did seem to tremble under him;
While from th' abyss continual did arise
Thick mists such as serenest skies obscure
On fairest summer's day. Suspended here
The token, beautifully fair, is seen,
The bow, which in the cloud set Noah's God,
Of old, a witness to rebellious men,
Earth by a flood should be destroyed no more.

XIX.

The brain that peeps o'er here will giddy prove,
And turn away for fear of headlong fall.
Whate'er goes down will be reduced to atoms,

And fragments peradventure never found.
The fate of Michigan, who has not heard ?
That went sublimely o'er with all her load ;
As thousands witnessed on that fatal day,
That bore her shattered remnants far away.
The Caroline, ill-fated source of blood,
How fired, and sent careering down the flood ?

XX.

The weary sun went down unto his rest,
But with no soft repose the cataract blest.
Great Nature, all her charms of rare delight
Hung out in colors beautiful and bright.
And as they in succession died away,
To compensate for loss of beaming day,
Sent out the stars in clusters clear and bright,
To furnish all the scene with heavenly light.
And now was Cynthia full, the lunar bow,
A bright illuminated arch did show ;
Suspended in the heavens, from side to side
Of that thick mist that rose above the tide.
The rapids sparkle like the stars not less,
And nature wears a charm of passing loveliness:

XXI.

What is there great, or glorious, or sublime,
That ye bring not to mind, ye wondrous Falls ?
The song of Homer in its loftiest strain ;
Armies engaged in scenes of mighty conflict ;

Great conflagrations sweeping o'er a city ;
From mountain's side the fall of avalanche ;
The thunder's peal, the voice of Deity ;
A thousand cannon booming from afar,
A thousand standards waving o'er the war ;
The consummation of all earthly things,
Eternity and never-ending time ;
Mount *Ætna* belching forth her liquid flame ;
The lion's rage ; the furious whirlwind's sweep ;
Tornado's blast that sweeps whole forests down ;
The raging sea in violent agitation ;
Old Neptune's watery kingdom broken up ;
The trembling of the earth from pole to pole ;
Earthquakes, and each memorial of all time,
Ye shadow forth with all their import dread !

XXII.

Yet more, to others joyful, ye give birth ;
The reign of liberty throughout the earth ;
The great Millennium's joyful ushering in,
The good Messiah's reign, and end of sin ;
The day so long desired with ardent prayer,
Which prophet, priest, and sage, still hope to share ;
The threatening comets that through ether blaze,
The rolling spheres revolving endless days ;
Those morning stars that sung at early prime,
Creation's work complete, began the march of time !

XXIII.

He left the scene with music in his soul,
To Buffalo back the iron chariots roll ;

Then supped, and sweetly slumbered there that night,
Till dawn had streaked the East with radiant light.
Embarking thence on board a steamer new,
Far in the West his journey to pursue,
He cut the liquid way. But soon arose
A dangerous storm, and winds and waves oppose.
The seamen labored hard ; but, danger nigh,
A harbor sought, where Cleveland's vessels lie ;
And safely moored, the traveller went on shore,
The city and its suburbs to explore ;
For thus far come, o'er many a mount and stream,
Things had a Western look, as he did deem ;
And he discovered, much surprised to see
A town built on a hill so gracefully.

XXIV.

Sure, said he, Cleveland is a handsome city .
Not better here described, it is a pity.
Fain would the minstrel furnish something better,
Were't not that he sustains a timely fetter.

The fetter is, that something must be said—
And what is written, be it good or bad,
Must find publicity. So let it go—
Happily it proves no person's weal or wo.

Cleveland has handsome architectural domes,
And beauteous people, at their beauteous homes ;
Industrious, moral, peaceful, good and wise,
And healthful walls and towers that proudly rise.

Her public walks of ornamental trees,
That spread in rows their honors to the breeze,
Traversed by cheerful ones ; her avenues,
Where daily sentinels oft report profuse ;

And stand as watchmen on her lofty towers,
With pen and heart, and faithful at all hours,
To watch the foe political in strife,
And guard the cause of liberty and life ;
To action rousing all those dormant powers,
Whose slumbering on would sink this land of ours

XXV.

And be it to her people's glory said,
That most devoutly they revere the dead ;
And grateful rear the monumental pile,
And bid the willows weep around the while.

Blest effort ! worthy of a people blest !
'Twas here, he deemed he saw, laid down to rest,
The princes of the earth ; inscribed their names
On the enduring marble ; what their claims
To immortality on earth ; their race below,
The heavenly fruits from pious actions grow.

When comes the day, which I shall never dread,
Let me lie here among the pious dead ;
Or in some other like, on such a shore !
O, this is bliss ! 'tis heaven to be no more !

XXVI.

On Erie lake, and Erie was her name,
A splendid steamer sunk beneath the flame,

Surcharged with emigrants from eastern clime,
Thither had come to seek a happy home.
For they had heard of prairies in the West,
With fruitful soil, and genial climate blest—
Freedom and comforts there to be enjoyed,
Had almost reached the place, quite unannoyed
By accident, their blissful, destined port,
Well freighted with their stores of every sort ;
Were joyful on that day, and talked of rest,
In that good land, where they should soon be blest.
Alas ! no goodly land, to them, shall e'er appear !
Nor aught of all was promised, they held dear ;
For, from their heaven, the sun withdrew his light,
Went down for aye, in everlasting night.
A cry of fire fell from the deck below—
The horror-stricken rushed, the cause to know.
She newly painted was ; the turpentine,
That varnished her so well, and made to shine,
Caused instantaneous spread of flames all o'er,
Those cabined under, never came up more !
While those above, t' escape the fiery glee,
Their choice preferred to risk the angry sea.
From starboard, larboard side, and bowsprit's steep
Dreadful alternative ! plunged in the deep,
In consternation ! Night was dark and drear,
Far from the shore, where none to save came near.
So perished all on board—two hundred souls !
The careless sea forever o'er them rolls—
Regardless of the weal of those who come,
From distant lands to seek a happy home.

XXVII.

Far on the North, great Lake Superior lies,
Whose cloud-capt towers salute the lofty skies ;
From lofty grounds, the streams descending flow,
In falls and rapids to the deeps below.
The peaky cliffs along its winding shore,
Its mines of copper, silver, cover o'er ;
Its pictured rocks, and walls, and caves marine,
Ten thousand isles enchanting, tuffed with green
Profuse, upon its glassy waves excite,
In the beholder, wonder and delight.

XXVIII.

And here the traveller first of copper-mines
Did hear, on Lake Superior's southern coast,
As claimed by Michigan, do chiefly lie ;
And of the numerous companies being formed,
For exploration, in the search of ore—
The dark recesses of the earth to fathom,
And lay its treasures open to the day.
And with the mining fever he was ta'en,
And set his face to go to Copperdom ;
Anticipation made men's fortunes sure.
A ship there bound, was ready to depart—
He, enterprising, was the first on board,
And soon was bounding o'er the Northern sea,
Midway the lake, and ploughing up the deep,
A foamy furrow made with winds propitious ;
Moving much faster o'er this field of battle,

By steam's omnipotence and canvass spread,
Than Perry moved with all his martial force,
When he brought up his tardy ships to action,
Britannia's power curtailed, and laid full low
The champions powerful of a mighty king ;
And for his country glorious victory won,
Purchased immortal honor for himself.

XXIX.

Then changing course somewhat, they left the lake,
And sailing up a river, found Detroit ;
An ancient city peopled long from Gaul—
And landing here, the spacious town surveyed ;
Hamtrammack viewed, the rill that ran with blood.
Saw public buildings, elegant and large—
Taste, opulence, refinement, pride of life,
And churches that did wear a florid mien,
Whose lofty spires did point to hope and heaven.
And here is popular quite the Catholic faith.
Five churches, large, receive on Sabbath morn
The silent worshippers of him who died
Souls to redeem. The organ's pleasing sound
Assists devotion, flings its strains around.

XXX.

Upon a river, bearing name the same,
Between the shallow lakes, Erie, St. Clair,
The pleasant city lies, in prospect fair,
The capitolian town of Michigan ;

A great commercial mart is fast becoming.
Its history is the history of the State,
As you'll perceive, by what I here relate.
Rectangular is its form, its streets are wide,
And in its centre terminate four roads
To wit: Chicago, Saginaw, Grand River,
Fort Gratiot, to Lake Huron's outlet leading.
Transition from a spring prolonged and wet,
To summer's heat, is sudden. Vegetation
Springs instantaneous—is of rapid growth.
A climate healthful, a salubrious air—
A pleasant summer, autumn mild and fair ;
A winter cold and steady—not much snow,
As on St. Lawrence lies, far down below.

XXXI.

Three sovereign kings have swayed their sceptres o'er it,
Has changed five times the flag of its allegiance :
Once burned to ashes, captured twice in war—
To landing of the Pilgrims it dates back :
Was then a stopping-place for Courriers du Bois.
Fort Gratiot, Sault St. Marie then existed,
Held by a chain of forts this region round,
Were once dominion of the king of Gaul.
When victory crowned the arms o' immortal Wolfe,
Then fell Quebec, and all those outer posts,
To Britain's king, and served as rallying-points
To numerous hordes of savages, that hung
Like Death's broad scythe upon our new frontiers,
The cause of woes unnumbered, boding fears.

XXXII.

Now Michigan doth claim the copper-mines,
On Lake Superior's southern side do lie.
But why is this? says one, I wish to know,
Since lakes surround the great peninsula,
And other boundaries quite unnatural seem,
Enclosing regions far removed from hence.
I'll tell you, since you curious seem to know ;
'Twill interest you, should you not admire.
There was a time when Michigan was young—
Her boundary undefined, a strife begun.
A strip, including Maumee's turbid stream,
Ohio claimed. Hence the Toledo war !
And armies rushed to battle on each side ;
Nor would the weak unto the stronger yield,
Resolved to try the fortune of the field.
Nor was it known to what these things would grow.
Our President, and Congress at his side,
Gave to Ohio what of land she claimed ;
For Michigan was yet a territory,
Whose governor Congress could appoint at will ;
The acting governor, therefore, was removed,
Another in his stead appointed they.
The Michiganians, further to appease,
To them gave they that territory wide,
Extending on Superior's southern side,
And bounded by Wisconsin south and west,
And thus forever lulled the feud to rest.
What heart-felt joy do peaceful tidings bring !
That settled so, it was a happy thing ;

The wisdom of our councils well displays,
With pleasure will be viewed in future days.

XXXIII.

Here things of interest vast have oft transpired :
Here 'twas, that daring warrior, Pontiac,
Conceived, matured a plan to drive all men
Of English blood beyond the Alleghanies.
In the recesses of his gloomy mind
He formed his plans of death, brief in detail,
As they were terrible in execution.
Nor was it more or less than to attack
Thirteen well-garrisoned forts at one set hour —
Forts stretching up St. Lawrence through the lakes,
Down the Ohio, Wabash, Mississippi ;
Niagara and Du Quesne, among the number.
So secret were his plans, so prompt was he,
In executing all he had resolved,
Ten of these forts fell in one single day,
And all their inmates poured out life in blood—
For Pontiac was faithful to the French,
Desired no change of masters. He believed
The Gaul his friend—the English enemies.
Said he, when Frenchmen came, they came and kissed us—
They called us children, and we found them fathers ;
We lived like children with them in the lodge.
'Twas never so with English—when they came,
And took our country, conquering Quebec,
Our numerous tribes were all dissatisfied.

XXXIV.

Pontiac was one of those heroic men
Who stamp their characters upon the age :
An air of princely grandeur putting on,
Was by his subjects honored and revered.
Hence, when the British off'cers first arrived
To take possession of Detroit, they met
Messages from Pontiac, them to inform,
That peaceably was coming Pontiac ;
Desiring them to halt and hear his words.
His messengers were furthermore instructed
T' inform the English he was Pontiac,
The king and lord o' the country they were in
He met them, and demanded what their business
T' intrude on his dominions thus—what right ;
And how they dared come here without his leave.
He thought and felt as Philip ere had done ;
Danger to his dominions apprehending ;
The welfare of the Indian tribes at stake.
The English' great ambition, and their arms,
And eagerness all countries to possess,
He looked upon as with a jealous eye,
Whose conduct much suspicion had created.
The French had always kindly treated Indians ;
But Englishmen had done them great injustice ;
So, also, to King Louis, their French father,
To whom he faithful proved, which does him honor.
Pontiac, therefore, stood up, harangued the tribes,
Exhorting them to take no English bribes.
The story of their wrongs at length portrayed ;

He also dreamed dreams, and gave rewards.
At length his own commanding eloquence
Secured entire co-operation through
The lengthening lines of English foes' frontier.
A portion of the speech of Pontiac
We here will give, a sample for the rest.
On long record 'tis fit the speech should stand,
Memorial of the past. He thus began :
Englishmen ! 'tis to you that I do speak,
And I demand attention, Englishmen !
You know the king of France our father is—
He promised to be such, and so we found him ;
We promised, in return, to be his children.
This promise we have kept, and mean to keep.
'Tis you that have made war, with this our father—
You are his enemy. How have you, then,
Boldness to venture thus among his children ?
Now, Englishmen ! we are informed the king
Of France is old, and has become infirm—
Fatigued with wars against his nation waged,
Has fallen asleep ; and during interval,
You've ta'en advantage of his lying down,
To seize on his possessions—Canada.
But now his nap is almost at an end ;
I think I hear him stirring up himself,
And asking how his children fare—the Indians.
When he awakes, what will become of you,
And your possessions ? He will you destroy !
Now Pontiac, upon the eve of war,
As other kings and emperors erst have done,
Made money, bills of credit, to defray

The war's expense, which his invention proves.
Each bore an otter's form, impressed on back,
The article he promised in exchange ;
And under it his arms. These bills of credit,
The first in Michigan, though strange to tell,
Were punctually redeemed. Glad might we be,
Could we with equal truth affirm the same,
Concerning some since issued, that did bear
A wild-cat's impress--not on bark, but paper ;
Shin-plasters, good for nought but burning taper.

XXXV.

The British posts on Michigan to seize,
Lake Erie, Huron, Presque Isle, and Le Bœuf,
Venango, Pittsburgh, others, and destroy,
By well-concerted action, in one day,
The troops, as we have said, embraced his scheme.
He next would take possession of the country,
The coming in of British troops prevent ;
In their defence unite the Western tribes.
His preparations being at length completed,
Quite early in the pleasant month of May,
On all, from Fort Niagara to Green Bay,
There fell the stroke of death in one concerted hour,
Niagara, Pittsburgh, and Detroit except.
Viewed as the most important post, Detroit,
By Pontiac in person, was assailed ;
But, by an act most fortunate, it failed.
For in Detroit had Pontiac a friend
He wished to save ; and, to accomplish this,

Revealed too much. On the appointed day,
He went to the city gate, requesting audience.
His plan was this, and it was well conceived
He was to meet the British chief in council,
Harangue him there, on national affairs ;
And when, with voice vociferous and loud,
To give a belt of wampum he essayed,
The signal of attack, then those with him
Should strike the council down, then ope' the gates,
And let their warriors in ; and thus the power
Of Britain's king and host annihilate.
But this instead, their troops were well prepared.
Before the well-concerted signal came,
To leave of all their friends nought but the name,
The drums did beat to arms—the off'cers drew
Their glittering swords—the guards their pieces levelled.
He who had fought in many battles brave,
And led his legions oft to victory,
His plans revealed beheld, and felt chagrin.
Soon came the tidings o'er the mighty deep,
The English king had yielded peace to Gaul.
Despatched three thousand soldiers to Detroit,
Pontiac to overcome, and save the place.
A general peace succeeds ; no pleasant gales
The sound of carnage waft throughout our vales.

XXXVI.

Pontiac, distrustful of the English still,
Exasperate, all intercourse declined—
His seat abandoned, went to Illinois.

Here, for some cause we've never heard explained,
By hand of a Peorian he died.
The Indians cherished too much native pride
To let his death go unrevenged for aye.
Viewing as public loss to all the tribes
His death, a national calamity of note,
Considering its atonement sacred duty,
The Pottawatamies, the Chippeways,
And Ottawas, together rose as one,
Against Peoria Indians, to the war.
To their assistance, prompt, Peorians drew
Two other tribes, Kaskaskias and Cahokies
Who almost underwent extermination,
Before this fatal war was brought to close.
Such the respect his talents had inspired,
And services unto his people done.
Live on, O mighty prince of Ottawa !
Live in thy people's hearts, while they remain—
Until they fall, and dwindle out of sight !
Thy memory, chief ! thy country has embalmed !
They call their children for thee, Pontiac !

XXXVII.

Yet more the scenes that appertain, we tell ;
For here Tecumseh rose, and reigned—and fell !
This name, magnanimous—we feel its power ;
A sudden glow of admiration thrilling
Quick through our hearts. He that participated
In all the wars, from Harmer's sad defeat,
To Thames's victory—where his spirit fled—

Through life, who left no stain upon his honor ;
Proctor, at Raisin, sharply did rebuke,
For cruelties unto our people done.
When Proctor sought to make him British general,
And gave him a commission thus empowered,
He threw the voucher back with marked contempt,
Declaring that to them he was allied
For his country's good, and sought for nothing more.
As did Napoleon, in his palmiest days,
O'er the light hearts of Frenchmen exercise
A sway unlimited, so did this man,
Like to that mighty warrior, bear a sway—
A power unlimited o'er the savage tribes ;
His impress stamping on the age he lived.
O ! had he fallen but on our free-born soil,
Enemy as he was, the spot would been
Considered sacred—marked by marble tomb,
The place where great Tecumseh fought and died !

XXXVIII.

The pioneer would here protract his stay,
Glad from his journey suffer more delay,
To view more of this pleasant town and State,
With all the things that unto it relate—
More of its history, legends, scenery learn.
Nought but the hope he should again return,
Consoled him to consent to leave the ground,
Where sacred reminiscences abound.
But now he must be gone ; the winds invite—
The vessel floats, and spreads her canvass white ;

Begins to plough the foamy billows wide,
And, upward bound, to stem the current's tide ;
The river threads, emerging to St. Clair,
Whose shallow flats are soil—her keel, the share.
Then up this lake, through river of this name,
Lake Huron enters, like the rolling main.
Then, sailing through midway, at length they view
The straits of Mackina, and harbor too.
They reach the peaceful land, their vessel moor,
Proud of their country's flag, they go on shore.
Here France and England, once, by turns, bore sway,
And urge us to relate what passed another day.

XXXIX

The isle of Mackina stands in the straits,
Romantic, beautiful, in all its traits.
A lofty fort is there, and garrisoned
By our own countrymen ; and high above,
The starry-spangled banner waves o'er all.
The town looks ancient and dilapidated ;
The houses low, and small, and much decayed.
Here Indians come to trade, and bring their furs.
Large quantities of trout here, too, are caught,
And white-fish, both of high delicious flavor,
And fowls, that can't be bartered for a better.
The traveller wanders 'long the pleasant lake,
Pure is the air, and bright the beaming sun ;
His brow is fanned by breezes wild and soft—
On pearly sands the wave in music dies.
The Indian's upturned bark is on the shore,

And he is basking in some sunny place.
The dream of what he's lost, disturbs his slumbers,
While he looks on the land that once was his.
For he remembers when, with freedom, he
Danced o'er the waves ; and when the altars stood,
Raised by his father's hands, their gods of yore
To worship ; and the mounds where they were laid.
Three sovereign kings have swayed their sceptres here,
The spot still teeming with their heroes' blood.
The Britain, son of Gaul, the red man's bones,
Together mingle in their mouldering cells.
Laid down in peace, no feuds can there arise
To cloud the atmosphere of better skies ;
They dwell in quiet, in one common lot,
Their envy, and the cause of strife forgot.

XL.

From red men unto Gallia, passed this isle
Britain from Gallia took it ; next it fell
By Pontiac ; and next was it transferred
To us, when war of independence closed.
In the last war by Britain captured was,
In after-peace again to us restored.
The following is the stratagem pursued
By red men, in the war of Pontiac,
From bold Britannia's power, the place to wrest :
For a game of ball prepared the Ottawas ;
Invited to it all the British off'cers.
Now, while the Indians played, one of their number
Ran towards the fort, the others after him.

The ball that way was thrown, and once or twice
Over the pickets, quite within the fort.
The off'cers were well pleased to see the sport,
And, unsuspecting, let the players go
Into the fort, and bring the ball from thence.
The garrison, as spectators, stood around,
And those on duty, present, off their guard.
Again into the fort was thrown the ball,
The Indians, after it, did all rush in.
The rest is quickly told; the soldiers slain,
The fort demolish—left a heap of ruins.

XLI.

Bent on his voyage, th' adventurous pioneer,
In steamer for St. Marie's, did embark.
This way, for diverse scenery, beautiful
And bold, sublimely doth transcend all others
For tourist, in midsummer's pleasant voyage.
For in his path ten thousand islands lie,
Whose beauty is proverbial. These among,
The steamer winds her devious way; of shapes
And sizes various, and about whose shores
The clear blue waters are of wondrous depth.
Some large, with sugar maple forest crowned;
Some small, composed of rock. What trees do grow
On these, spring from the seams of creviced rocks.
Some bear upon their brow the silver fir,
The stunted pine and cedar, thronged with birds
Of sweetest song; while others, merely rocks,
High, naked, and stupendous, perpendicular;

Their area from the bottom seem to hold,
Like pyramids of Egypt, Grecian towers,
And show a freak of nature once was here,
That broke them off from other lands, perchance.
The islands thicken still, as he proceeds—
No inexperienced pilot need come here ;
For he would never find his way out more,
Or extricate his vessel. Caverns deep,
In island rocks, oft show themselves, and some
Spread out green, grassy meadows, where no fawn,
Or other creature, crops the verdant lawn.
Upon the island shores and points projecting,
The Indian's wigwam is discovered oft.
Children of nature ! ply your labors here
Procuring fish, almost your only food ;
In primitive state content, and ever free
From cares, restraints, and pride of civil life.
To fashion's frown you're not amenable,
That like a tyrant governs and enslaves !

XLII,

St. Marie's reached—the rapids here obstruct,
Oblige to cross the portage, shun the falls.
Fort Brady shows itself—its standards wave
O'er that great sea, whose waters do it lave.
Nations and native tribes do here resort ;
Upon these rapids catch unnumbered fish.
Here, too, an Indian reservation lies—
A town of fifty houses here is built ;
Two hundred souls, of different nations, tongues,
Repose within—while Indians lodge without,

In meaner dwellings, of their own construction.
Here is in view a missionary school ;
Likewise, fur companies have their stations here—
Post-office, house of customs, Indian agents.
Out of the world, not quite, but nearly so,
The traveller thought, but still would further go.

XLIII.

Intending thence to coast the lake along,
Exploring, he engaged a bark canoe—
A voyager, too, who understood the coast,
And well the management of such a craft,
Doth oft the heavenly canopy survey,
For indications of approaching storms ;
A book, by him long studied, and familiar.
Blankets, a tent, provisions for the way,
And each utensil needful, he laid in,
Before he started on that voyage of hope.
Also his dress a change did undergo,
For one, for such a voyage, was more befitting
A pair of boots, thick soled, a coat of canvass,
Reaching low down ; and pantaloons same cloth,
Supported round the waist with leather belts,
In which to carry hatchet, knife and pouch.
Tarpaulin hat, wide brim, and low, round crown,
As best to turn thick brush, and what rains down.
A pocket compass, pipe, chart, and, in fine,
A gun, and ammunition, fish-hooks, and a line.

XLIV.

He embarks, and gains that day Point Iroquois ;
A name significant of great event—

For here the Iroquois encamped and slept,
Bent on death's errand to the Chippeways.
The Chippeways, aware of their intent,
When night had flung her sombre shadows down,
Came with an army from the other shore ;
An omen good, their prophets had declared ;
Fell on them by surprise, a rainy night,
Their bones in heaps lie bleaching on this height.

XLV.

In journeying thence along a pleasant coast,
He passed two rivers, sand-banks breaking through.
The weather fair, serene the sky, and bright,
A gentle breeze that raised no billowy hills
Upon the surface of St. Marie's flood ;
Reached White-Fish Point, and saw the opening lake,
Far as the eye could reach, interminable.
Its southern side to coast is his intent.
The coast runs west and southwest ; sand-hills rear
Aloft their steepy sides for many a mile.
Passed two more rivers that had found their way
Quite to the coast, by sand-hills breaking through
Of wondrous steepness, came to Hurricane—
A bay with sandy shores : a harbor made.
Thence coasting west, fell in with pictured rocks
Extending many miles. The height thereof
Three hundred feet of perpendicular wall,
Colored with various bright and beauteous tints.
A sight more picturesque is seldom seen ;
The waters at their base are emerald green,
And vastly deep, where vessels float beside,

Of half a mile successive curves appear,
Like painted walls of amphitheatre,
Approaching semi-circle all the way,
Save interruption by a gentle rill;
Or cascade from the summit leaping down.
Who looks up here, from shallow boat beneath,
Will dread the sight, and fear the mountain's fall.
Here, beautifully formed, do show themselves,
Caves, domes, rotundos, with their arched doors.
He entered one of these which widens out,
Extending almost to the height its hollow.
The Doric Rock, the Pulpit, De Partaille,
Of scenery grand, and beauty unsurpassed—
All these he viewed with wonder and delight;
And looking upward to the topmost height,
A growth of evergreens and silver fir beheld.

XLVI.

Then sailing thence, Grand Island next he saw,
Famed for its safe commodious harbor, where
Access is easy ; locked up in its nook,
To tempests, winds, and storms, defiance bid.
The isle is fertile. Here resides a man
With all his household, here to dwell well pleased.
Embarking thence, along a winding coast,
Indented much with bays, some large, some small,
Some rivulet oft tumbling down the wall,
Or intersecting deep the towering banks,
With verdure crowned, where grows the silver fir,
The cedar tall, and pine of stunted growth ;

Where river Laughing-Fish, and Chocolate stream
Our wild adventurer's prompt attention drew—
Chiefly the Chocolate, so named from its hue,
And color of its waters, this resembling.
At distance from the lake, a mountain rises,
And lengthening far, doth form a separation
Between the streams which flow to north and south.
The northern streams Superior's waters feed,
The southern swell Green Bay or Mississippi.
Here, on this mountain's northern side, there lies
A lake from which this river takes its rise,
And winds along a level plain one side,
But bounded on the west by rocky hills—
Commencement of the mineral region, shows
The eastern bounds thereof. Good is the soil
Along the river's rich luxuriant vale ;
The sugar-maple, ash, and towering oak,
White bass-wood, stately pines, and walnuts grow.
And here begin the trapian range of hills,
Still rising up above the sandstone strata ;
Thence running west, the mineral region through.
Thence coasting west, he passed the mouths of rivers,
Pouring their silvery contents in the lake,
And several islands, small, but beautiful,
Until to Huron's ampler stream he came,
That has its source with great Menominee,
Which runs a southern course, and swells Green Bay.
And with Ontonagon's more northern river,
Poured from a ridge of mountain elevation ;
The haunts where game abounds meandering through ;
And where the lordly Indian makes his hunt—

A country rich in soil and forest-trees.
Next Huron Isles, and Huron Mountains came,
And Point Abbaya, of important name.
Thence, crossing Keweenaw, at length they reach
Great Manitou, or Spirit Island called ;
Once by the natives was supposed to be
The residence special of the Deity.

XLVII.

Methinks I hear th' impatient reader sigh ,
In what rich region doth th' mineral lie ?
The primary rocks are granite, and extend
From little Presque Isle's rocky point, thence west.
These flanking on the northwest, and the north,
Are trapian rocks, a series of high hills—
Ranges extending far along the coast,
From Keweenaw, quite to Ontonagon ;
Where, with Mount Porcupine, they are confounded.
Yet they continue westward 'long the coast,
Embracing all the southern side the lake,
And isles thereof, Isle Royal and Lapoint.
In these the choicest minerals do abound ;
And riches are concealed beneath the ground,
In all the seams and crevices of the rocks,
As though volcanic fires had split them ope',
In all this region, by a great uplift,
And poured the melted mineral in their seams ;
Here signs of great disturbance nature showing.
Quartz, amethystine, common, radiated,
Cornelian, chalcedony, amianthus,

Jasper, calcareous spar, and copper, native ;
Black, pyritous, with all its carbonates ;
Ferruginous, lead, iron, manganese,
And native silver, safely stored away.
Conglomerate rock, the mixed, and sandstone red,
Contain like minerals, with silicious zinc.
The mineral veins these rocks traversing through,
And what relation they to each do bear,
Require attention, to distinguish well—
The choicest from the spurious kind to judge.
Those which the laky shore do intersect,
Are found in sheets, and covered with white spar,
Reaching into the lake some distance out,
Where rocks which weigh a half ton are cut off,
Of native copper ; which, in boulders, there
Disseminated, on the coast appears.
In one such vein, or trunky sheet as this,
To wit : the Pittsburgh and Bostonian mine,
A thousand tons of copper may be seen
At single view. But how to raise such masses,
Detach them from their beds of solid metal,
The trouble is, requiring art and time.
But what can't persevering Yankees do ?
E'en now, at Copper Falls, a solid rock,
Of fifteen tons, has been cut out and raised,
Much be their enterprise and labor praised.
Sometimes the copper, sometimes silver, native,
In equal quantities, attached, are found ;
Silver in globules in one copper rock,
Has been assayed, and found of value more,
In this good land of mountain, fire, and flood—

Where summer's farther up the arch of night,
And social bliss is absent much from men.

XLVIII.

Off Copper Harbor, where Fort Wilkins stands,
At length appeared the weary voyager's bark.
First easy of access, by sailing south,
The entrance wide and straight, and water deep.
Upon the eastern side the mainland lies—
On west, Isle Porter shows a rocky front.
When got within, to westward change their course,
Turning a dangerous elbow, where, in front,
Cast on the fatal rocks, brig Astor lies ;
Warning to seamen, dangers there to shun,
When seas are rough, and rugged shores too near—
To hold the ship secure, no anchoring ground.
Sailed up unto the harbor's western bound,
And anchored where was safety from all storms.
Weary of coasting, landing on that shore,
He leaves awhile the sea, the country to explore.

XLIX.

Then, going south, discovered Fanny Hoe,
A little lake, surrounded by high hills.
The highest scrambled up, and from the top
Beheld the morning glories of the sun,
As first he burnished forest-trees with gold.
The mountains cast their shadows on the lake,
With so much truthfulness, that, by mistake,
Illusive ground one might attempt to tread.

Upon the right, the whitened buildings stood,
Of old Fort Wilkins. Morning zephyrs blew,
And softly played upon our country's flag,
The Union's stars and stripes distending well.
One mile southwest, he saw Lake Manganese,
A tributary to the first we named ;
Which, by a fall precipitous and steep,
Has made a chasm, and ope'd a white spar vein ;
Has underneath a vein of manganese,
Still lower down succeeds a vein of spar.
Mountains the margin of the lake salute,
Whose waters are transparent, cool, and deep,
Surrounded by a pebbly white sand beach.
These smaller lakes, as doth Superior great,
In plenteous fish, of various names, abound ;
To wit : the white-fish, trout, and siskowet,
And others ; speckled trout in all the streams.

L.

Meanwhile, at Copper Harbor, there arrived
Steamers, with many immigrants on board,
Who seemed to have a copper fever on them.
Come from all parts, elated with high hopes
Of soon becoming wealthy in their prime,
By snatching up the treasures here dispensed—
E'en mining Cornwall disembogues her sons.
Of these, one long engaged in British mines
Seemed much astonished, and bewildered quite,
That Yankees, unexperienced in the art,
And for the business never educated,

Should understand, and carry it on so well.
To which our traveller answered promptly thus :
Think you the Yankees are such dunderheads ?
Did they not whip King George and all his legions ?
His seventeen thousand Hessian hirelings, too ?
And Johnny Bull discomfit on the sea,
And terminate all wars with victory ?
And do not their inventions head the world ?
Why, sir ! a Yankee, with his natural 'cuteness,
Wisconsin mountains could look through with ease,
If he but thought that mineral there was hid.

II.

Meanwhile, more vessels constantly arrive,
With loads of miners, speculators, diggers,
And amateurs, of various minds and figures,
In search of wealth, of El Dorado, north.
A glorious prospect, those of Copper Falls ;
For there, not only copper rock is found,
But silver, too, in quantities obtained.
And if the stories that we hear, be true,
Of all the wonders lately here disclosed,
Copper and silver will be dregs in market.
Each person, here, entitled to respect,
Sports a tremendous ring, well hammered out,
Of native silver ; and enclosing in it
An agate, from Superior's mining shore.
Many locations, excellent, are made
By numerous companies, on the Eagle, Dead,
And Mining rivers—Portage, Lake La Belle.
Houghton, geologist of Michigan,
Immortal wight, was sent, this coast to scan.

LII.

What to the wonder of the world, he found
His geological surveys amidst,
On the Ontonagon, a copper rock.
He finished his surveys, and left the place ;
After eight years had fled, again returning,
His hatchet lying on the rock still found ;
No mortal footstep had intruded there ;
No mortal eye had seen it, save himself.
'Twas to our country's capital conveyed,
Where, safely stored, it long, long may be seen.
Such great discoveries have been made of late,
Of riches inexhaustible, here hid—
Of copper, iron, silver, zinc, and gold,
As well to warrant the belief of some,
This country's mines will distance all the world
Peru and Mexico excepting scarce.
As richer, easier of access than others,
Less digging, blasting, pumping, is required ;
And here is realized whatever mines inspired.
A thousand companies have locations here—
Bounds for research, are well defined and clear ;
And there, upon that soil, whatever found,
Save ten per cent, is theirs, beneath the ground.

LIII.

First rock, before alluded to, was found
Up the Ontonagon. In other places,
Many, much larger, since have been disclosed.

This river, with Menominee, of Green Bay,
Wisconsin, of Miss'ippi, Chippeway,
Rises in Mountains Porcupine, and flows
North, into Lake Superior ; near midway
Of Michigan's large tract, from east to west.
Ontonagon, the river most important,
Whose tributaries rise in little lakes ;
A harbor good, and easy of access,
It hath, with eight feet water on the bar.
Full at its entrance lies an island fair ;
Tests agricultural newly have been made,
Upon this river's rich, luxuriant soil ;
Potatoes, wheat, rye, oats, and corn producing :
The forests on its banks consist of oak,
Birch, sugar-maple, hemlock, lynn, pine, fir.
Once, on its banks stood Indian villages ;
Fur company, here location once possessed.
Legends traditionary say the river,
From circumstance as follows, name derived :
When peopled first by Indians, came a girl
With a large bowl, unto the water's edge :
With careless hand filled it but partially,
Attention turning to some other things.
Escaping her, it floated down the stream.
She cried, On-ton-a-gon ! On-ton-a-gon !
My bowl ! my bowl is gone ! and hence the name.

LIV.

The Indians, either from tradition gray,
Or of design, expecting large reward

For such a search, explorers have informed,
Of a pure copper rock, of size immense—
Large as a mansion-house, and situate
Near the head waters of this golden river ;
And in Lake Desert's airy neighborhood.
Adventurers have employed them oft as guides—
High wages given, and travelled many days
In fond pursuit of what they never found.
When one such traveller, after long time spent,
Gave o'er pursuit, declaring his intent,
His wily guide did him inform straightway,
That they could reach the place in half a day ;
But vexed, and faithless, would no further go—
And thus the rock, Kidd's money, like, remains.
The last three leagues of its descent sublime,
A thousand feet from high this river falls ;
The trapian rocks lays bare, that forms its bed,
And mineral veins that traverse them throughout,
Containing copper, in its native state,
And silver that's first rate, experience proves.
But everything in mining, here, is new—
Among the numerous companies formed, but few
Have wrought at all ; but there's in expectation
Sufficient to secure a world's salvation ;
At least, so far as mining wealth can go ;
For which procure we all we want below.
Riches ! who don't desire they should be given ?
With these, we purchase everything—but heaven !

LV.

The centre of a rising State is here,
If I am either prophet, saint, or seer.
This is the peaceful shepherd's country, too,
Here may his harmless flocks his calls pursue ;
And roam on mountain's side, o'er dale and hill,
And drink the crystal waters when they will.
Its falling streams, in cataract, steep, and dell,
Its fleecy-working factories will propel.
Its climate on the lake is not so cold
As some interior countries, we are told ;
But I'll desist, since future time will show
That men, such wonders to believe, were slow.

LVI.

At Copper Harbor, " Lake Superior News,"
With newly-written editorials filled,
Containing glowing accounts of this rich region—
Success of different mining company bands ;
The thousand tons of metal which they raise,
And what their prospects are in future days,
Is weekly published ; first that ever was.
From the great city Gotham to Isle Royal,
The largest island in this father lake,
There's ne'er a tour with interest so replete.
Such varied scenes, so beautiful and fair,
Combining health, the sea and mountain air ;
And where such height of contrast is disclosed,
Diversified with every moral change,

From Christian, civilized, to savage life,
Upon the earth beside, as here is found.
This end the route has cities, noise of business,
Of money-making schemes, their heads are full,
A goodly heritage possess, and wealth;
But full of hatred, envy, and distrust—
Unkind, uncharitable, man with man,
In fond pursuit of golden straws of earth,
Thrust others from life's side-walks eagerly,
And trample down to raise immortal self,
And build a citadel on another's ruin.
The other, an unbroken wilderness,
Where nature's noblemen in numbers dwell,
Who seek no worldly treasures to lay up,
Where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves invade.
Conscious this earth is but a resting-place,
While on their journey to immortal seats.
From day to day they seek their simple food,
Of fish, and fowl, and forest's various game,
Content, and thankful to great Manitou;
Blest with a living faith, religious hope,
That an elysian heavenly crowns decease,
When they will rest in happy hunting-grounds,
And fish in pleasant trout-brooks there forever.
Here once the Catholic priest resided, taught
Fond Nature's children reverence for the cross.
Father Marquette, the Christian soldier, here
Did voyage, in love to souls he held most dear.
One blessed man, devoted to the skies,
Did them instruct in things which made them wise.
O, what scenes, beautiful and tender, vast,

And imagery sublime, this temple yields !
Great nature's temple, here stupendous, wild,
Whose columns are the lofty, rugged mountains,
Majestic trees, and boulders adamantine ;
Whose courts, the prairies, boundless in extent,
With their rich emerald carpets all bespangled
With a profusion endless of wild flowers,
Of every hue of golden tapestry ;
Whose aisles the sun-lit valleys, mirrored lakes—
Whose sacred sanctorum the tall, deep forest,
Or dark recesses of the mountain gorge—
Whose music is the carol of the breeze,
And heaven's own songsters, warbling 'mong the trees ;
Or sounding roar of falling cataract's chime,
With thunder mingling loud, its awful bass sublime !

LVII.

Now, having made his tour, the pioneer
Sailed all around great Lake Superior clear,
Viewing the Royal Isle, and much that's new,
Some other country his attention drew.
Returning back, to where St. Marie lay,
Bespoke, by schooner, passage to Green Bay,
Where Nenah, full of rapids, has his flow ;
Here stands a city yet in embryo.
Thence up this river all its rapids passed,
Till Winnebago's Lake he viewed at last.

LVIII.

Thence, through this lake, and up the Nenah still,
To where Wisconsin's stream it nearly joins ;
Wisconsin, whence the State derives its name.
The portage here, twelve furlongs, only, wide,
Connected by canal in contemplation.
Further obstructions from these streams removed.
They furnish will a lengthened water-course—
Communication interrupted not,
From Gotham great, to southern town, Orleans,
A choice access unto the best of markets.
Thence, down Wisconsin went the pioneer ;
Thence, down the Mississippi, to Orleans,
Where he abode some time ; at length returned ;
The river threaded up to Prairie du Chien.
Particulars of his voyage down, or fare,
And what mishaps he met withal, elsewhere,
He gives not. But, upon his passage up,
More leisure, he has given us some account,
And well describes the scenery of the valley—
Chiefly the Upper Mississippi shore,
Because this region did the more delight him,
As in the following detail brief, his words :
I've sailed upon the noble Mississippi,
And of its landscapes, features prominent,
Which charmed me much, will some description give.
The meaning of the word, in Indian tongue,
Or Chippeway, means water everywhere—
Great father of the waters, some interpret.
It rises farther north than where white men,

T' abide, have yet consented long to dwell.
Thence, running south, a winding course along,
Quite through the middle of that valley large,
Which lies between the Alleghanies east,
And Rocky Mountains towering on the west ;
Which join a distant country, Oregon.
Receiving all the rivers of this valley,
On either side, for thousand leagues around,
Ohio, Tennessee, Arkansas, Red,
And great Missouri, with a hundred others ;
Till Orleans' growing mart last passing by,
Discharges all his congregated waters
In Mexic' gulf, of vast circumference.
What other name could be appropriate ?
Its character so graphically speak ?
The natural great highway of all this valley,
For merchants' produce, dealers', steamers gay,
In all their multitude, to bear away
The products of this ever-fruitful soil,
To other climes where needed, and to bring
The merchandise of other nations in.

LIX.

'Tis called the Lower Mississippi, all
That part which lies Missouri's mouth below.
Save rocky bluffs, a few below St. Louis,
And in the neighborhood of Natchez found,
Both shores are low, and level, covered o'er
With forests dense, of cypress, cotton-wood,
Where wolves and panthers prowl, and men are not,

And eagles, undisturbed, seize on their prey:
Alluvian banks, to constant change submitting;
Where rapid currents shift the channel oft.
Its waters dark, ne'er bear a crystal hue ;
Of whirlpools, eddies, sawyers full, and trees,
Torn from the forest's margin, and swept down
By sweeping currents unassuaged, and swift ;
Of dangerous passage, difficult to land.
Here is a place, the Grave-yard rightly named ;
Upon the right, a rocky bluff there lies—
On other side, in dread array, is seen
Islands, and sand-bars, where imbedded lie
The wrecks of half a hundred steamers lost.
Grave-yard it is, since hundreds living men,
Tars, passengers, and those in high command,
Have life resigned on this ill-fated strand.
Here, in full view, and passing to and fro,
With circumspection grave, are many vessels.
Along the muddy stream the bottom-lands,
Of thickly-wooded growth, are seen afar ;
Wo to the immigrant that locates here !
Anon, a lonely cabin meets the eye,
The home of misery, sickness, and disease ;
And where the occupant depends alone
Upon the sale of fuel for support.

LX.

But of the Upper Mississippi, things
Better, and fraught with admiration, speak.
St. Louis, centre of the western world !

Where great Missouri all her stores pours in—
A city that must rise to great importance.
I left St. Louis, up the river bound.

'Twas on a summer's day, all clear and bright,
Phœbus had just awakened from his rest;
On gilded spires and temples cast his light,
And all the adjoining shores with radiance blest.

The city murmurs died upon the ear—
The stately structures fading out of sight.
I saw the river change its color now;
I saw along the eastern shore a streak
Of crystal water, widening farther up.
And now was seen the beauteous town of Alton,
Out-peeping from among its pictured bluffs,
Dividing into upper, lower town.
And now dark waters narrowed on the west,
And on a sand-bar's spine, just visible
Between the streams, the rivers adverse met.
Missouri rose in circling wave, and toppled,
And then, to mingle with an element
More pure and crystalline, did hasten on.
But Mississippi, loathing foul alliance
With such a turbid stream, so rudely sought,
As maiden coy, such overture rejects,
Stole angrily away t' the other shore,
Beneath the forest dark, and there preserved
His own identity, a long way down,
In narrow vein, transparent, till, at length,
Was, by the muddy monster, swallowed up.

LXI.

Missouri is the Rocky Mountains' son ;
The other from a distant lake up-sprung,
And here majestic union of the powers
Took place. They, in deep wilderness of ours,
Do rise in solitudes untrodden yet by man,
Where nature based their fountains ere they ran.
Yet, when united and matured they be,
Produce a mighty influence on the trembling sea.
But, soon as we had passed Missouri by,
To Upper Mississippi we drew nigh.
A balmy country, beauteous to behold,
As silver pictures set with pearls and gold.
O, could I emulate a poet's lays !
And sound a note of never-dying praise
To thee, great father of perpetual floods !
A pictured world thine own meandering through ;
Hence will I, up your vale, my wandering way pursue :

LXII.

The shores now beautifully rise to hills,
With verdure crowned, and sloping to the verge ;
All mirrored in the crystal stream below.
A cultivated shore upon the right,
Upon the left did several islands hang,
Whose lofty columns, of luxuriant growth,
Bespoke a soil enriched beyond compare.
Then, in the distance, lay an open vista,
Where various feathered tribes did show themselves,

And cheerful singing-birds their songs did chant ;
While met the vision, multifariously,
On either side the banks, perpetual flowers,
Whose fragrance did almost oppress the sense.
Anon, a pleasant village gave to view,
On either side a landscape beautiful.
Anon, a pleasant prairie, reaching down
Unto the river's brink, did show a town.
Saw Quincy standing mostly on a bluff,
With marshes that adjoined it very low.
Now comes Des Moines in grandeur from the west ;
And now the lower rapids show themselves.
Iowa shore, where Keokuck looks out ;
And here a county settled in a day,
When Black Hawk's tribe departed far away.

LXIII.

Long ere they'd gone, the yeomen flocked so dense,
This goodly land so eager to possess,
That, on the eve of that appointed day,
Hundreds of wagons standing on the line,
Thousands of emigrants encamping there,
To be the first had come, first in possession,
You might have seen. Precisely at the hour
Of midnight, when possession was allowed
Throughout the region joining on Des Moines,
A thousand axes, then, you might have heard,
Resounding through the forest far and wide ;
Cabins to raise, and residences fix ;
Fierce wrangling for conflicting claims, mixed up

With many a fight, and many a lusty blow.
And ere the sun arose upon the scene,
Long ere his going down upon that day,
A county equal in extent to two
Of ordinary size, was claimed and settled.

LXIV.

On a high bluff that puts out in the stream,
Fort Edward lies—is beautifully seen
From Keokuck, a half-breed village thence
Across the water just below the rapids ;
On which some Indian fishermen are seen
The eve with lighted boats, appearing oft,
Then vanishing like meteor flies of night.
The constant roaring of the waters here,
An Indian yell occasionally sent up,
Their fires upon the shore, abundant fish ;
The sound of mirth heard from the village near
The passengers' attention eager drew.
Now at the head of rapids stands Nauvoo,
A city famous, seat of Mormon power.
Upon the bluffs a herd of deer, with fawn,
Are cropping quietly the flowery lawn ;
And, farther up, Rock Island, picturesque,
Surmounted by a recent castle, stands,
Delightful haunt of Black Hawk and his tribe.
Spontaneous apples, berries, plums, there grew
Of various kinds ; whose waters yielded fish.
Black Hawk, in summer, hither did resort ;
Who says a spirit good had of it charge—

Dwelt in a cave beneath the fort's foundation ;
Was white, with wings like swan's, ten times as large ;
Was often seen, and that much care was ta'en
To make no noise that should his rest disturb.
But since, loud cannon, booming from the fort,
Have driven him quite away ; and 'tis supposed
An evil spirit succeeding, took his place.

LXV.

And here the upper rapids we approached ;
Here we beheld in numbers, flying about,
At hour of eve, found here, and nowhere else,
A certain insect, called the Mormon fly.
Where they alight until they die, remain,
Unless disturbed or from their hold unloosed.
Next, on the side of Illinois, appear
Fantastic bluffs, and isolated rocks ;
With vines and mosses covered, they present,
To our imagination, ancient towers,
Castles, and forts, in ruin battered down ;
As if th' unwary traveller here to tell
A melancholy tale of ages past.
This kind of scenery ornaments Du Buque,
Across the river, reaching Prairie du Chien ;
The farther up, more lofty and imposing.
Upon the summit of a bluff like these,
Most beautiful, there stands a wooden cross,
Both large and high, a cabin neatly built,
The resting-place of miners' friend, Du Buque ;
Enclosed in leaden coffin, his request.

Some distance up La Fevre, lies Galena,
Opp'site, among the bluffs, emporium great
Of lead ; a city corporate has become.
Ascending still, the bottom lands grow narrow,
The river winds yet more, and turns northwest.
Cassville stands on a narrow bottom here,
Opening a passage through to Mineral Point.

LXVI.

Opp'site Wisconsin river stands Pike's Hill
Abrupt and lofty ; just above this place,
East side, Fort Crawford stands, and Prairie du Chien.
For several miles along extends the town.
The river here is full of little islands,
And when by freshets swelled to highest flow,
Across, from hill to hill, is full three miles.
Originally settled by the French,
It was a place of some importance once,
As chimneys old, and ruined cellars show
Its beauteous prairie to the river verdant,
While, back, its bluffs rise several hundred feet.
Irregular, picturesque, so is the town,
Both rude and wild ; in its construction, quaint.
Here lies the ruins of an ancient fortress,
Here stands a Catholic church with gilded cross,
And there, projecting up, some ancient mounds ;
Fort Crawford sending forth discordant sounds.
And now is seen the Indian trader's store,
Surrounded by a band of Winnebagoes,
Who here resort for purposes of trade.

Here trenches, mounds, and parapets appear,
Connected in a series under ground,
For military use in ancient war ;
And tomahawks of brass not now in use ;
And stories of gigantic skeletons,
As Indian legends say, here disinterred,
Who tell us that a race of giants white,
Once held the soil, whom they have dispossessed.
Where this town stands the river once did run,
Confirmed by what geologists have done.
Hence, this great stream is but a rivulet
To what it was, when it its banks did fill.

LXVII.

Sought the sequestered shades the traveller now,
And strolled about the country, through the wood,
And pleasant prairies there adjoining on ;
And fished, and fowled, and ate of every kind
The flesh. A wild association found
Of native men, that roamed the forest through ,
Acquainted long with men of Gallia's race,
And something of their policy had learned.
Rock Island visited, the site and haunts
Of Black Hawk—River Rock meandering up,
And walked alone for contemplation oft,
And strayed far off the place of his abode.
One day his meditations were absorbing ;
He wandered far into th' untrodden wood,
And seemed to be in melancholy mood.
A sudden darkness fell upon him there,

Before he from his reverie did awake.
Then rousing up himself, he looked all round,
And with what light remaining scanned the ground,
To see if, by the undulations in it,
He could make out to conjure where he was.
But darkness, like to that on Egypt fell,
For stubborn crimes persisted in too long,
Fell on him there. His hand he held before,
Could not discern, nor aught of land, or bog,
Or water there ; nor had he learned, as yet,
By moss on trees, or signs, his course to shape,
As red men, more sagacious, well could do.

LXVIII.

To farther go that night, declining then,
And flint, and steel, and spunk-wood taking out,
He struck the latent spark, fire kindled up ;
Wrapping his cloak around, to sleep laid down.
The fire he knew would frighten dangerous beasts ;
Till morning light appeared, resolved on rest.
Then, came there one, and shook him, saying—" Awake !
Rise, come away to a better place of rest ;
You act unwisely to be lying here,
When I've a house to shelter you so near.'
This was a Pennsylvanian, that day
Upon a hunting tour, returning home ,
To travel in the darkest wood well knew,
By all those signs by red men understood ;
For he an Indian trader long had been,
And during half a century, here had dwelt.

He knew the Indian character full well,
And how a forest man to personate.
He led our traveller through the wood apace,
Which was, by open space, succeeded soon.
A light was seen, and soon the cabin reached,
Of his kind host, who sat before him meat.
With hungry men, much to converse, or ask
Questions before they've eaten, manners ill.
This, Indians know, and sacredly observe ;
And, while the pipe of peace goes cheerful round,
A solemn silence well becomes a guest ;
This done, all free to conversation given.
Like custom here ; the meal and pipe enjoyed,
Thus to converse, the pioneer began :—
These are the haunts of Black Hawk, famous chief,
And this the ground of battle for his rights.
To you, no doubt, all things concerning him
Are quite familiar. I would be informed ;
As anything that doth to him relate,
Would be acceptable unto my ears.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Yes ! Black Hawk was a chief, say well you may,
Of rare renown, as fame doth also say ;
For we were personally known, and I
Can, of his doings, justly testify.

PIONEER.

Indeed ? your speech is music in my ear ;
The history give ; I shall rejoice to hear

The genealogy of th' illustrious chief ;
The causes of the war, and of his grief.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Darkness sits brooding o'er the silent earth ;
The evening hour's already far advanced,
While beast, and bird, and reptile, do repose ;
We've travelled far, and underwent fatigue.
And weariness reminds us of like rest.
The subject, too, is long to tell ; therefore,
Lie down till bright Aurora streaks the east—
Then rise, refreshed by sleep, and you shall feast
Upon the story you so much desire.
This said, he led him to an upper room,
Well furnished ; for repose, a downy bed,
Whereon he bade his guest recline his head.

LXIX.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Had streaked the east with signs of early morn,
The traveller rose, and promenaded there,
The woodland scene to view, and scent the balmy air.
The landscape round was pleasant to behold,
The sun had risen, and burnished it with gold.
In cultivated field the building stood,
Surrounded on all sides by lofty wood.
'Twas built of logs, of stately trunks hewn square,
No polish, paint, or ornaments require—
A puncheon floor, a lynn-wood loft, a roof

Of clap-boards made. Beside its walls uphung
Frocks, pantaloons, and hunting-shirts of linsey.
Seen pending from the loft, and underhanging,
Deer-skins and peltries; farther down, a gourd—
A chimney large, the fire beneath built high.
The breakfast o'er, and smoked the calumet,
Seated within, beside the pleasant fire,
“Now,” said the host, “I’ll grant what you desire.”

BLACK HAWK,

AND

SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Description of Nit-o-me-ma, or Gentle Dove—The good missionary—Her conversion to Christianity—Marquette—Marriage to Omaint-si-ar-nah—His departure to the war—Que-la-wah's treachery—He procures the banishment of Gentle Dove—She takes up her abode in a cave in the dense forest, where she, for a long time, is miraculously preserved—Omaint-si-ar-nah returns home, becomes convinced of her innocence, and kills Que-la-wah—Que-la-wah appears to him in a vision of the night, and informs him that Gentle Dove is yet alive—He finds her after diligent search—A joyful meeting described—They live out their days together in happy love, and from this virtuous pair descended Black Hawk.

I.

AND thus the Pennsylvanian began :—
In early times, according to tradition,
Before the western wilderness was trod
By white men, there did live a princess young ;
Than she, no fairer lady ever sprung
From Indian blood. Her name was Nit-o-me-ma,
Which, rendered in our language, signifies

A Gentle Dove, whatever appertains.
And faithfully did she answer to the name ;
For she was beautiful to look upon,
Of a sweet voice and temper, and beloved
By all who knew her, for her gentleness,
And for those numerous acts of kindness done,
Which she was ever ready to confer.
E'en insomuch, that it became proverbial,
In those times, that she ne'er acquaintance made,
Without soon bringing them, by pious deeds,
Under the strongest obligations to her ;
That none with her did e'er associate,
Without being wiser made, and better for it.
She to the tribe of powerful Sacs belonged ;
A nation then inhabiting, remote,
Those regions, unexplored, that westward lay,
And south of Michigan's unstable sea,
Far in the east their origin once had.
This beautiful and new romantic country
Is watered by the Upper Mississippi,
And numbers of its tributary streams ;
Great Mississippi Valley, therefore, called.
By Marquette, godly Frenchman, who was first
That came to plant the standard of the cross,
Of King Immanuel, in her father's land,
Was she converted to the Christian faith.
This one immortal man, so truly great,
For missionary enterprise, was first
Discoverer of the noble Mississippi,
And of that vast internal world well watered
By all its branches, it meandering through.

II.

Prone on his new and perilous voyage hither,
O'er the great inland seas of America,
In a frail bark he bounded, till he reached
The western borders of Lake Michigan.
After encountering dangers, woes unnumbered,
And hardships long endured by land and sea,
Long suffering almost every sore privation
That's possible for human life to brave,
Last he had penetrated to the heart
Of this vast continent, visited the tribes
And numerous nations on the happy shores.
This did he, hoping not an earthly crown,
Nor had he once an eye to his renown.

III.

But solely for the purpose of imparting,
To souls benighted, knowledge of that gospel,
Sublime, of Christ, glad tidings of great joy,
Unto all people everywhere revealed.
In journeying through the waste from tribe to tribe,
The savage nations round together calls,
To them proclaiming, in their council-halls,
The one true God, Creator, and their Saviour.
Thus did he fervently pursue his labors,
Of love and pure devotion 'mong the tribes,
Until a wicked and nefarious band,
In ignorance, blind of what they were about,
Mistaking his benevolent designs.

Ascribing motives mercenary, base,
Encompassed him about, to slay him there ;
Assailing him full oft with clubs and arrows,
Which higher power averted from their aim,
And gave him some respite to flee away ;
Thence, he retired into the wood to pray,
And seek deliverance from the hands of God.
It pleased the Lord to grant him that relief
Which he so ardently besought in prayer,
And call his spirit to his rest above.
His foes pursued, intending to destroy,
And glut their vengeance on the Lord's anointed—
Approached, and saw him in a praying posture,
As they had often seen him kneel before ;
Fitted their arrows archly to the bow,
Without creating in him any movement,
Or least emotion, fear t' avoid the dart—
He seemed like one whose spirit hence had fled.
They came and touched him, found him cold and dead ;
The power he trusted had delivered him,
The Lord's anointed, from their violent hands.
His work was done, he sweetly passed away,
Amid his labors. Wide were his designs—
Earth's benefactor, not unlike his Master,
On earth he had no certain dwelling-place ;
But in high heaven he sits a child of grace.

IV.

Adherents few and faithful, whose hard hearts,
With hallowed fire, ere this time, God had touched,
Mourned over him ; and there, upon the banks

Of that pure river, by himself discovered,
Which bears his name, they dug the lonely grave
Of God's most humble servant, faithful soldier
Of the cross. There they buried him in the sand;
He, who came first upon his Master's business,
To teach, to humanize, exalt, and bless,
The pagan people of this wilderness.

v.

By Marquette, as we said, was she converted
To Christian faith. Uncommonly devout,
Walking in every ordinance of the Lord
Blameless, according unto all she'd heard,
And been instructed by this holy man.
Soon after this, unto a warlike prince
Of her own nation, bold and gay, was wedded;
Son of Na-ma-ma-kee, the nation's chief.
Omaint-si-ar-nah, was the young man called.
He was a tall, athletic son o' the forest;
Nature had lavished gifts in rich profusion;
Was beautiful and manly in his person—
Easy and graceful in his dignity
And bearing. Features regular and handsome—
Skilful, adroit in using of the bow;
And deer and game could kill at distance great.
In battle bold, in his affections ardent—
The faithful friend, kind husband, generous host.
From his door, hungry, no man ever went;
In short, if he had any failing rare,
'Twas this—that he was sanguine in his temper,

Too credulous, and jealous of the affections
Of those he loved, and fondly doted on.
Ne'er was a happier and more blithesome day,
Than that which did their nuptials consummate,
Nor e'er a happier couple than these twain,
Omaint-si-ar-nah, and his Gentle Dove.

O love ! with thy intoxicating bowl,
How dost thou charm and fascinate the soul !
And pour therein such rivers of delight,
That Eden's joys do linger in the flight !

VI.

Soon after she became the bride
Of him, her glory, prince, and pride,
Tidings unpleasant, and unfair,
And grievous to the happy pair,
Of separation, dread to name,
Too soon from tribes confederate came.
The chieftain young called to the war,
The place of his encampment far.
Tears from his eyes stole down and fell,
As he his loved one bade farewell.
Not less felt she, and suffered sore,
Fearing she'd see his face no more !
He armed himself, and strode away,
Over the hills, and far away,
And seemed so merry, blithe and gay ;
His armor on his buckler rung,
And as he journeyed, thus he sung :

SONG.

Chief I am of my own clan,
Meet the foeman man to man ;
With my arrow and my bow,
I can slay the strongest foe.

With rich spoils I shall return,
Merrily my fire will burn,
As I sit with son and spouse,
And fulfil my early vows.

The prairie grass is now my bed,
The only curtain round my head,
Without the voice of her I love,
Far, far from thee, my Gentle Dove !

And while I fondly think on thee,
And all thy anxious cares for me,
The worst may come, it makes me fear,
Extort from thee the mourner's tear.

But should it come, the worst that can,
I'll act the hero, die the man ;
Death cannot pilfer me of love,
Sweet lady fair, my Gentle Dove !

'Tis here corroding on my heart,
Fixed is the wound of Cupid's dart ;
Forever burns the flame of love,
For thee, sweet girl, my Gentle Dove !

VII.

He left his dear love with her widowed parent ;
For father she had none, and in the care
Of an Indian friend, whose name was Que-la-wah ;
Which, when interpreted, doth mean deceit.
How well his conduct with the name comports,
Ere long, the sequel will too clearly show.
Companion of his youth, in whom reposed
He confidence unbounded ; charging him
His bride and aged mother take good care,
Till his return, and see they nothing wanted.
His stay was longer much than he had deemed ;
The lengthening war his presence still required,
And constant care in council and in field.

VIII.

Epistolary writing was unknown ;
Hence, it became a custom at that day,
When needful correspondence must take place,
With those at distance, to despatch a wight.
In whom the person sending could confide,
With oral message tidings oft to bear ;
Whether to lover, friend, or warring chief.
Now, by this ready mode of correspondence,
Omaint-si-ar-nah, as his stay was long,
Sent frequent messages to Gentle Dove,
Of all his charged affairs, informing her
His health, and oft inquiring after her's.
Soon after his departure to the war,

His faithless friend, 'La-wah, became enamored
Of his most beauteous bride, the Gentle Dove ;
And sought, by every means within his power,
Her, from the path of virtue, to allure ;
Renounce, to her affianced lord, allegiance,
And yield herself the victim of his love.
But all his tired endeavors, for this end,
Were fruitless ; for she hearkened not to him,
Although from morn till eve importunate.
But when he found he nothing could prevail,
But that, indignantly, she spurned him from her,
Steadfast and faithful to her absent lord,
His love towards her was turned to enmity,
His anger greatly kindled to destroy her.

IX.

Meanwhile, as she was much perplexed in spirit,
Anxious, not knowing unto what 'twould grow,
She had a dream, most singularly alarming,
And wonderfully prophetic in its features.
For, lo ! in boding visions of the night,
While in a dream, upon her bed, she saw,
Standing before her, there, an awful form,
Greater than human, of a solemn mien,
And dreadful aspect, awfully revolting.
And, lo ! he ope'd his mouth, and spake, and said :—
O, of the Holy Virgin much beloved !
Who to her Son's bright throne thy prayers presents,
And doth prevail, and ever must prevail !
To whom thy virtuous constancy is known—

Words comfortable have I come to speak ;
The Mighty Ruler doth respect the meek.
Fear God ! be steadfast in thy constancy !
And let thy faith be strengthened to rely
On favor so divine, in all thou dost,
And trials needful through which thou must pass.
Unless thou this dost do, thou canst not stand
Against the adversaries of thy soul.
For what thou hast already suffered long
From Que-la-wah, are but incipient,
Beginnings sad of greater woes to come,
And sorrows thine, long felt. Yea ! of a truth,
He, even he that's nearest to thy heart,
In whom thy soul delighteth, good 'Si-ar-nah,
The noblest chief of all the warring tribes,
To his great loss shall be deceived by bribes—
Enraged, forsake his ever-faithful wife,
And thou shalt narrowly escape with life.

x.

Moreo'er, commissioned from the shining throne,
The Virgin has instructed to make known
To thee, yet more ; what else were under seal,
Thy nation's future destiny reveal,
And what shall surely come to pass in years.
Resume thy courage, and repress thy fears !
Behold ! for empire there shall be a strife !
A mighty struggle, not accounting life,
Between thy people and a powerful race
Of white men, far off, lately gained a place,

And footing in the east, far off, and near
The rising sun. At first, they small appear ;
But, waxing strong, to empire shall aspire,
Sweep o'er, and subjugate the continent entire.

XI.

They shall come, even here, with mighty hand,
And, with their armies, overspread the land
Of thy forefathers, and possess the same,
Not heeding, as they ought, thy people's claim.
But lo ! thy nation shall not want renown !
Behold the prince that bears the laurel crown !
The prince that's yet to rise, Black Hawk by name ;
The earth scarce proves a limit to his fame !
From thee descended, who shall, in his day,
O'er many chiefs and many tribes bear sway.
Shall fight successful battles in his prime,
Shall lead them forth to war, and, in his time,
Shall cause his enemies to fear and fly ;
But numerous armies, that in ambush lie
Of whites, shall overcome him, and will bind
In chains his person, not his stubborn mind.
Yet shall a timely star direct his flight ;
His foes shall bow in reverence at his sight—
To hurt him shall not with success conspire,
Though many seek his death with strong desire ;
Yet he in peace shall die in his own ways,
And sympathizing nations give him praise ;
And heap eulogiums on his injured name,
And thou shalt live forever in his fame !

XII.

Yet, in the future far, are these events,
And live to see them verified, shalt not ;
Yet thou shalt suffer that which rarely falls
To mortals, man or woman, to endure.
But suffer not thyself to be cast down,
Nor yield to great discouragement thereat ;
For heaven is on thy side. The Holy Virgin
Will not forsake thee, nor neglect to hear,
And to present before her Son thy prayers,
Ascending up to heaven from pious lips.
And in thy day of great adversity,
Behold, for thy protector and thy guide,
To thee shall be revealed the Star of Bethlehem !

XIII.

Meanwhile, his fell designs to execute,
Was Que-la-wah most busily employed—
His whole soul bent upon the ruin of one
Whom he could not seduce from virtue's path.
The messenger Omaint-si-ar-nah sent,
To bear the tidings to his faithful love,
A very wicked and hard-hearted wretch,
Who, for a petty bribe, could enter in
To all the fell designs of Que-la-wah,
Against the peace and life of Gentle Dove.
Therefore, whene'er he came with message for her,
She knew it not, nor sent an answer back ;
For Que-la-wah did intercept and bribe

The wight, that he her ruin might effect,
Evil report to carry to the camp.
The tenor of his message back was this :
That with all faithfulness he had delivered
To her the ever-kind endearing message,
Which she regarded not, but turned away
Her ears from listening to her consort's words ;
Deriding them, to answer caring not—
'Treating the messenger with marked contempt ;
'That she was base, abandoned, and inconstant
In high degree—unfaithful to her love,
And reprobate to all connubial ties.
Nothing omitted was in this report,
Unjust, untrue, and wickedly contrived
To heighten crime to uttermost, could serve ;
And make upon the mind of him who loved her,
Too credulous, and easily provoked,
Impressions deepest of her perjured faith,
And lively sense of aggravated guilt.
To poor 'Si-ar-nah's heart these tidings went,
For she the centre was of his affections ;
On her his heart was fixed—on her were placed
His highest hopes of bliss. His idol was.

XIV.

The thought of what he'd lost, misplaced affections—
An idol torn away, love disappointed ;
Hence, alienated, gone, a bosom friend ;
These all, all rushing in at once upon him,
Like towering waves of sea to sink him low,

Force irresistible could not withstand ;
Like fall of avalanche to overwhelm,
The sorrows of his soul did harrow up,
And raise his passions to a fearful flame,
So violent, that his frame could ill endure,
And in a paroxysm, or convulsive fit,
He fell bewildered to th' unconscious earth.
He wallowed in the yellow sand, and rent
His garments—tore his hair, and beat his breast.
When he recovered, he commanded those
That stood around, to draw a bow and shoot him.
As none obeyed his voice, his sword he drew
Forthwith, himself to slay, and do the deed
So fatal, which no other would attempt ;
Was in the act to plunge the fatal dart
Deep in his bosom, when his good attendants
Arrested him, and forced away the blade.
As blessings brighten as they take their flight,
So did the happiness which he had felt
In the society of his charming one,
And that which he had long in hope enjoyed,
Was by such news augmented still the more ;
With relish more exquisite fraught did seem,
Than e'er before by him was realized—
Much aggravated his excess of grief.

xv.

Sooner, a thousand times, he would have followed
Her to the grave in former loveliness,
Than be astounded thus with such account

Of her surprising change, and fall from virtue.
Much grieved he daily, suffered much by night,
In broken rest, and discomposing dreams ;
Oft waked from such, as glad untrue to find,
To sense of real woes that on him lay ;
Until, for broken vows, and kindness slighted,
Revenge had ta'en possession of his breast.
Then did his indignation pass control—
The flame of love, extinguished in his soul,
To hatred, enmity, disgust, had turned.
In exclamation passionate and grievous,
And furiously loud, he thus exclaimed :
What would I not have done, to make her blest !
Would sacrificed my life, and cheerfully
My every comfort, for her happiness !
Nay, more ! a thousand deaths in her defence
Would willingly have died. But all is over now !
The die is cast ! I'll see her face no more !
Ungrateful wretch ! go unto her, and tell,
Omaint-si-ar-nah's not so much her dupe,
To grieve himself too much, and lay to heart
Her perfidy. Nay, I will have revenge !
A dire revenge for her ingratitude,
And sweet. She shall not live to see me grieve,
And lord it o'er my wounded feelings aye ;
Insult, unman me, make me miserable,
With thoughts of one day seeing her scornful eye
Turned on me. No, that she, indeed, shall not !
But hasten ! let her bleed ! Cut off a lock
Of her bright raven hair, and bring to me,
That I, upon the melancholy relic,

May look, and keep it ever consecrate,
Memorial constant of her treachery.
O, I could never have believed her false !
Unquenchable as mine, I thought her love.
Great God ! that I should be thus forced to do
To one that I so greatly doated on !
Go, then, and execute the dread command,
And, of this perjured beauty, rid the land.

XVI.

Then came the messenger of death, in haste
To Gentle Dove, in absence of her chaste
Maternal parent ; led her to the wood,
Assuring her, by all that's greatly good,
He had a secret message from her lord,
That good to her, not evil, would afford.
She forth reluctant went with tardy bound ;
An infant child her arms enfolded round.
Arrived where fit for purpose so malign,
A place where trees stood thick, and boughs entwined,
A place of darkness, and deep solitude,
With clustering vines encircling the seclude ;
A covert far, hid from the eyes of men,
But not from the all-seeing, secret ken
Of the Almighty, whose omniscient view
Saw what she suffered, and the future knew ;
Here told her, thus unfeelingly beguiled,
What he should do to her, and to her child.
Such were his orders from the army sent,
And from its chief, Omaint-si-ar-nah's tent.

XVII.

Such message to fulfil, in duty bound,
Charged with her sanguine blood to stain the ground,
For violated rites and wedded vows,
And alienation from her lawful spouse.
And prone, in accents like the serpent mild,
He said that, first, he should bereave the child.
Then, to confirm his sullen words, out flew
His scimitar, a weapon shining new,
Which from his belted scabbard did suspend,
Its short existence on the earth to end ;
Which done, my lengthened tale e'en here had end,
And no such tragic scenes in future blend.
Now, Gentle Dove shrieked out, and uttered high
A very bitter, lamentable cry ;
In great distress, not knowing what to do,
Beseeching him this course not to pursue,
But soothe, in some degree, a mother's pain,
And trouble not the child, till she was slain ;
Or else, she twice must suffer pangs of death,
Once in her person, yielding up her breath,
And once, ere yet this tragedy begun,
Compelled to see and feel it in her son.
Some pity seemed to touch his savage breast ;
Thus far, he said, I yield to your request.
Then, with his scimitar drawn in his hand,
Approached to execute the dread command,
By plunging deep the weapon in her breast,
On her evading person sorely pressed.
She begged of him : O, why such haste in this ?

To one proscribed, protracted life is bliss !
To heaven, I own, I should consign my fate ;
But O, that heaven had fixed a longer date !
Allow some moments, grant the sentence stay,
And give a wretched mortal time to pray—
'Tis all I ask, and 'tis within your power ;
Deny not this request in my last hour.
Then, kneeling down, to heaven's all-ruling Sire,
Protesting her own innocence entire,
And uttering in His ear a just complaint,
To witness, calling every guardian saint,
She prayed aloud, beseeching, on her part,
That God would soften her assassin's heart.
Him, too, the bloody messenger of strife,
She much besought to spare her injured life.
Her prayers and tears some good impressions made.
On savage as he was, and thus he said,
Relenting :—if she far in woods would go,
And never more society would know,
So all might deem she earth no longer shared,
On such conditions should her life be spared.
He, from her beauteous tresses, all unbound,
Would shear a lock, and carry to the ground,
Camp of Omaint-si-ar-nah, and him tell
He had fulfilled what was commanded well,
Concerning her : then peaceably withdrew,
Left her a wandering journey to pursue,
And bore away triumphantly to tell
His duty done, how Nit-o-me-ma fell.
Meanwhile, within her folding arms her child,
She wandered comfortless through wood and wild,

Till Phœbus from the heavens withdrew his light,
And spread o'er earth the shady veil of night.
To be involved in darkness earth began,
But nature, studious of the wants of man,
With softer lights had well supplied the place,
The burning radiance of bright Phœbus' face.

XVIII.

Under the open canopy of heaven,
Did she repose that memorable night,
Supperless. There heard among the crash of twigs
And rustling leaves, the trampling of wild beasts ;
The howl of wolves, that through the forest dark
Prowled for their prey with fierce, devouring jaws.
The mournful noise of screech-owl, solemn bird ;
The wild-cat's fiercer growl, the whip-poor-will—
The lowing of the buffalo for her young ;
The panther's scream from forest depths upflung ,
The echoing voice of savage beasts of prey,
And bark of fox, more cunning than the rest.
But none were there permitted to approach,
Or touch one hair so sacred of her head.
The stars shone bright ; but few or none could pierce
The matted branches, and the trees' tall tops,
That stood so thick around. Thick darkness there
Sat brooding o'er. No moon, with cheerful beams,
Rode high in heaven with soft refulgent light,
To pierce the thicket through that gloomy night,
And kiss the cheek of innocence and beauty.

XIX.

A night of awful terror and suspense
To Gentle Dove. Her hours were wakeful all.
T' afford the least forgetfulness of sorrow,
Balmy refreshment yielding, dewy sleep
On her affrighted eye-lids, there sat not,
Oblivion's charm a moment to indulge.
Of all mankind forsaken—not a friend,
Save the Almighty, now the only refuge
Of her dear, hapless offspring, and herself.
Unto the Throne of Grace ascended prayers
Constant and fervent, for an aid divine ;
Until Aurora, harbinger of day,
Bright in the east appeared ; when, recommending
To care Omnipotence herself anew,
She rose, (so did the sun,) and travelled on
Her way into the forest dense and deep.

XX.

The gentle spring had come, and clothed the earth
With a green robe, both beautiful and fair.
The morning ushered in a pleasant day
Of sunshine, in the merry month of May.
The trees had budded, some their tender leaves
Already had put forth, not yet full grown ;
To wit : the maple, and the aspen tall.
On these were often seen the raven perched,
With shining plumes, the partridge, speckled he
Woodpecker busy, turkey wild, and large.

Deer, in herds, feeding on the new-grown grass—
Others in open glades were lying down,
And basking in the sun. All which, away
Did nimbly scamper, at her near approach.
Here various flowers, and all of differing hues,
The loveliest children of their mother earth,
Had sprung up wild, in rich profusion round,
Embalming oft the air with their sweet fragrance ;
The pathless forest beautifying much,
And underneath her feet a carpet spreading,
With texture woven by Nature's artless hand.

XXI.

Such scenes at other times her soul had charmed,
Their customary pleasure failed t' afford,
And to her troubled mind could give no rest,
Or satisfy keen hunger's stern demands,
Which she now felt. Moreover, seemed she now
Threatened destruction from another quarter.
To blow tremendously the wind began,
Toward eve increasing to a hurricane.
Old forest-trees, of size and bulk extreme,
With giant trunks, for centuries there had stood,
Moved by Almighty power, with roots uptorn,
For the last time contending with the gale,
Descended to the earth on every side—

XXII.

Fell with a mighty crashing sound,
That deeply shook the solid ground.

She travelled on, depressed in mind,
Nor scarcely dared to look behind,
For fear the fall of some large tree
Some beast in his approach might be.

Sometimes walking, often sighing,
Sometimes running, sometimes crying.

The trees bowed reverently down,
Of some the gale bereft a crown ;
Others waved violently their crests,
The birds were driven from their nests.
She weary leaned against a tree,
A hissing serpent thence did flee.
The whistling gale still swept along,
Nought but its voice supplied the song.
Here all was dismal, dark and dreary,
No cordials for the faint and weary ;
Nor could she here repress the dread
Of vapory phantoms of the dead,
As by old legends had been taught,
With credit and with horror fraught.

XXIII.

Now, ere black night had spread her sable curtain,
With darkness deep that wood to cover o'er,
Dear Gentle Dove had travelled many miles
Far in the forest deep, where she now found
A tree of bulging mood, and hollow trunk,
A room in size, quite spacious at the foot,
Low down ; appearing to have been the den

Of bear or wolf, or large carnivorous beast,
That once existed here, but now extinct ;
For, found about the cave were many bones.
Without, within, and scattered far around—
Its entrance was in size a small-marked door,
Into this cave she entered, took possession,
As of a place of refuge from wild beasts,
And shelter from invading storms that come.
Here she for several days and nights remained,
Fasting the while, and spent the time in prayer ;
Hence, supernatural is her preservation.
Look not on her forsaken as of God !
As one whose prayers reach not the Holy Virgin,
And not by her presented to her Son !
But ponder in thy mind, behold in faith !
The miracles for her deliverance wrought !

XXIV.

For lo ! as kneeling there profound,
Engaged in prayer, she heard the sound
Of something wonderful without,
Which prompted her to look about.
Unearthly rapping at the door,
Such as she never heard before ;
And, too, a sweet melodious voice,
As though an angel, to rejoice
Her soul, had come with heavenly sound,
To visit that enchanted ground.
Divine musician ! work of art
Could never thus have moved her heart,

And winged her passions ! Up she rose,
And quickly to the opening goes ;
Renouncing straight her dread surprise,
To heaven she raised her tearful eyes,
And the first happy look she gave,
She saw on high, above the cave,
All bright, and luminous and fair,
The promised star suspended there,
A voice of heavenly sweetness low,
Unlike to mortal tongues below,
Said—Daughter, of good courage be,
For Jesus Christ sustaineth thee !
To be thy guide has sent this star,
Bids follow where it leadeth far ;
Corn, milk and honey thou shalt find,
And what will ease a troubled mind.
Obeyed the heavenly voice, went forth,
With her sweet babe, and journeyed north.
The star she had not followed long,
Ere it did linger down among
The tops of trees, until it stood,
Above an oak of bulging mood ;
Whose top was low, whose trunk was wide,
And had an opening in its side,
Which yawned low down, and near the ground—
This tree she full of honey found.
'Twas now her tears of joy found vent ;
A hearty Te Deum up sent.
She knew the honey to her given,
The promised sustenance from heaven ;
The wants of hunger to supply,
An earnest that she should not die.

She broke and ate the precious store,
Till she and babe could eat no more ;
Then took what she could carry home,
Large pieces of the honey-comb ;
The widow's cruse was never dried,
Her scanty morsel multiplied ;
And for the prophet of the Lord,
'Midst famine spread a bounteous board.

XXV.

Elijah was by ravens fed,
And she a life as pious led ;
For he had passions, various w
Like ours ; we leave to holy writ.
What marvel, then, if she should be,
In such a like extremity,
Fed thus, or otherwise preserved,
By sovereign mercy, whom she served ?
She turned her eye—her guide was gone ;
But, looking forward, o'er a lawn,
Again she saw it settling there,
Yet still suspended high in air,
Above a spacious opening glade,
Which herding buffalo had made,
In ancient day, their stamping-ground,
Though now the place did not resound
With their loud low, grown scarce and gone.
Here, grazing on this beauteous lawn,
Amidst this fair deserted ground,
A female buffalo she found.

Attended by its young it fed ;
As she approached, it raised its head,
And cast on her complacent eyes ;
Not with that feeling of surprise
Such creatures fain are wont to show,
When first the human form they know ;
Fast scampering off like fleetest hind,
That almost leaves the wind behind ;
But, inly feeling there no harm,
Was held by some celestial charm—
Made conscious of its course by heaven,
At once submitted to be driven
Quite home, and udders drained, became
Domesticated, kind and tame.

XXVI.

Next day, unto the opening glade
Another visit longer made,
And walking through, in all her range,
Beheld what was surprising strange—
The promised corn all springing there,
Already standing high and fair ;
And all about th' adjoining ground,
Crab-apples, fruits and berries found ;
And curling vines ascending high,
The lofty trees the forest nigh—
Grape clusters hanging high and low,
And plums ; all these in embryo,
She gathered in their season, dried,
For timely using laid aside.

The corn she ate when yet 'twas green,
And when its hanging ears were seen,
All ripe and gold-like, yellowed o'er,
She gathered, and laid up in store.
Nor did she farther distant roam,
But filled her hand with honey-comb,
Unto her cavern straight returned ;
Her heart with grateful passion burned,
And regular as the sun of morn,
Oft as its beams the eve adorn,
The praise of God inspired her tongue,
And, as she gloried, thus she sung :—

SONG.

Raise thee, my soul, with all thy powers,
To God a grateful song !
Thine incense sweet ascend these bowers,
To whom thy powers belong.

For he hath brought salvation down,
To bless thy darkest day,
When cruel death, with sullen frown,
Had marked me for his prey.

When friends forsook me, then I said
The Lord will hear my voice ;
I sought him, when my comforts fled,
He bade my soul rejoice.

He feeds the hungry, starving souls,
Their bread and water's sure,

His bounty corn and wine supplies,
And honey will procure.

Since, from the grave my soul did raise,
My foes did much condemn,
For evermore will laud his praise,
The Star of Bethlehem.

XXVII.

And need we name the horrors of her mind ?
Imagination lent its aid to fear ;
For frequent were the dismal storms shot down
Over that lone and solitary place,
More awful rendered, 'cause she was alone.
And brooding darkness oft sat o'er the place ;
Oft blackening clouds hung over it, and frowned
The fountains opened, rain and hail descended ;
The firmament of heaven loud thunders shook ;
Along the sky the forked lightning flashed,
And set the element below on fire ;
Rending, in shattered pieces, largest oaks,
Scattering the woody fragments far and wide ;
Causing the cave, wherein she dwelt, to tremble
Beasts of the forest, too, lurked round the place ;
The wood resounded with their frequent howls.
And often, too, a savage bear there came ;
Raising himself, as he approached the cave,
He looked within, as though inclined to enter.
With looks of horror and despair, the mother
Clasped her child more closely to her side ;

The infant babe, in innocence, looked in
Her face and smiled. She knelt in prayer to Him
Who in that hour of need alone could save.
When in the attitude of fervent prayer,
Her visitant unwelcome, silent stood,
As though quite conscious of her sore distress—
By pity moved, approached not ; but would stand
With listening ears, attentive to her words.
Struck with a ceremony so sublime,
So solemn and impressive as it was—
Awed into reverence by such piety
And fervent supplication, he did seem
The house of prayer unwilling to disturb,
And sacred worship of the living God—
Left them in silence, and returned no more.

XXVIII.

She now conceived could she but kindle fire
At the cave's mouth, it would not only be
Protection 'gainst the cold inclement weather,
But prove a means to keep wild beasts away.
But yet this boon from heaven she'd not received ;
And how she should obtain it did not know,
For steel, or match, or tinder, she had none ;
Became alarmed, began to entertain
Doubts, and much serious fear, that heaven, although
In mercy corn and honey, milk, had given,
In bounteous stores, yet was she, even now,
In wretched state, forlorn, and danger great,
Of perishing by cold, or by wild beasts.

While she, perplexed, still pondered on these things,
Bewildered much, not knowing what to do,
And seeking oft in prayer, for aid divine,
Behold! a violent thunder-storm arose.

'Twas darkness all, save when the lightning's glare
Showed, by her posture, that she was in prayer.

XXIX.

A sudden flash caused the whole heavens to glow,
And set on fire the elements below ;
Followed by peal of thunder so tremendous—
So sudden, and so awful, it did make
The earth's foundation to its centre shake,
And smote a tree hard by her dwelling-place,
Kindling a fire which did consume it there.
She, looking up, beheld the tree on fire,
And raised her eye to heaven's all-ruling Sire ;
And in the sky above beheld the sign,
The sacred impress of the hand divine :

The promised light suspended there,
All luminous, and bright, and fair ;
And that it did in crosses lighten,
'Twas then her hopes began to brighten.

By this she knew the fire was sent for her,
In answer to her prayers for aid divine.
In grateful adoration she exclaimed,
O holy star ! my comforter and guide
In every season of adversity !
Thy approach in awful grandeur I do hail !
Not as portentous comet, threatening war,

And pending ruin, but with joy immense ;
For nought but good to me thy presence brings !
She went unto the tree, and took thereof,
And kindled there a fire, which went not out ;
And after this, she suffered not with fear,
Nor was she more disturbed by beasts of prey.

xxx.

Of all utensils household, destitute,
Each useful article of furniture,
In making such as stood she most in need
Most absolute, she found an ample scope
For exercise of her inventive powers.
Among the various articles she made,
Was mortar, fine for pounding out her corn ;
Which cost great labor, deal of time and patience.
This from a tree which lay beside the cave,
A circumstance, for her quite providential,
Did she burn out, and made it fit for use.
Some of her corn she parched, and ate with milk,
Some pounded fine, and made it into cakes ;
Which she first baked before the fire on bark
Was smooth, and answered well, until her genius
Found something better out, and ate with honey.
Corn, altogether, sometimes would omit,
Alone of milk and honey make a meal ;
And we must tell you, also, how she came
To be possessed of crockery, hollow-ware ;
For this of course you know she must have needed.
These from a kind of stiff blue clay she made,

Found in a hill-side, where the water oozed ;
Whose green-tuffed crest with shrubbery rich was crowned,
While on its side-long cliffs were barren ground.
A level plain appeared about its base,
Sol burnished with his earliest beam the place.

XXXI.

These with her hands to well-shaped dishes moulded,
And dried them in the shade quite thoroughly,
And baked them in a furnace of her own ;
And they did answer her a purpose good.
The female buffalo grew quite soon so tame,
It would approach her of its own accord,
And lick her hand. So much attached it grew
Unto its mistress, for her gifts humane,
That out of sight of her 'twould scarcely go ;
Fed constant near the cave, no farther going
Than to the lawn, or ancient stamping-ground.
During her stay here, it increased a herd.
Her little boy, whose name was Namah, grew,
Could drive and fetch them for his parent kind.
He was a generous, noble-hearted boy,
His mother's only hope, her pride and joy—
Bright and intelligent, and as he did
Partake much of her pious disposition,
And sweetness, was a source of comfort to her.

XXXII.

Having resided here a length of time,
To covet meat began. The use of which

She'd ever been accustomed, childhood up,
As the chief staple food, and staff of life.
Already gone long time without, became
A sovereign want, and longing to indulge,
Putting invention to the rack, to find
Some certain method to obtain this boon.
The best and only method she devised,
Was to ensnare. To this end built a hedge,
Or fence of sticks and brush, and down-fallen wood,
To stop small animals in their daily walks—
No matter for the want of symmetry.
At intervals, an opening small she left,
Or gateway in the hedge, and set a snare,
Made from the bushy tail of buffalo.
In this hedge, furlongs four or more in length,
Which more than fifty snare-gates in it had—
Much time in its construction occupying,
During the first and second years, were caught
Wild turkeys, pigeons, prairie-hens, and quails,
Rabbits, dry meat, and partridges profuse—
Of squirrels nimble, oft ate off the noose ;
Yielding a bountiful supply some time.
But after second year, and numbers caught,
Those of that species, as by instinct led,
Or warned of danger, did avoid the hedge ;
The snare-gates 'specially, or flying o'er,
Or going around them, fearing threatened death ;
So that this mode of gaining oft supplies,
So full of promise first, failed in the end ;
And most the snares in gates becoming broken,
The hedge was left to fall into decay,
As mortal man must fall another way :

Who have as short a time, a moment's space,
And with the king of terrors find no grace.

XXXIII.

With a desire intense she fain would slay,
And dress and eat the calves of buffalo.
These from the herd a full supply would yield ;
But how, without a hatchet or a knife,
Some instrument sharp-edged, could she do this ?
About this time, four years in this dense forest,
Without being seen by any human form,
Except her little boy, a melancholy
Event occurred. For, wandering out the way
Farther than usual, in pursuit of fruit
And berries, accidentally lost the path.
Before aware, the sun, her only guide,
By which to shape her course, his beams withdrew,
And lay concealed behind a bank of clouds.
Fast as she could, she travelled all that day,
Walking, and running much with all her might,
On towards her cave direct, as she supposed ;
Spurred on by fear, that overshadowing night
Would lower, ere she the destined port could reach—
Her once again, in open wood compel,
Weather inclement, furious beasts around,
To danger of assaults herself expose.
Howe'er, as He who rules above ordained,
It happened, ere the king of day went down,
She crossed her cabin, to her great relief
And joy, but much fatigued by this mishap,
Which wrought so heavily upon her mind,

And bodily strength so much did overcome,
That she fell sick, with inward fever parched ;
Nor went she out the cave for several weeks,
By o'er exertion great, so much impaired.

XXXIV.

But yet, e'en this distressing circumstance,
Without its own advantages came not.
For in her wayward journey through the wood,
Beneath the earth and yellow leaves, she found
Decayed, but remnant seen, an Indian's belt,
In which did lay his knife and tomahawk,
Rusty all o'er, been lost for many years.
She saw, too, in this place, the Indian's bones,
Slain in some former war, as she supposed,
And by his red relations never found,
But overlooked, unburied left to lie.
The knife and hatchet were of service to her,
Incalculable. Scouring off the rust,
So many years on them accumulating,
She sharpened them on stones, a tedious work.
With these, enabled was to kill and dress
Her buffalo calves, for food. And this she did.

XXXV.

And what she did not need at first,
To satisfy desire,
Cut up in pieces thin, and dried,
And smoked it o'er the fire—

Upon a scaffold, made of poles,
As Indian customs serve,
For she, or they, ne'er used the salt,
Their viands to preserve.

The first she ate was sweeter far,
Unto her taste, than honey ;
O, such a treat, and such sweet meat,
Were never bought with money !

Full seven long years she now had been,
Here, in this lonely place,
No human being had she seen
Show there a smiling face.

Corn annual yielded its increase,
Her honey lasted still,
And faithfully the Virgin did
Her promises fulfil.

And, regular as the sun of morn
Shed his reviving rays,
Upon that place, both morn and eve,
To heaven she chanted praise.

XXXVI.

Omaint-si-ar-nah, credulous too much,
Soon to return unto his native home,
And that of his dear Gentle Dove, cared not.
Full well he knew the sight thereof would call
Up in his mind scenes that would trouble him ;
So many things by them enjoyed in common,

'Twould tend his sorrows greatly to increase,
And melt and break a heart already broken.
E'en absent, these upon his recollections
Intruded oft, and were appalling to him ;
And, when he thought thereon, he wept full sore,
For he had loved her. She his idol was :
Therefore, he stayed from thence for several years,
And sought to drown his melancholy grief,
In sweet forgetfulness of what had passed.

At length returned unto the home, unhappy,
Of Gentle Dove. Her mother now no more,
Cabin removed, and feeling discontent,
Walked solitary round about the wood,
Through all the groves and places of resort,
And rambling, where himself and Gentle Dove
Had wandered oft, and promenaded once
Together, sweet conversing on all things
That gave each other mutual delight ;
While each was by no other feelings moved,
Than virtue doth elicit, and where they
Had whiled the happy hours away of love ;
Had sat on banks along the purling tide,
Among the flowers so gay that grew beside,
And ate wild fruits and berries they had found,
While sportive joys their pure devotion crowned.

XXXVII.

In anguish of his heart he loud exclaimed :—
O, that she had but innocent remained !

I'd given the world itself to had it so !
This is, to me, the filling up of wo !
Who would have thought that she could thus have changed ?
Thus to her faithful worshipper estranged ?
O, what a fall from heaven ! too great to name,
To degradation, guilt, and open shame !

Impossible ! O, this does seem unlike—
And, as he spake, his tears flowed copious down
His sorrowful, and pallid, care-worn cheeks.
Thus he soliloquized : all I have seen,
Daughters of men among, none ever seemed
So lovely in mine eyes, or pleased so well,
As thou, my charming Nit-o-me-ma, didst.
Indeed, I do believe, might search through all—

Through all the tribes, from Mississippi's head,
To where in Mexic's gulf he makes his bed,
Through lands, whose waters swell th' unbounded sea,
And never find thine equal, one like thee !

XXXVIII.

To hope it, or to try, would be in vain !
Thy beauty was exquisite, sweet thy voice,
Thy form was elegant in high degree,
In manners graceful, in deportment rare,
Intelligent, kind-hearted, condescending,
And disposition better, world defied !
Did all who knew, admire thee ? So did I,
Poor, miserable, weak, heart-broken chief !
Loved thee, in truth, above all other objects !

For all in woman, noble and desired,
Was found in thee, in absolute perfection.
The new religion, taught thee by Marquette,
The hidden mysteries of that holy cross,
In which thou didst believe and understand,
Though I could not ; yet it did render thee
Still more attractive—and in thy devotions,
Thou didst resemble much an angel bright.
But how such goodness could degenerate,
And fall, and turn to evil at the last,
Is mystery I can never understand ;
Which, sure, a revelation must require,
From ghosts of souls departed, to unfold !

XXXIX.

I've strove to drive thee from my thoughts,
And wandered, lovely dame,
To drown, in sweet forgetfulness,
The memory of thy name.

'Tis vain ; the pangs of holy love
Can never be effaced,
The lovely form seems lovely still,
By whatsoe'er disgraced.

With all thy faults adore thee still,
And ever more shall love ;
This dooms me, while I live, a wretch,
Shut out from thee, my Dove !

XL.

Their groves and former haunts he much frequents,
Where they, for pastime, oft in exercise
Of hieroglyphic writing, had themselves,
By carving on the trunks of standing trees,
Amused. They had invented, of their own,
Signs of ideas, to others quite unknown ;
But which themselves did fully understand,
Which on a beach's trunk did first engrave,
Whose thick and spreading boughs them umbrage gave,
From Phœbus' burning beam. These afterwards,
On various trees adjoining, they did carve ;
Until, by practice in this pleasing art,
Of pictural correspondence 'tween themselves
Skilful became. Engraven here, he saw,
In characters he fully understood,
And in the well-known hand of Gentle Dove,
What, by the era, he perceived was written,
Time after his departure to the war,
To him inscribed. Inspection more minute
Unfolded mysteries of a woful truth,
How she had been maltreated, and abused,
Slandered, betrayed to death by Que-la-wah
Most infamous. 'Twas read and understood.
Conviction flashed upon him, overwhelming,
At this amazing new discovery.
He now believed and felt her innocent.
Remorse and raging grief seized on his vitals ;
His hair and garments rent, his breast he beat
With violence, and fell down as in a swoon—

Rolled on the ground, in his distress extreme,
And agony of soul. This dreadful night,
No balmy slumbers visited his couch ;
No drowsy sleep sat on his wakeful eye-lids,
Distilling soporiferous dew, to drown
His pungent sorrows in forgetfulness,
One moment to afford oblivion sweet.
He rose not up that night, nor left the place :
But passed it there in sighs, and groans and tears.
Sometimes in boisterous tones his feelings vent,
In hideous howlings would so loud lament,
The whole great forest echoed to the sound,
As though a lion sent his voice around.

XLI.

'Twas dark and dismal ; stars could not this night
Pierce that dense atmosphere of clouds with light.
No moon was there to chase away the gloom,
Beasts of the forest leave their lairs to roam,
And range abroad for prey, as nightly thieves ;
Noise of their footsteps, rustling of the leaves,
And crackling sound of twigs, is on the ear :
Who tell, what dangerous beast might not appear ?

XLII.

The echoing sound of their wild voices hoarse,
Distinctly heard, expressive of their feelings—
Ideas to their own species would convey,
Their kind revealed. For signs, and language, too,

All animals have: have each a dialect
Peculiar to themselves, well understood.
But 'mong all languages and dialects
By different nations spoken, nought was heard,
Save voice of murder, robbery, and rapine ;
Here were no soothing words for one distressed,
Nor sympathizing language here sent up
By any of the beastly throng, save one—
This was Omaint-si-ar-nah's faithful dog.
He, the affectionate creature, took a deep
And vital interest in all things that passed,
That his afflicted master did concern ;
Felt as he felt, or so did seem to feel,
And to partake of all his sore distress ,
Did all he could to soothe and share his wo—
Though he could not have known the cause exact,
Yet did he raise a loud and doleful cry,
And answered howl for howl, the live-long night.

XLIII.

Now, in this place, 'tis proper to observe,
'Mong Indians, when a murder is committed,
The nearest kinsman's duty it becomes
T' avenge the death, and slay the murderer,
When, and wherever he can overtake him—
Their mode of doing justice in such case.
Therefore, pursuant to this custom good,
When morn had come, and first impulse of grief
Was o'er—its raging billows some subsiding,
Omaint-si-ar-nah rose, and armed himself,

And went in dire pursuit of Que-la-wah.
Not far from his own wigwam chanced to meet,
Gathering some sticks to make his morning fire.
Unconscious of his fate, and unapprized
Of any evil, dangerous foe's approach,
Without his arms, this morn had ventured out.
Omaint-si-ar-nah, soon as he drew near,
Unceremonious quite, accosted him :
Ho ! son of violence, fraud, and blood ! 'La-wah !
To be my foulest foe ! I've found thee out !
Whom I did trust as guardian of my wife,
Art thou, thyself, the murderer of my wife !
Yea, hast destroyed her—she, my soul's delight.
E'en Nit-o-me-ma, virtuous and good—
The best and loveliest woman ever graced
The land of Sacs ; betrayed her to her death,
By your malicious falsehoods palmed on me !
Is this the way my kindness to requite ?
Becoming gratitude to exercise ?
Prepare, this instant, for thy death, 'La-wah !
Deceitful, as thy name imports, art thou.
Prepare for instant death ; for I do swear,
By the Great Spirit, ruling all above,
And by the evil spirit, hating good,
That to and fro walks up and down the earth,
Filling the mind with violence, fraud, and blood ;
By all that Indians sacredly observe,
That thou no longer on the earth shalt live.
Now will I spill thy blood, and take thy life ;
'Tis forfeited to me, for that of my poor wife.
The coward, all aghast, and struck with shame,

And conscious guilt, at this his fate so just,
Choked with his sentence—uttered not a word,
Nor made resistance aught to palliate.
'Si-ar-nah bent his bow, made sure his aim ;
Now die, as you deserve, deceitful wretch
He said, and sent the arrow to his heart.
He fell. 'Si-ar-nah running up to him,
And drawing out his scimeter's broad blade,
Which he had used in war, his crown cut off,
And placed his head on high beside the road,
Beneath the branches of a maple-tree.

XLIV.

Then slept he quietly that night,
Pleased with such sweet revenge in fight.
Next eve, as on his couch he lay,
And passed the wakeful hours away,
In ruminating on the past,
His thoughts upon the future cast ;
He heard without an awful noise,
As though on lofty wings did poise,
And hovering o'er and round his head,
The misty phantoms of the dead ;
And spirits disembodied there,
Unquiet, venting in the air
Their plaintive melancholy wo,
In shrieks that mortals would forego.
Like distant thunder seemed a sound,
That shook the tenement and ground ;
And lo ! in came a phantomed host,
And chief of these was Que-la's ghost—

All pale and haggard, as when slain,
All bathed in tears that fell as rain ;
And by his bed-side came and stood
Distressed, in melancholy mood,
As though o'erwhelmed with conscious shame,
For what he dreaded much to name.
Twice he essayed to speak, and sighed,
Twice on his tongue the accents died.
For something there appeared within
Too big for utterance—a sin.
'Si-ar-nah silence broke, and said,
Speak, whether living form, or dead !
Whoe'er you are, and without fear,
Your business to my listening ear
Disclose, whatever it may be,
No terror shall it bring to me.
For though you be the king of hell,
Or in whatever regions dwell,
That hither come in dread array,
In mystery, solemn pomp display—
I fear you not. But of your birth,
I think I've seen your form on earth,
And deem, if I have eyes to know,
And to distinguish ghosts below,
Thou hast engaged in bloody strife,
And art the murderer of my wife.

XLV.

Yes, I am Que-la-wah you slew,
For what just cause well known to you,

Departed spirits privileged be,
Who roam th' ærial portals free,
Th' affairs of kindred minds to know,
With whom they conversed long below.
There needs no repetition here,
Of what is past to mortals dear ;
But touching Nit-o-me-ma's doom,
To let you know, for this I come,
You to inform, that lovely she,
Whose heart I strove to win from thee,
Is not as yet dismissed from time,
To wildly rove ærial clime,
In fairy regions of the dead ;
But still on earth she lifts her head—
Still in the body. Cherish this,
An earnest of your future bliss.
The fiend commissioned her to kill,
With false reports your ear did fill,
Has passed the bounds of mortal day,
His crimes could brook no long delay ;
A disembodied spirit he,
Companion of my misery.
Him first I saw, when there I came ;
He knew me by my marks of shame—
Saluted with inquiring breath,
To know of my untimely death ;
The cause, unseemly, premature,
A flower which promised to endure.
I straightly told him all that passed,
And how I fell, from first to last.
All which he seemed much pleased to hear ;
From his pale visage dropped a tear

Of sullen joy, to think that he
Was so well matched in misery ;
And that no greater were his crimes,
Than many others of his times.
But where, said I, does 'Me-ma dwell ?
I see her not ; but thou full well
Must know her habitation where,
Whose sword dismissed her soul to air.
He straight informed, with accents mild,
He ne'er had slain her or the child ;
But said that she was living still,
And in the forest roamed at will,
Until a certain cave she found,
Enclosed by thickets all around ;
In midway of the forest dread,
Where she miraculously fed,
Still lives and breathes the upper air,
A lonely solitude to share.
No man has ever been that way,
Or found her dwelling to this day—

XLVI.

Though has been there so many years,
And shed so many bitter tears—
Is something worn by time and care
Yet she is ruddy, fresh and fair ;
True to her lawful consort, she
Both was, and is, in constancy.
Yea, just as loyal, faithful, sure,
Has ever been, and chaste and pure

As ghost of vestal virgin seems,
When in the evening's dusky beams,
Hovering between the hills it glides
In mist along the mountain's sides—
That no contamination know,
Unspotted as the virgin snow.
There still exists this flower of earth;
As yet, she knows no heavenly birth;
And there, by searching, you may find
Her that will ease your troubled mind.
This said, he farther added not,
Nor spake of his immortal lot,
Of aught particular, love or hate,
Or prospects of his future state.
But, shrouded in the sable night,
He quickly faded out of sight;
And glided upward, as would seem,
Like phantom in the evening beam.
Of him last heard, was a voice upsent,
Of mingled terror, loud lament,
Which, down from good 'Si-ar-nah's eyes,
Drew tears of pity and surprise.

XLVII.

Then rose 'Si-ar-nah up straightway,
Nor waited till the dawn of day;
But early, with no tardy bound,
And roused up all the country round—
With sound of trumpet, shall I tell?
The hollow-sounding drum, or bell?

The bugle's note, or Frenchman's horn ?
Nay ! these their armory don't adorn ;
But with the clattering sound of bones,
Together beat, of thrilling tones—
The whistle, war-whoop, grave intent,
Halloo, and general shout upsent.
Gathering a numerous multitude,
Searched the whole forest, each seclude ;
At length discovered he the cave,
Which hopeful expectation gave ;
And coming to the opening fair,
Demanded loudly, who was there.
Deep from within, a voice was heard—
He called a second time, and third ;
But she delayed to come in view,
Though well his voice and countenance knew.

XLVIII.

She felt ashamed t' appear, for she was coy ;
Worn out her garments—to supply their place
Effectually, with scanty means could not.
Save Indian stroud, or skirt, which she had made
Of pliant skins of quadrupeds ensnared—
Together sewed with thongs, and belted round ;
A customary garment 'mong them worn :
Save beads of wampum round her graceful neck,
And some slight covering o'er her bosom thrown,
Save what her long and beauteous tresses covered,
There was not aught her beauty to conceal
Or nature's lovely, simple garb unmake—

Costume most ancient of the hand divine.
But like our mother Eve, in Eden's bower
Of bliss, when unadorned, was most adorned ;
Since native beauty, form and comeliness,
And grace, without the gaudy things of art,
Were all her own. Then her beloved lord,
The good 'Si-ar-nah, forward sprung, and ran
Within the cave. Flinging his arms around
The lovely form, he clasped her to his breast,
And kissed her o'er, and o'er, and o'er again,
With the sweet kiss of early love ecstatic,
Shouting :—Joy to me now ! joy ! joy ! henceforth !
Come to my heart, my jewel ! to my heart !
The tidings, so dishonorable to thee,
Which proved thy banishment, and ruined me,
By fiends malicious whispered in my ear,
Were false ! were false ! my Nit-o-me-ma still,
Unspotted as an angel is of light,
And chaste and pure as ghosts of vestal virgins.
I have had sweet revenge for all thy wrongs !
'Thy murderers are no more ! they are cut off,
And perished from the earth, that trouble thee !
The cruel messenger, and Que-la-wah ;
The last fell by an arrow from my bow.
'Midst all my labors and my wandering,
No day has intervened that did not bring,
My Nit-o-me-ma ! heavy thoughts of thee ;
And thou hast suffered many deaths for me.

XLIX.

Come from this horrible, lonely-looking place !
Drop that poor pittance from thy rosy hand,

And live, henceforth, anew, as freedom prompts !
For thy Omaint-si-ar-nah loves thee still,
Far better than himself, or his own life ;
Which he, henceforth, devotes alone to thee !
His own new buffalo robe unfolding, then,
Which he had brought to serve a purpose kind,
He put it on her, led her from the cave.
But, O, the joy, the rapture of that meeting !
What pen can write ? what burning words describe ?
Like that of bands cherubic in mid-heaven,
Convoking and conversing sweetly there.

L.

Ne'er did first parents see more happy hour,
Beneath the tree of life, in Eden's bower ;
Nor could Camilla, dressed in beauteous charm,
Refulgent, and arrayed in martial arms ;
E'en when she triumphed in a glorious war,
Armies discomfited, and drove before.
For something in that meeting there did seem,
Of which the world has but a fainter gleam ;
Of holy, pure, and heavenly nature quite ;
Something 'bove earth, a mutual delight,
Which none can know, appreciate, or enjoy,
Without the mixture of more base alloy,
Save such as draw their comforts from above,
Have felt the all-absorbing pang of love ;
Love irresistible, without a name,
Holy and virtuous, an undying flame.

This forest-bred, untutored son of love,
And his divine-protected Gentle Dove,
(For nature, to her own, is ever true,
When we her calls obey, her steps pursue,)
In happy love passed their remaining days,
Beloved by all, their nation's pride and praise ;
In death were not divided. Side by side,
They sickened, suffered, comforted, and died ;
Were both interred, together, in one grave,
Lamented long ; and from their son o' the cave,
Namah, in whom did every virtue blend,
In concord sweet, great Black Hawk did descend.

BLACK HAWK,
AND
SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO III

THE ARGUMENT.

The Pennsylvanian gives an account of the manners and customs of the Indians, and what injuries they have suffered of the whites; together with a description of the causes which led Black Hawk to take up arms against the United States.

I.

THAT your description quaint, admired must be,
Of this illustrious chieftain's pedigree,
Is in good keeping with his checkered life,
Of combat on the glorious field of strife,
Of cares and conflict, is, to me, quite clear;
And much has charmed me, said the pioneer.
'Tis what might be expected from a man
Of such celebrity throughout his clan;
And gives good omén what I else shall hear
Fall from your tongue, will please my earnest ear.
To which, the Pennsylvanian thus replies:—
I will endeavor, much as in me lies,
To give you farther knowledge of the race,

Time immemorial 'habited this place,
Long ere our fathers crossed the briny sea,
To plant the standard of their liberty ;
And why the clarion notes have sounded storm
Of Indian frontier wars, will you inform—
And tell the causes which conspired to raise
The chief's ambition high in later days,
Who, for his injured country, vainly strove,
And fell like star from heaven ; the will of Jove.
Yet, in his fall, predestined to be great,
While age succeeding age, his deeds relate.

II.

The Indians are a wild, peculiar race ;
Yet much in them that's good, that, should we follow,
Would, to our own advantage, much redound :
Since honest, native nobleness of soul,
A conduct kind and generous signalize.
Nor are they wayward, as so oft is said,
Blind to each other's good, or ill, or love.
Friendship with them's a sacred sentiment,
For which, they'll suffer, die in its defence ;
Nor yet, so cruel, savage, desperate—
While, in their social circles, common walks
Of life, in peaceful villages at home,
In native harmony of soul they dwell.
But, when excited, roused to fell revenge,
For injuries oft unto their people done,
'Tis only then they manifest that ire,
And acts of cruelty so reprehended.

Be honest with the Indian, honest, too,
He'll be, and faithful, even to a fault.
This, by the man of peace was proved, good Penn,
And sealed, by peace, for three-score years and ten.
Provoke him, and no labor is too great
To seek a foe. He'll cross the Rocky Mountain,
And suffer death, a just revenge to gain ;
To this impelled, by what he duty deems.
Of his religious creed deign you to ask ?
And what of his mythology extreme ?
He has of Gods, the only one supreme,
The world Creator, Ruler, Spirit great,
Or Manitou, the master-spring of life ;
One great inferior deity, the de'il,
Or evil spirit, enemy of all good,
And source of all the evils him beset.
Plunged deep in pagan darkness, doubtful all,
In which Great Spirit's hands himself shall fall,
Whether the good or bad, he worships both,
And offers sacrifice and supplication—
The evil one, his anger to appease,
His mercy show, and unto wrath set bounds ;
The good, all needful grace to supplicate,
And thanks return for his success in war,
In hunting, bounteous corn, and life preserved.
Other inferior deities beside,
Guardians o'er persons, places, things preside,
As he believes, and pays them reverence meet.

III.

The soul immortal deems he ; after death,
Receives reward or retribution due.

What this reward or retribution is,
What course of conduct will the man condemn,
Or what to favor there entitle him,
Differ they much, and undefined remains
A vague uncertainty. Yet his opinion,
The generous host, the kind and noble soul,
Great hunter, he who slays a host of foes,
And wears the largest feathers in his crown,
As trophies of his warlike deeds, will be
The man that's favored most of Deity.
Far on the north, a country desolate,
And cold, and icy—where no game abounds,
Amid perpetual snows, and piercing winds—
Where barely possible life to sustain,
Some think the place of punishment to be ;
While others, south, suppose it is in fire.
Inferior animals, too, partake his heaven ;
His faithful dog, his deer, and speckled fish.
The soul deceased, a time on earth remains,
The grave oft passing in and out, to hear
And soothe the sorrows of surviving friends,
Invisible, and unperceived by any ;
But soon must travel hence, a journey long,
To a land of spirits in the far southwest ;
Requiring months, replete with danger, toil,
Wild beasts ferocious, dogs encountering oft.
Is forced deep streams to cross, with ne'er a bark.
Provisions, too, are needed for the way ;
Hence, hunting implements, flint, steel, and pipe,
Tobacco, whiskey, are placed in the grave,
Beside the dead, his way to expedite.
The Sacs suppose the spirit, on its way,

O'er a wide prairie-land obliged to pass.
Like a blue cloud the forest seems beyond ;
Between these rolls a river, rapid, deep ;
Long pole across, e'en like a serpent's back,
Kept in continual motion by the tide.
To cross upon this pole the spirit must.
If to a person good it has belonged,
'Twill get o'er safe, and find its kindred just.

IV.

Land dressed in living green, a pleasant wood ;
Here dwell the spirits of the great and good,
In everlasting happiness on high ;
Pursue their own amusements constantly.
Eternal spring strews every path with flowers,
Of odors sweet, refreshed by gentle showers.
Here, too, are happy isles, in beauty dressed,
Where oft the sons of men lie down to rest
In pleasant arbors, overhung with trees,
Fanned by the zephyr's cool refreshing breeze ;
And purling streams and lakes where fish abound,
With plenteous game through all the woodland ground.
The Indian's fancied heaven, where longs to be :
His hopes are full of immortality.

V.

But if the spirit to wicked man belongs,
'Twill fall off in the roaring stream, and be
Swept down by rapid currents to the land
Of evil spirits, ever to remain
In poverty, in wretchedness, and wo.

Such spirits undergo a change, some deem,
And turn to tortoise, fish, or toad, despised.
'Mong the Dacotas, died a young papoose,
Its parents mourned it as their only hope.
The father laid the affliction to his heart,
With arrows sharpened wounded oft himself—
Sickened, and lingered, till with grief he died.
But what was most remarkable, the bride,
Whose grief was inconsolable before,
Soon as she saw her husband was no more,
Dried up her tears, a cheerful air put on,
Of resignation to the high bereave,
Which took from her an only son and spouse.
This did I see, the reason did inquire.
She told me that the child had died too young,
In land of spirits to sustain itself;
That she and consort had been apprehensive,
That lone, unhappy, it would suffer there;
But soon as she did see its father go
Unto that land from mortal climes afar—
Who loved it with the tenderest affection,
Good hunter, too, would well for it provide,
She ceased to mourn—as further cause for tears
Existed not; since what she doated on
Was happy, underneath the care of one
That loved it well; and now her only prayer,
That soon she might be called to join them there.

VI.

The Indians here, have many recreations,
As sports and pastimes, feasts, and dancing oft;
With music of the flute, drum, tamborine;

But singing, chiefly ; dancing, for amusement ;
Sometimes as preparation for a war—
For hunting, news of peace, or heroes' praise :
Strangers to entertain, or please a guest,
The Deity religious homage pay ;
A solemn ceremony—not unlike
The praise of David, when before the Ark
Of God he danced, and pleased his Maker well ;
Or Israel held with timbrel's, organ's sound,
When Deborah triumphed in a glorious war,
And all the host the day did celebrate ;
Of songs and dances solemn worship made.
Indians with feasts accompany all these,
Singing replies to song, with these, with them.

PIONEER.

Now, since you mention solemn rites resembling
The ancient Israelites, this me reminds,
What I have often heard of this red race
From them descending ; one lost tribe of Israel,
Here wandering to a country so remote,
In ancient times unknown. If this be true,
That they were lost for aye, no wonder, then.
But 'tis, I trow, a thing of mere conjecture.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Aye, so it is ; but yet some reasons for it,
Quite plausible, and weighty, may be urged.
A theme of speculation has been made ;

Some learned authors prying into it,
The very fact to prove, have underta'en ;
And, from the labors and research of travellers,
Collected all the evidence in their reach.
The customs, manners, laws, of either nation,
Comparing, diligently, each with each ;
And, finding a resemblance notable,
Conclude, originally they were one
Peculiar nation ; this lost tribe a branch
Broken off—outcasts from Israel, as the Jew,
As He whose laws they broke did threaten them.
But they, all Israel, must be gathered in,
When the appointed time of fulness comes,
And Jew and Gentile saved by sovereign grace.
So saint and prophet have of old believed,
And so the sacred scriptures well accord.
These, too, have prophets, priests, and chiefs of tribes,
Their solemn days, their patriarchal heads,
Traditions many of their ancient rites,
And more than I here now have time to tell.

VII.

The subject of the dances I resume ;
For who the joys of dancing would presume
To pass unnoticed by, if not partake ?
Of these, the war-dance most important is.
Account of one that I attended once,
To you will give. The village I was in
Were all assembled, where a feast was made,
And Indian warriors, painted as for battle,
Approached the post in middle of that ring,

Or circle large, where they the dance begin,
By tamborine and song preceded first.
Warriors with energy themselves exert,
While with the music every motion vies ;
Their weapons with such fury brandishing,
That fatal accidents seem on the point.
But soon a warrior leaves the circle, formed
By crowds of warriors, and spectators round ;
With tomahawk he smites the centre post.
The music ceases, and the beat of drum ;
The story of his wars he now recounts—
His martial deeds, with loud commanding voice ;
Describes his battles fought, what prisoners made,
His scalps and trophies shows—points to his wounds.
The acting o'er of all his brave exploits
Attends his narrative—the mimic fight,
Th' advance, retreat, the swift pursuit of foes ;
The blow, the fall, the doffing of the crown ;
In all he says, and does, declaring truth.
Shouts of applause accompany narrative,
Proportioned to the interest it excites.
The orator retires, the dance goes on,
Till interrupted by another warrior.
At length a war-worn veteran struck the post ;
Silence again prevailed throughout the host.

VIII.

With active limbs he leaped about, and raised
To highest pitch his voice, while he portrayed
Some of those sanguine scenes in which he'd acted.

He'd struck the bodies dead of many men—
All the red nations round him ; Omawhaws,
Osages, Pawnees, Konzas, Grand Pawnees,
Padoucas, Sacs, Ietons, and Iowas ;
Foxes, Dacotas, Bald-Heads, and La Plain ;
Eight of one nation, seven of another,
He'd struck. With his account he was proceeding,
When one ran up to him, and put his hand
Upon his mouth, and led him to his seat.
Not that he'd spoken aught save truth alone ;
For what one saith in presence of the warriors,
Each for his own good name as promptly jealous,
The strictest scrutiny must undergo ;
And wanting truth subjects him to disgrace,
And infamy retorted on his brow.
Nor yet because they deemed he'd grown too vain ;
But meant the highest honor to the brave.
It signified achievements glorious—he
So many could relate, requiring time,
The rest their deeds to tell would find no room.
Moreo'er, the contrast of their deeds with his,
Would put the younger warriors much to shame.
Now, everything made ready, war-songs sung,
The dance performed, a general feast succeeds.
They rush to war—taught from their infancy
To glory in, as man's chief duty here.
In just defence to arm themselves compelled,
From hunting-grounds repel intruding foes ;
Revenge the death of those innoxious slain ;
Having just cause, for injuries unredressed,
To seek a recompense by force from men,

Who always have been found unjust in power,
And use their strength to crush the feeble down ;
Award the guilty, succor the distressed,
Their countrymen from wicked hands to wrest,
The highest glory of the Indian race,
And well secures in heaven a resting-place.

IX.

PIONEER.

Let me, my friend, but interrupt you here,
And speak as friend to friend, without a fear ;
About this wondrous people more inquire,
A people that you seem much to admire ;
What injuries have been done them by the whites,
And what to much dissension so invites ?
For, you did hint to me of border wars,
And of their causes promised some account.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Indeed, I did, and have it still in mind ;
But, deeming you to knowledge more inclined
Of general nature, and a wider range,
I took a course which seemeth to you strange ;
Believing it was one that you would covet—
But, as you seem impatient much to wait,
Till what I had designed could bring about,
To give the Indian character at length,
In all their various manners, customs, laws,

Your fond desire I'll strive to gratify,
As 'tis at your request what I relate ;
And wave a course designing to pursue,
Another take agreeable to you.

X.

To tell the injuries to this people done,
Would time require, and other tongues than one.
When first the white man landed on this soil,
The Indian treated him with great respect ;
He, to his pleasant country, welcomed him,
Gave him a resting-place, and food to eat,
Until he found that he was his oppressor,
And enemy to rob of his rights.
Virginia's lord received him in great pomp,
Demanding what upon his shores he wanted ;
Made presents ; learning that he wanted land,
Said he could have as much as he required.

But, when no bounds could satisfy desire,
He found the white man mocking at his host,
'Twas what he could not brook, or well admire,
To yield his land a military post,
To avaricious men intruding there.

XI.

They were th' aggressors, have it as they will,
The worst that's on their side they do keep back.
They gave insult the first, and second, too,
Fired the first gun ; deny it, but 'tis so.

No history is impartial on this theme ;
What is disgraceful to themselves leave out,
Unpopular to insert on history's page ;
Hush these, and things extenuating quash,
That show the Indian was aggrieved, how much,
And else, would prove the right upon his side.
Have they not offered hundred pounds per scalp ?
And sold them prisoners into slavery ?
Sent to West India Isles to toil out life,
In lands remote from kindred, country, friends ?
This, some will own in secret, some deny ;
But all agree to keep it from the mass.
Do not they make with them most solemn covenants ?
Construe them as they please, and break at will ?
And punish them if they but do the same ?
Admit to lands they occupy their claims,
And take it from them, when and where they please,
At their own price ? Compel them to retire,
To lands more barren, and their living scarce ?
Make war upon them for some trifling cause ?
Put them to death of every age and sect,
And then proclaim it to the world that they
Are cruel savages, and ought to die ?

XII.

Congress, good laws for their relief has made,
From time to time, but took no further care.
These laws and treaties have been violated,
By our own people, with impunity,
From first to last ; those specially intended

To keep our people from intruding on
Their hunting-grounds, or settling in their country,
And making wholesale killing of their game.
Th' encroachments of the outlaw frontier men,
Land speculators, traders, dealers in
Spirituuous liquors, by them called fire-water,
Have much degraded them, and nearly ruined.
'Tis to this class of persons that we owe
Indian barbarities, and border wars.
Rapacious for their peltries and their lands,
The laws of government do trample on.
A list of these nefarious acts should we
But give, 'twould be a scandal on our nation ;
Humanity would shudder at the tale.
We sometimes see the trader take, by force,
The products of a whole year's hunt, for aught,
Or, pilfering part, while buying cheap the rest ;
Of wresting from them, when they've made them drunken,
Furs, of great value, for a thing of nought.

XIII.

Here, all the good that missionaries do,
And all their useful labors to instruct,
Are overbalanced by the weighty fraud
Of swindling miscreants. Vain is it to hope
A reformation in this state of things,
Till the strong arm of government keeps out,
From th' Indian country, all her lawless rakes ;
While these have range, there never will be peace.
To nurse a border war, is their delight,

And jealousy among the tribes stir up,
Because it always ends in driving back
The Indians from the lands th' intruders want ;
Because it yields to blustering men in arms,
To gain a name for courage bold, some chance ;
An Indian foe to slay, the honor bright.
Hence, do the frontier men the war provoke,
By flagrant acts, and injuries oft repeated ;
With grievous words and blows, red men assault,
Their wives and harmless children treat as dogs ;
Till indignation, to the uttermost,
Is roused, and calls aloud for vengeance meet ;
But, when the red man vindicates his right,
By an appeal to arms, and slays his foe,
Of gaining his redress, the only way,
He's called a savage, who in blood delights.
Extenuation none the case admits,
A cruel nation, powerful in their arms,
A nation rises to exterminate him.
If this be right, then worthy be the wrong,
Since worst of evils to this class belong ;
Call evil good, all government confusion,
And say that anarchy is blest delusion.

XIV.

PIONEER.

With the betrayed, the wronged, the hunted, fleeing,
Fast sinking race of aboriginal men,
We sympathise. O, must we hence reflect,
That they, the lordly monarchs of their race,

Who first roamed over this most glorious land,
Have so been injured by us, we their guests !
Who, like the waning moon, or curling smoke
Of their own council-fires, are vanishing ;
Will very soon no more remembered be,
Save in tradition, history, or song.
But what occurs to me, you I will ask,
The story of the seven wives of Black Hawk.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

The story's false, like more concerning him.
'Tis true, that Keokuck had many wives ;
But Black Hawk ne'er had consort, saving one,
Whom he devoutly loved. He used to say,
The only wife he had, or ever would ;
To her he was attached so ardently.
A-shaw-e-quā, or Singing Bird, her name—
A princess of renown, him long outlived ;
And when her people were again removed
Far west, on Kansas' river, there she went ;
Having seen the sun diurnal in his course,
In varied climes upon her nation shine,
Complete almost a hundred revolutions
Annual, through all those days ; and lived to see
Her children's children's offspring numerous rise,
And greet her with their young, admiring eyes ;
Attained the glory of all human pride,
And each reverse, experienced all, she died.

XV.

His children ! never man more doated on,
Or ever more sincerely felt their loss.

His son, just grown to manhood, sickened, died ;
A duteous child to him had always been.
Died also, then, his dear and youngest daughter ;
Child most affectionate and interesting ;
Hard stroke to him, because his children loved.
In his distress, the village noise he left,
And built upon a mound a lonely lodge ;
Did fence it round, and planted corn and beans,
And with his family here retired did live ;
Gave everything he had, for grief, away,
A custom that prevails when loss is great.
He blacked his face, and fasted two full years,
For his two children, drinking water, only,
And eating lightly of parched corn at sunset—
Fulfilled his vow, and hoped great Manitou
Would pity show to him, his offspring spare.
As to his murdering women, helpless children,
It is a fabrication to his hurt ;
Besides, that whites began the war on him,
Shed the first blood, abundant proof's not wanting.
Presumptuous, as though heaven had given the right,
The justice of the Indian cause to wave,
By summary means this people to destroy—
Themselves to honor, in their zeal for war
With savage men, turned savages themselves.
But no such right was granted them from heaven.
'The terms of peace, to war, did not prefer,
Nor show that lenity within their power,
Such as became a just and generous nation.
Hence, has this chief accomplished his salvation ;
A name to live while others are extinct,
While rivers flow, or sun and moon endures.

XVI.

PIONEER.

In your position, as to what you say,
My friend, about our people's first aggressions,
In shedding Indian blood so ruthlessly,
You are mistaken, after all, I deem ;
For sure, the massacre on Indian Creek,
Before what you do here relate, took place.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

I own it did ; but Black Hawk, nor his band,
When the assault was made on Indian Creek,
In all the mischief there, had any hand.
By Pottawatomies, to wreak on men
They hated, some revenge—a treacherous race !
Sought by intrigue, to cover their disgrace,
And plunder on the credit of Black Hawk ;
And by their cruel hands this deed was done,
And not, as said, by Black Hawk, or his son.

XVII.

Now, I'll go on to answer your request,
By giving you, a tale succinct, the rest,
Of all the grievances and causes which impelled
A chief, by dint of rectitude upheld,
To open war against such foes that lower,
The greatness of the undertaking, power ;
To be resisted, all his martial fire,

In all preceding wars, as each conspire
To make him great, and to exalt his name
Above his fellows, in the field of fame.

XVIII.

When nineteenth century ushered in its morn
Its march of time began, ere Pike ascended
The Mississippi's stream or valley broad ;
A Sac a wight had slain, and was confined
In prison, at St. Louis, for the offence.
The nation held a council in the village,
To plan a way to purchase his redemption.
Clothed with authority, five chiefs they sent,
To see the Indian agent at St. Louis ;
To have their friend released, do all they could,
By paying for the person they had killed.
This was the only means they knew, to save
One who had killed another 'mong themselves,
And thought among the whites it was the same.
The chieftains started with a nation's hopes ;
Relations of the prisoner blacked their faces,
Fasted, and hoped Great Spirit would take pity
On them ; restore a husband and a father.
Long time they stayed ; at length returned, encamped
Far off, as though ashamed of what they'd done.
Dressed in fine coats appeared, and medals wore.
All their lands east of Mississippi lying,
By the Wisconsin bounded on the north,
And on the east Fox River, part of Rock,
Extending southerly to Des Moines' mouth,

A tract including many millions acres,
The fools had sold for thousand dollars a year,
Price merely nominal, for so much land,
Drunken all the time been gone. Their story was :—
They met their American father in St. Louis,
Told him they came to buy their friend's release.
He told them, in return, he wanted land,
And they had there agreed to give him some ;
That when the business was arranged, they thought
To see their friend free to return with them ;
But, when they started, he was let from prison,
A little way did run, and was shot down ;
And this was all they knew of what was done,
Their spirits had been steeped in fumes of rum.

XIX.

This treaty may be called bone of contention,
As it has been the cause of much dissension ;
Black Hawk thereat was much dissatisfied ;
To brook such things had too much native pride.

PIONEER.

Now, since such base intemperance brings to mind
A question I would ask, and hope to find
Answered to Black Hawk's credit. Was he not
Intemperate, also, as the common lot ?
Happy, thrice happy should I be to find
Exception, noble, of so great a mind.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

And I as much to tell you, that you have it
In him, Black Hawk. He was a prudent man

And, o'er his appetites, had just control :
He was rum's enemy, because he saw
The evil on his nation it had brought.
Congress, in violation of their treaty,
Permitted numerous traders to locate ;
In rushed a band of lawless desperadoes
Into his country, venders all of spirits ;
For which, the Indians' wealth they did obtain,
Their meat and peltries, much impoverished them ;
Became the cause of much contention, strife,
Promoted frauds, and crimes, endangering life,
And brought the Indians to untimely graves.
This, Black Hawk saw, contended much against,
It made them, towards the whites, to vengeance prone.
He went all round to each such vender, told
The fatal consequences of their course,
And met abuse, derision, and contempt.
He feared aggressions on them would redound,
Which, to prevent, on one occasion, meet,
Head of a whiskey-barrel stove he in,
Before the eyes of one who would persist,
In violation of the laws, to vend.
For this, and other acts of justice done,
The governor did declare the State invaded ;
For, so he had been told, a dreadful tale,
By frontier settlers, of the baser kind,
Who unto all injustice could resort,
Or any means to force or drive them thence ;
By proclamation, called militia out,
And marshalled hastily for the frontier war,
The whiskey-venders to sustain, against

The better claims of one magnanimous chief;
Resulting in his final overthrow,
And swift destruction of the greater part.

XX.

That they no compensation adequate,
For such a large and beauteous country, gave—
Five hundred miles in length, along the vale
Of that majestic river lying fair—
By single case in point, is fully proved.
In purchase made of Pottawatomies,
Full sixteen thousand a year to them they gave,
Annuity forever to be paid,
For one small tract of land, Chicago near;
While, to the Sacs and Renolds, but one thousand
A year, for tract full twenty times as large;
Which proves, by their own estimate, the worth
Three hundred times above what they did give.

XXI.

Near by the place, and dwelling of the chief,
The soul of all my song, now came there up
A band of soldiers, landing on Rock Isle,
In hostile mood, Fort Armstrong 'gan to build,
In time of peace, preparing for a war,
They knew their own encroachments would bring on.
They took possession of the pleasant isle,
The garden horticultural of the tribe,
Where dwelt a spirit white, in cave beneath

The rock whereon the fort was built, and whence,
With all their noise, they frightened him away—
The oft resort, in early life's retreat,
Of Black Hawk, and his people young, to fish,
And gather berries wild, and native apples.
Just on a point, where Mississippi meets,
And mingles with the Rock its rapid wave,
Stood the Sac village, at the rapid's foot.
In front, a prairie lined the river bank ;
A bluff ascending from it in the rear,
But not so steep as those we fancy oft ;
Upon its side, the cultivated fields,
With lands, not so improved, a distance round,
Long used for pasturing steeds, with blue grass clothed.
A hundred years here had the village stood,
The undisputed mistress of the valley.
The numerous islands round, dark forests clothe—
The rivers harmonize in their conjunction,
Rock, with its rippling streams, appears to sight
The fair, surrounding country's gentle slope,
As gradually unto these rivers sinks,
Delightful spot to render this conspire.

XXII.

And now, they Black Hawk told to leave his village,
And cross the Mississippi to a site
On the Iowa, build a distant city ;
They wanted his, and he must build another,
And yield, to stronger men, his rightful claim ;
As he who had, of flocks, a multitude,

Did take, for food, the poor man's only lamb ;
Who, for the needy earth, felt no regard.
He did remonstrate with all men of power—
What live man would not, having sense, so done ?
They told him he his heritage had sold ;
He said he had not sold it, or his village ;
Nor had his chiefs agreed, in any treaty,
To yield the same, esteeming it reserved ;
That he should never give it up in life.
Meantime, the leaders of th' inglorious strife
Set fire to forty lodges—burning down
No portion small of this his ancient town.

XXIII.

During the time that Boreas' chilling blast
Swept o'er the strand, and icy winter reigned,
And ere the gentle spring its power obtained,
While Black Hawk, gone out on his winter's hunt,
Several white families had possessed his village—
Broke up the lodges, and began to fence
His corn-lots into well-assorted fields,
Much to their fancy, fitting for the plough ;
About their subdivisions sharp contending.
When this he heard, returning home, he found
The tidings verified, in all he saw ;
And, what humanity should blush to name,
To his own cabin, tenants had laid claim.

XXIV.

Went to Fort Armstrong and complained ; then crossed
The Mississippi, to converse with agents.

Habokieshiek, the prophet, priest, and sage,
A man whom Winnebagoes all revere ;
His counsels held in high repute by Sacs—
And thus, with solemn weighty words, he spake :
Black Hawk, do not thyself remove, or band !
But quietly reside upon thy land ;
Within thy village peacefully remain,
And plant, and sow, and reap the fields of grain.
Whites, though they threaten, will not trouble you ;
Thy women till, thy men the chase pursue :
They dare not ; for they must obey the laws,
And cannot harm thee well without a cause.

XXV.

In his appeal to Indian agents failing,
Chief magistrate of Illinois he sought,
And for his people urged a due redress.
Of what indignities upon himself
Had oft been visited—his being beaten
By whites most cruelly, for charges false ;
Waylaid, and overpowered while hunting game,
When club-law ruled, as since o'er Mormon ground.
He pointed to black mark upon his face,
And said he wore it, symbol of disgrace.
The customs of his nation still required
The wrong he'd thus received should be revenged.
But he chose rather to submit in peace,
Than to involve his nation in a war,
As sure would follow, should an Indian kill,
Or even strike, a white man. The aggression

A hundred-fold would be exaggerated,
Exciting to the war the whole frontier,
And Indians would be hunted like wild beasts.
The white men have our growing corn destroyed—
Ploughed up our fields, our women, children beat;
And to resist these wrongs we are afraid.
The Indians are invading us, they'd say,
And soon destroying armies would be sent.
The governor made reply: Why do you not
Unto the president make these things known?
A ruler wise and good, and will protect you.
“Our father's too far off our voice to hear,” said Black
Hawk,

But you a letter unto him could send.
“I could; but white men will write too, and say,
We, his red children, lie; and so 'twould end.”
And thus, among the lawless dwellers there,
This state of things for seven long years went on;
During which time no white man did they kill,
Still quiet slept the vengeful tomahawk.
A savage race of men, can such be called,
Who such forbearance well can exercise?
Black Hawk, if he had been for war inclined,
The way of peace and justice had not chosen,
And sought redress by every moral means.
He might have slain, with ease, all settlers round,
Ere Gaines had time t' ascend the Mississippi,
Or any force approached to succor them.
Hence, is his character from guilt redeemed,
By noble virtues ruling in his breast,
Where love of country, kindred, people reigned,
And for great Manitou peculiar reverence,

XXVI.

PIONEER.

So, it appears, admitting that the treaty
Was just and binding, at St. Louis made,
That all this time of grievances described,
The Indians to the soil had perfect right ;
The claims of those intruders, all assumed.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Most certainly, this was, indeed, the case.
In treaty of St. Louis, 'twas agreed,
Long as the government's land remained unsold
To individuals, Black Hawk and his band
Should ne'er be dispossessed, but live and hunt
Upon the land, as though it was their own.
Therefore, the readiest method to evade
The contract made, and drive the Indians out,
Was, for the president to proclaim a sale,
And vend the favorite village of the Sacs,
Lands that were coveted above the rest.
Pursuant thereunto, the thing was done,
And Black Hawk, and his tribe, forthwith away,
Ordered to leave the village ; and, yet more,
To cross to Mississippi's western shore.

PIONEER.

Yet, even then, they had a right to stay
On all those millions acres round them lay,

That Congress had not sold. Why then require
That they should, from their country, so retire,
Which they had still a right to occupy,
The lands, for fifty miles around, that lie ?
Since you have said the frontier settlements
Were distant fifty miles, a breadth intense.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

The case doth need a little explanation,
I find. I meant, that no embodied part
Of Illinois' great border farther reached
Than miles two-score and ten, from river Rock.
Howbeit, some settlements, a distance great,
At mouth of Rock, were made, detached from others,
And at Galena, wondrous mart of lead.
As for requiring them to cross the river,
The only reason for it, that I know,
Is what before I've stated, they did want
Their lands, and, for their lands, would them expel.
But Black Hawk would not go ; hence the strong aim
Of States United, was against him raised—
An army, far too great for him to meet,
Was set, in dread array of battle, near,
Just coming down upon him, forced him o'er
To the west side of Mississippi's shore,
Where he, with all his people, camped in tents—
For his protection, raised a flag of truce.

XXVII.

Here, to disturb their peace, new troubles rose.
Had been expelled from fields which they had sown,

And where stood high and fair their growing corn,
At time too late to plant a second time.
About the time of harvest and green corn,
To feel the effects of what they'd lost, began ;
The women crossed unto the fields they'd planted,
'To gather corn, they held to be their own ;
Were by the whites shot at, and driven away,
Empty, and destitute as when they came.
Meanwhile, a band of Renolds, to revenge
The murders that Menominees had done,
Unto their people, went to Prairie du Chien,
And, falling on them, slew a score and eight.
It was demanded, Renolds, this had done,
Should be surrendered up, tried by our laws.
To interfere in a domestic quarrel,
Between two nations, and for us to judge,
And punish them for acts done to each other,
Is not our business, doth not well accord ;
Is too much like the by-gone days, when we
Were forced to send our countrymen o'er sea,
There to be tried for things that here were done,
By strangers, who were foreign to the case ;
While a strong arm made justice too severe.
'Twas wrong, Black Hawk maintained, and would not
yield.

Another cause, was this, of discontent ;
He was indignant at their sanguine way
Of doing summary justice to the tribes.
He, of their right or wrong, knew not their standard,
And, whether they had any, seemed to doubt :
Deeming, a wondrous quaint one, it must be,
That measured justice in the scale of power.

Wabokieshiek, the prophet, guide, and sage,
On national affairs, went to consult
The chiefs of several tribes he goes to see,
Who sympathize, to grant their aid agree.
Sends Neopope, his second in command,
Upon a message to a distant land ;
To Malden, to consult his British father,
Whether they could retain, in his opinion,
Their village, which, by white men, ne'er was bought.
His British father told him he could hold it,
Against all claims, if he had never sold it.

XXVIII.

On his return, the prophet called to see,
Who to him said :—When joyful spring comes round,
The British forces will be on the ground,
The Pottawatamies, and Winnebagoes,
And Chippeways, to render you assistance,
Your village to regain, and lands around ;
And promised what of aid was in his power,
Deliverance joyful, in a gracious hour.
Black Hawk his force augments ; daily recruits,
From villages around, unto him flock.
Solicits oft, for aid, the Watchful Fox,
Who, with his band, rejects the overture.

PIONEER.

There is a point, beyond which, if men go,
Submission ceases to remain a virtue.

If what you here relate, the half be true,
This chief, to go to war, had ample cause.

PENNSYLVANIAN.

It is most true ! and for it I will vouch ;
Having heard much myself, and seen still more.
Good cause ! as good as ever warrior drew
A sword to aid, oppression's cheek to tinge,
And set at liberty a captive soul.

BLACK HAWK,

AND

SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The armies predicted and predestined by fate, come forcibly into the land of Nit-o-me-ma and Omaint-si-ar-nah—The Sacs and Foxes, under the command of their celebrated chieftain, Black Hawk, make a formidable resistance—Three families are massacred upon the frontiers—Several skirmishes and battles are fought between small detachments of the contending armies—The intrepidity of General Dodge—The speech and retreat of Black Hawk—Description of the country over which this retreat is conducted—Battle of Wisconsin—A farther description of scenes in the West.

I.

Now, in process of time, it came to pass,
Long after many generations gone,
The armies, predestined by sovereign fate,
Into the land of Omaint-si-ar-nah,
And Nit-o-me-ma, forcibly did come.
For white men, through their agents long had sought,
To gain possession of this goodly land ;
It being a part of that great river's valley,

Known as Wisconsin State and Illinois.
And what by subtlety, and what by threats,
And long persuasion, they at length succeeded
In gaining from the Sacs and Renolds, their
Reluctant resignation of all lands
East of great father of the waters lying.
The whites possession took, cut down the forests,
Broke up the fallow-ground, excepting none,
Not e'en the burying-places of their people,
Nor bones of their forefathers, sacred held.
They reared up altars, temples dedicated
To other gods the Indians did not know,
Or had ideas but faint, and shadowy, vain ;
Changed times and customs, introducing laws,
And usages much prejudicial to
The welfare of confederate Renolds, Sacs ;
Curtailed their hunting-grounds, and ruined them :
Removed their ancient landmarks, blocked up rivers,
And drove away the fish, their game destroyed,
Which the Great Spirit placed upon the earth,
Especially for the Indian's benefit.
Fire-water, also, 'mong them introduced,
Which soon destroyed their reason and their lives,
And thousands brought to an untimely end.
These things they did before the Indian title
Became extinct, and while they yet retained
Sole right of occupancy in themselves ;
And while they added crime to crime, the thief
Cried loudest of them all, stop thief! stop thief!
Against the Indians, charging them with guilt,
As Pot'phar's wife 'gainst Joseph raised her voice.

They drove them out beyond the Mississippi,
Strange lands to occupy, remote still more ;
A country no such hunting-grounds possessing,
And fishing privileges—where their game was scarce,
Where they could gain but miserable subsistence.

II.

The Sacs and Foxes bitterly repented
That they had ever given their consent,
Howe'er reluctant, to renounce their right
Unto this happy land ; or, that they ever,
On any terms, consented thereunto ;
And under their great chief in arms, Black Hawk,
From Gentle Dove a lineal descendant,
Resolved they would return unto their land,
Even the goodly land their fathers gave,
And fight for it, with muskets, bows and arrows,
And with their tomahawks, unto the last ;
And so defending, spill their own heart's blood.
So, under guidance and command of him,
This celebrated chieftain, they recrossed
The Mississippi, Rock ascending up,
And took possession of their native soil.
But when the great Sanhedrim of the whites
Did hear thereof, they straightway called a council—
Deliberated what course to pursue,
What thing they best should do unto these men.
They studied the great balance, odds of power
Between them and this people—overlooked
By Sacs and Foxes struggling for their rights,

By placing all at hazard, in one effort
Most desperate, to regain what they had lost.
Finding that they had everything to hope,
From their unequalled strength, and least to fear
From the poor Indian's weak and puny arm,
'They were not long in making a decision ;
Resolved, at once, to dispossess them quite,
Without a ceremonial, farther treaty,
And forcibly destroy, or drive them thence.
Pursuant to this resolution made,
And for the execution of this purpose,
The nation's chief did order Atkinson,
With an army, to ascend the Mississippi.

III.

His military post at Old Point Comfort,
Where Chesapeake presents his winding bay,
Left General Scott, with all his regular troops,
And New York volunteers ; ascending up
The chain of northern lakes, by Mackina.
On their way up, the volunteers, and others,
Sickened, and died in numbers at Fort Gratiot ;
The rest became disheartened, and returned.
The regular troops went on, and on their way,
Many were launched into a watery tomb.
Sailed up Lake Michigan, unto its head ;
Passed the twin cities, Southport and Racine,
Which vie in beauty, business, commerce, wealth,
Insomuch, that as yet 'tis all unknown
Whether the one will have more rapid growth,

And o'er the other gain ascendancy ;
Or, both go hand in hand together on,
And prosperous prove alike, a happy pair.
The general at Chicago lands his troops,
Where now is seen a handsome, well-built city,
Which then contained a population small,
Lake navigation lying at the head ;
Head of canal, in prospect of completion,
To join the lake with Illinois' free waters.
Here, must a place of great importance rise ;
'Tis much the largest, most commercial town
In Illinois ; with such a rapid growth ;
And largest on this lake will ever be,
Unless Milwaukee, city more hydraulic,
By any means be able to transcend it.
Each, ever, owing to its situation,
Its rapid course will hold, continue still
To be the largest in its State respective.
Again the cholera's pestilential breath,
Disease of mortal kind, inflicting death ;
First breaking out in cities Asiatic,
And far remote, had overspread the earth
With devastation—heaped it with the dead,
Fell on them here, and many soldiers died.
The general, with his few surviving troops,
After he'd been detained a lunar month,
The people here a refuge having found
Within the fort, took up his line of march,
Journeyed a northwest course, to form a junction
With General Atkinson's superior army.

IV.

Of Black Hawk and his followers, 'twas demanded
They should surrender up into the hands
Of General Atkinson, as murderers,
All persons of their nation, who engaged
In conflict at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien,
Where twenty-eight Menominees had been slain ;
That they should straight evacuate the soil,
The Mississippi instantly recross ;
Demands, of course, that neither met regard,
Or least compliance on the Indian's part.
So the belligerents, each, prepared to test
The rightful occupation of that soil,
Disputed thus, by an appeal to arms.
Black Hawk was now ascending up Rock river,
And on the way to the Prophet's town, above ;
With him, his troops ; when he was overtaken
By an express from General Atkinson,
Fort Armstrong ; ordering him to change his course,
Return, and straight recross the Mississippi,
Which he refused t' obey upon the ground
The general had no right to make such order.
He on his own ground stood, by treaty privileged,
Was going, in peace, unto the Prophet's town,
To raise a crop of corn at his request,
In Anno Domini, eighteen thirty-two,
Soon as had made her bright appearance there,
The ever-welcome, smiling Queen of May,
About the woods and plains of Pick-e-ton-ic',
Put on her robe of greenest hue, the birds,

Arrayed in plumes of beauty, warbling songs,
Rejoicing round her with ecstatic strain,
A great collision of the hosts took place,
And river Rock, th' adjacent country round,
Became the scene of terror, havoc, blood.

V.

The settlers of this region had, already,
Laid out their gardens, walks, and pleasure-grounds,
Planted their esculent roots, their early corn,
Yellow, and sowed their fields with seed, spring wheat,
Their garden vegetables, various seeds,
Committed to the bosom of the earth.
The plants had just sprung up, and fields assumed
A green appearance, when the tidings fell,
Of war, like unto mighty avalanche,
Upon the thinly-scattered population
Of that whole region of the country round.

VI.

The Pottawatomies had made assault
On Indian Creek, near to the Big Woods, lying
On both sides of the gentle, south-flowing Fox,
Rivulet long and straight, meandering through
A part of Illinois and South Wisconsin,
Where little cities all along its banks,
As though by magic raised, are springing up.
Here, low down, where it joins the Illinois,
Stands Ottawa, near where th' Indians fell.

Three families here, they'd slain, lie in their gore,
Excepting persons two, whom they slew not ;
These were two females, beautiful and gay,
The two Miss Halls. They were so ruddy, young,
And fair to look upon, the Indians were
Enamored of their beauty, could not find
It in their hearts to kill them. Therefore, they
Did spare their lives, and carry them far off,
Beyond the river, treated them with kindness,
Affection, and were loth to part with them.
Long time there held, but were, at length, restored
Unto their land, but not unto their people.
The rest of these three households, fifteen souls,
Were slain this spot. Davis, though coward called,
Defended, with great heroism, his house,
His gun dismantling in the fierce encounter,
And actually killed four Indians, it is said.

VII.

Now, terrible the horror and surprise
Which, through the land of Nit-o-me-ma, reigns !
Wild consternation pale, their vitals seize ;
Their blood runs cold and slowly in their veins.

Hearts failing them, o'ercome by sudden fear,
The messenger of death in savage plight,
Each hourly looks for at his door full near,
Each, for himself, feels safety but in flight—

And most of all was anxious to begone ;
Forsaking all, some south, some eastward fled,

And others to the army, and where'er
The plain and open road of safety led.

Leaving their homes, their tenements and lands,
To the free use of Indians in advance,
Goods, granaries, stores, herds, swine, and fleecy bands,
To whomsoe'er to come that way might chance.

Deserted hamlets left for timid rabbit,
Or bear, or wily serpent, cunning fox,
Fierce wolf, or other creature to inhabit,
Such with the many, such their panic shocks.

Yea! true it was, that wandering bands of men
Took up their lodgings here, in these abodes;
Finding, in rooms apart, and cellar's glen,
Provisions diverse, sang their merry odes.

Made preparations due, and sat them down
To eat and drink, as at the table free
Of some manorial lord, of great renown,
In Britain's isle, beside the Northern Sea.

In short, such was their haste to make their flight,
The prone sensations of their feelings strong,
Left things of need, their way to expedite,
Which, better, safer, had they ta'en along.

They could not halt, or brook the least delay,
Danger so imminent hung o'er their heads,
To pick up what in haste fell by the way,
Lest they should meet their fate in gory beds.

Having escaped with life from blood-stained hands,
And dangers passed, they grateful bless the light
That freed their souls from unrelenting bands,
And aided them to perpetrate their flight.

VIII.

Detachments of the army of assailants,
Combined in their advance to Dixon's Ferry,
Upon the waters of romantic Rock ;
Which, like the great St. Lawrence' wave august—
'Mid lakes has its own course, an honored stream.
So doth the Catfish, tributary branch,
Where, 'tween two lakes, whose waters ever clear
And cool, and plenteous stored with fish,
Stands Madison, the capitolian town,
Handsomely situated on a rising ground ;
From which, at distance great, it may be seen ;
Yet stood not then, not e'en in embryo, there,
A witness to this tragical affair.
The army had advanced to Sycamore,
A little tributary stream of Rock,
Where Black Hawk lay ; was getting up a feast,
In honor of his new allies, had come.
That day he heard the army of the foe
Was drawing nigh, sent out a flag of truce,
A message, borne by three men, unto them,
To say, that he for peace was much inclined ;
To ask a deputation to his camp,
Or he would come in person them to see.
Long gone, he sent five men, another party,

To see what had become of those first sent.
They, taken prisoners by the whites, made known
Their message, and were fired on, and one killed
In cold blood, in the camp. The others fled.
Next party came ; but whites, instead of waiting
To hear their peaceful message from their chief,
Rushed towards them violently, with weapons drawn,
So that they turned about, and fled away.
The whites pursued, o'ertook and slew two men ;
The rest escaped, and told it to their chief.
Down came the volunteers, in hot pursuit,
Even to the camp of Black Hawk. Fifty warriors
With him were all ; the rest were ten miles off.
The aged chief arose, and seized his arms,
And ordered all his braves to follow him.
Food for the feast they left to lie untouched ;
He raised a yell, and spoke thus to his men :
Some of our people have been cruelly murdered,
And wantonly. We must avenge their death.
Soon saw the army coming up on gallop ;
In front of some low bushes, placed his men—
He rose, rushed forward, fired, and gave a yell.
His braves all promptly followed his example ;
Came up, and manfully charged the fronting foe,
Who turned about in utter consternation,
And swiftly fled before the aged chief,
Who followed them some distance ; many fell.
Returned unto his camp, and sitting down,
Thanked the Great Spirit for his good success.
The whites fled through their camp, nor did they halt
Till they had reached Fort Dixon, far away ;

Leaving camp equipage, and all supplies,
To fall into those hands they came to slay.
They called their roll next morn, when they did find
They'd lost, by this engagement, fifty souls.

ix.

The chief, encouraged by such victory gained,
With men so few o'er such superior force,
And strengthened by the booty he had won,
Counting on those supplies which he had ta'en,
Prepared for active war, and to remove
The wives and children from the field of fight,
To the Four Lakes, head waters of Rock river ;
To watch the threatening foe, his spies sent out.
Soon after this, where artful Dodge was stationed,
There came a band of Indians, numbers small ;
Few men they slew, and fled. They did not well
To come so near this energetic chieftain.
How could they deem it possible at all,
T' evade a hero of his chivalry ?
With twenty-nine of his best chosen men,
Mounted on fleetest steeds, pursued the foe.
They crossed the Pick-e-ton-ic', so did he ;
Took refuge in a swamp. He followed on,
Impenetrable as they deemed it was.
Dismounting there, he ordered his dragoons
To link their steeds. Four men he left in charge,
Four stationed round the swamp on higher ground,
To watch the motions of the hidden foe.
With the remainder 'gan to scour the swamp ;

Found where the Indians lay, who had perceived
His coming, artfully hid, with rifles drawn
Up to their shoulders, ready-pointed, primed.
He met their sudden fire at thirty feet ;
They'd thrown themselves flat down upon the ground,
Behind an elevated ridge of land,
Where they could see, and not be seen by him,
Until their fire had told him where they lay.
Three of his gallant soldiers fell down slain ;
But no accursed ball from savage rifle,
Permitted was to smite that ardent breast.
Stand firm as death, my men, the hero said,
And to the glorious charge his soldiers led.
With one accord they rushed upon the foe ;
Now, short and sanguinary was the conflict.
Soon, through the gallantry of their commander,
The efficacy of their well-poised rifles,
Wielded by valiant men, succeeded they
In cutting down the foe. Indeed, one thought
To have escaped, well-nigh accomplished it,
The river swimming ; ne'ertheless was he
Shot down upon the opp'site bank, although,
That moment, in all probability,
He had supposed himself quite out of danger.
A smart engagement, 'tween two similar bands,
On Apple Creek soon followed ; fighting close,
With bayonet, scalping-knife ; when Stephenson,
The captain of the troops, was wounded sore,
And several of his soldiers fell in blood.
The Indians were defeated on that day,
Twelve lifeless bodies on the field left they.

X.

Meantime, Dement, with one battalion full,
Of mounted volunteers, drew out his force,
And was attacked, at Buffalo Grove, by Black Hawk,
Four leagues to north of Dixon's hostile ferry,
With equal numbers marshalled for the war.
Dement was bold to stand an equal fight ;
His men, the contest to avoid, preferred.
Black Hawk had got between them and their camp,
And artfully intercepted their retreat,
And left them no alternative, but fight,
And cut their way back to their camp, or fall.
On the first onset, several his dragoons
Dement saw fall, together with their steeds.
Foaming and bounding, went down horse and rider.
Mingling their blood together in the sand.
Added to this, the clanking sound of arms,
Of rifles, and the yell of savage men,
And consternation by all these brought on,
The fiery steeds became unmanageable.
Such was the panic felt, such the confusion,
That, for Dement, it was impossible
To form his men in an established line.
Dragoons, unnumbered, fell, and forty steeds
Lay bleeding on the ground. The aged chief
Defeated and pursued them to their camp,
As though in youthful vigor. Still his arm
In battle mighty was. He was upheld
By consciousness of his own rectitude,
A purpose firm, and onward in his course,

Impelled by motives powerful most to move,
And actuate the breasts of savage men ;
Attachment to their country, and revenge
For injuries unredress'd, too long endured.
His men would fain besiege, and burn the fort ;
But he, beholding it well fortified,
Impregnable, told them, as they had chased
The bear into his hole, they'd leave him there,
And, to their own encampment, all repair.

XI.

Over the numerous skirmishes taking place,
Between detachments small of troops contending,
On either side, proceed we now to pass.
Indeed, of little consequence are these ;
And irksome might become minute detail
Unto the reader, whom we would prefer
Rather to disappoint by some conciseness,
Than tire by long prolixity of words.
Therefore, untouched, unsung, these minor things
Leaving, as matter for the muse unfit,
Or history more sublime, we hasten on
To the place of sanguine fight, those two engagements,
Where the whole strength of each belligerent power,
And force were all united under one,
Beneath their leaders, host confronting host.
True, in the different skirmishes between
Small parties of the hostile bands, the braves
Of Black Hawk got the better of their foe
Sometimes ; yet, on the whole, th' advantage lay

On th' other side ; and, as they'd not succeeded
In driving out the armies of the whites,
Nor, yet, in gaining peaceable possession,
The object of the contest so securing,
In their location permanently there,
Must be considered, at this signal juncture,
As having suffered, virtually, defeat.
Of this astounding fact, so clearly seen,
E'en the great Black Hawk, blind as was, and led
By impulse of one high commanding passion,
Revenge for wrongs, and ultimate redress
Of grievances, seemed duly sensible ;
For, gathering in his bands from every quarter,
Calling a council of his bravest warriors,
In language sorrowful, and with chagrin,
His hard misfortunes to them all expressed,
At not being able to make head against
The combined armies of his stronger foe.
A general council, both of chiefs and braves,
Was soon convoked. A circle forming round,
Under a shady grove, they seat themselves
On the green grass, prepared to hear, with reverence,
The words of their high chief. He sat amidst,
Clothed in his military bright costume,
With shrine, containing holy things, and sacred,
Before him, handed down from sire to son.
His face was painted raven-colored deep,
And striped with red ; his crown with feathers tufted.
Broaches did glitter round him ; 'bout his neck,
Encircling, too, each knee, a beaded belt ;
Borne in his hand a flag, an ensign bright

Of his authority. Upon his breast
A costly medal, curious workmanship,
Glittered; received of British general both,
For service lately rendered them in war.
He in their midst arose. Upon his brow
Sat care; and, on his countenance, austere,
Depicted was a frown, but not against
His people. Those he loved and cherished, aye.
His eye was fiery, for a moment rolled
In silence round them, unto heaven it turned,
Great Spirit's abode, with a devotion pure;
Then settled on the throng; and, deeply conscious
Of what he was to utter, with his hands
Uplifted towards the heavens, he thus began:—

XII.

Souls of the free! tried in adversity,
Known to be faithful! whose magnanimous hearts
Do palpitate in unison with my own!
'Tis not without reluctance, deepest grief,
That I, for once, to you should name retreat.
A white flag twice to white men has been sent,
For peace to sue, as oft has been fired on.
We're not allowed the privilege of a truce,
For terms of peace to treat. No! cruel foes
Thirst for our blood, and will no quarter give.
They have forgotten I their prisoners spared,
When for my British father I did fight,
Forbade the murder at the risk of life.
Evil for good, to me they have returned—

Oppression justice call ; right they make wrong.
They call themselves the injured party, we
Th' aggressors ! Shame ! Such reasoning becomes
None but base robbers. Driven us from our soil !
And seized our pleasant country for themselves !
Where I did hope to spend my few last years,
And sleep in quiet with the pious dead ;
Their graves, their soil, their bones, sacred to me.
And now, because we boldly ask our right,
Call us intruders ; and for this good cause
Determine to destroy and kill us quite.
My warriors, you do know, can witness bear,
'Tis not for lack of zeal, or courage good,
In me betrayed, that prompts a prudent course—
That we keep not possession of our lands,
But foes allow to take our country from us.
'Tis of necessity, as you can see,
The course of fate ; a prelude to our fall.
O had I power to vindicate my cause ;
I'd make their own injustice prove their ruin !
Perhaps some other power, another day,
May wipe from us th' inglorious stain away.
Now, as he sternly spake, the crystal drops
From his dilated eyes flowed copious down
His furrowed, care-worn cheeks. For his gray hairs
Already had been seared, and blanched by time ;
His days had numbered three-score years and six.

XIII.

His eye was not yet dim, nor yet his powers
Of mind essentially impaired, but still

Ardent and eloquent, well to express
What feelings strong impelled. Thus he went on :
The actions of my life, my valor prove.
When in my father's day, th' Osages made
Encroachments on our tribe, and murdered oft,
A youth of fifteen, by my father's side,
I fought against them, and prevailed, and slew
Two men ; their scalps unto my father brought.
He looked on me and smiled, pleased with the skill
And bravery of his son. Then was my name
Enrolled among the brave. Distinguished thus,
Permitted was to paint, and feathers wear ;
And join the dance, which none but warriors share.
Osages still continuing their assaults,
I raised soon after this two hundred men ;
And heading these, into their country far
I travelled, till I met an equal band.
They fought with desperation—each appeared
Determined still on victory, or death.
Osages many fell before they fled,
Upon the field they left a hundred dead.
Five lusty men by my own hand were slain,
In this hard battle on the sandy plain.
Now, 'gainst another foe, the Cherokees,
My father turned his arms ; for they had slain
Some of our women, helpless children, too.
We fought. Their numbers far exceeded ours.
My father, most exposed, fell first ; then I
Assumed command, and gained the victory—
With my own hand, three sturdy Indians slew.
The dead I buried, and, returning home,

Deeply affected with my father's death,
I blacked my face, fasted and prayed five years
To the Great Spirit—drinking once a day
Water, and eating sparingly parched corn,
At sunset ; long in hunting passed the time,
And fishing—never going forth to war.

XIV.

Once more the fierce Osage renewed the war
Upon our people ; and I, as before,
Was called upon to lead them 'gainst the foe ;
To raise a force sufficient to destroy
Their tribe, for injuries to our nation done.
This, the Great Spirit strengthened me to do.
Six hundred Sacs and Foxes, and Iowas,
Composed my train ; with these I met the foe ;
Falling on forty lodges, killed them all.
Nine scalps, the trophies of my hand, declared
Th' efficient part I in the battle shared.
The rest did cease aggressions for a time.
Soon after this, when I was in my prime,
I carried on a long protracted war
Against the Chippeways, Osages, and Kaskaskias ;
Which did not terminate for several years,
And not until I reached my thirty-fifth.
In this campaign, seven hundred warriors fell.
I killed, with this right arm, their bravest men,
And chiefs of might ; their numbers were thirteen.
Our enemies driven from our hunting-ground,
Compelled to sue for peace, and keep their bounds,

We home returned—interred and mourned our dead,
And in our peaceful villages remained ;
Respecting others' rights, felt no desire
T' encroach, or carry on offensive war.
When war against Great Britain was declared,
Resolved my British father would assist,
Because he gave us presents, and fulfilled
His promises ; and told us he would help
To drive the whites, who had encroached on us,
Back to their own possessions. In this war,

XV.

Five hundred Indians I commanded, fought
In several battles with success ; but first,
Ere my departure to the war, I made
A visit to the lodge of my old friend,
The comrade of my youth—with me had fought
Bravely in many battles ; now infirm,
Could not go forth to hunting, or to war ;
Crippled by wounds. He had a duteous son
I loved, and had adopted as my own,
Did hunt with me the two preceding winters.
I wished my friend to let him go with me.
He said, he could not gain support without him ;
I, who had been his guardian, would be gone ;
He had no other help but his son.
I offered in his place my son to leave ;
Refused, and said he did not like the war ;
He had been down the river, treated well
By the Americans, and could not fight

Against them ; but was going to winter near
The white men, by their fort, the river down.
Had promised to assist and to protect him
And his son, and privileged them to hunt.
We parted—I unto the seat of war,
And he, confiding, to a peaceful shore.

XVI.

Unto my native land, when I returned,
There had been war in Illinois, I learned.
Americans had burned Peoria gay,
My friends as prisoners thence had ta'en away.
My village neared ; then I beheld along
The bluffs, ascending up, a smoke among.
I bade my friends unto the village haste ;
I turned aside, to gather there what passed ;
Devout, my aged friend engaged in prayer,
As oft before, presumed should find him there.
Approached—a fire I saw, stretched out a mat,
An old man under it, in sorrow sat.
At other times, I should have turned away,
Knowing he there had come alone to pray,
And humble him before great Manitou,
That he might pity him, and hear his pious vow.

Approached—myself I seated by his side,
Anxious inquired what ills did him betide.
He saw me, as he cast his eyes around,
Again in silence fixed them on the ground.
'Twas he, my aged friend! But O how changed !

Judge my surprise, to me so much estranged !
I anxiously inquired, what has been done
Unto our people ; and where is our son ?
My aged comrade seemed but half alive.
He must have fasted long ; him to revive,
To sprinkle in his face I water bring ;
Lighting my pipe, and to him offering,
A few puffs eagerly he drew. His eyes
He upward cast, and me did recognize.
When I inquired again, what has been done
Unto our people, and where is our son ?

XVII.

His eyes were glassy. He again had fallen
Into forgetfulness, had I not given
That which did him revive, water to drink ;
And yet again inquired. In feeble voice
He said : Soon after your departure hence,
To join the English, I the river down
Descended, with a little company,
To winter at the place I told you of,
Where white men had requested me to come.
Arrived, I found a fort there built ; the man
Inviting me to come, had thence removed.
I then a visit to the fort did pay,
Myself and band were friendly, them to tell,
Did wish to hunt in peace, and near them dwell.
The war-chief told me, who commanded there,
We unmolested might our lodges rear,
And hunt on Mississippi's eastern side.

Well pleased with such assurance, crossed the tide ;
There camped ; game plenty was—we happy were,
And often talked of you, and of your fare.

XVIII.

My boy regretted much your absence long,
And hardships you would have to undergo.
We had been here about two months ; my boy
Went out to hunt as usual ; night came on,
And he did not return. I was alarmed—
His safety fearing, passed a sleepless night.
In early morn, our lodges were informed
And all turned out, to make a general search.
The virgin snow lay deep upon the earth ;
Soon found his trail, and found that he pursued
A wounded deer, that to the river led.
Unto the place where he had stood and fired,
They soon did come ; and further on, a deer,
Which hung upon a branching tree, they saw,
Which had been dressed. But here were white mens'
tracks ;
And they had made a prisoner of my boy.
Their tracks across the river, and then down
Unto the fort, did lead ; an omen bad.
My friends pursued, soon found my boy lying dead ;
He had been murdered there most cruelly.
His face was shot in pieces—body stabbed
In several places, scalped and dragged along.
The old man paused awhile, and then observed,
His wife had died upon their journey home.

I took the hand of that dear friend in mine,
And pledged myself I would avenge his death.
Darkness o'ershadowed us ; a dreadful storm
Began to rage, and rain in torrents fell.
Lightning and thunder, terribly sublime,
Combined to render dismal this sad scene.
The blanket of my own had taken off,
And wrapped around him, from the cold to screen.
Soon as the storm abated, kindled fire,
And raised him in my arms, to place him nigher ;
But he was dead ! Yet with him I remained,
Through all the night, till morning had obtained.
My comrades early came, assisted me
To bury him upon the bluff's high peak.
I vowed revenge, and two white men I slew.
First taking few, I went the river down,
In search of foes. Along, as we drew near,
I heard a rustling in the leaves, and saw
Two little boys, that strove to hide themselves.
I thought of my own children—passed them by
Unharmed, unfollowed. Soon came riding nigh,
Two white men. One we slew ; the other fled.
We met more horsemen soon, a skirmish had.
I at their leader took deliberate aim ;
He lifeless fell ; the rest did force us back.
Now we reload, and wait for their approach.
They rush on us, and firing, killed one man.
We it returned—two more of them lay dead.
My vow fulfilled, and my adopted son
Avenged, escaping thence, we all went home.

XIX.

Soon came the news the whites were building forts
Along our river, and that I must leave
My village, native place, sacred to me.
I straight resolved I'd never give it up,
But fight for it while blood ran in my veins.
I went to see the white chiefs, told them so;
They said that I must leave it. I said no,
I never will! From our great father chief,
The President, I next implored redress,
To my entreaties he paid no regard.
I sought our British father's kindly aid;
He could not break the peace to set us right.
The course of Keokuck, why need I name?
Or curse, or spare the man we so much blame?
They've seized our substance, forced us far away
From that fair land where our possessions lay.
Our wives and children wandering journey led,
And forced were many a day to cry for bread.
I rose against the authors of our wo;
And here do stand the champion of the foe.
He paused: a solemn awe pervades the throng,
And tears come rolling down their cheeks along.
Thus he went on:—To purchase our redress,
My life a sacrifice I would devote,
Most willingly for such a consummation.
It would be well expended in a cause
Worth dying for! Shall we, then, forward rush
Upon our foes, and fight till we are slain,
And sell our lives as dearly as we can?

Our wisdom does not dictate this, nor yet
Has the Great Spirit it revealed to us,
Made known by sage, by prophet, or in dreams.
'Twould be a useless sacrifice, and vain !
As well might throw ourselves upon our swords,
Or rush into the alligator's jaws !
For thick as the autumnal leaves descend,
With all their yellow and their purple tints,
From forest-trees, beneath a hoary frost,
Covering the ground ; so thick the regiments, and
The cohorts of our pale-faced foes alight
Upon us ; filling all our country up,
And covering it with legions of their troops.
Farther attempts, therefore, to keep possession,
Are vain and hopeless ! Yes, my warriors brave,
Appalling as the thought is, we must quit
Our country, and resign it to the hands
Of the pale-faces. In extremity
So great, it well becomes us to effect
Timely retreat, and so to manage it,
As to avoid collision with the foe,
Who now outnumber us as ten to one.
We'll, therefore, shape our journey to the north,
Cross the Wisconsin ; thence, our rapid march
Urge to the Upper Mississippi, high
'Bove Prairie du Chien ; pass over, and escape
Into the wastes romantic far northwest,
Out of the reach of foes dishonorable,
Whose laws, ideas, and thoughts of justice are
So vile, so widely different from our own.
There unmolested for a while may live,

Until encroachments farther, of the whites,
Force us, again, to quit the country there,
For one that they will grant us more remote ;
Some region or unfriendly clime, austere,
Unfit for mortal residence when found,
Where neither fish, nor fowl, nor deer abound.
Perhaps be driven back upon the lands
Of other numerous tribes, and warring bands,
By whom, combining, we shall be destroyed,
For those intrusions that we can't avoid.
Should we be overtaken by our foes,
In hot pursuit, at crossing of these waters,
Of which there is great danger, we must fight,
Compelled, and do it manfully we must.
We must endeavor to beat back the foe,
As numerous as their legions throng around,
Repulse, and drive them from the river banks ;
That our good wives, our children, and ourselves,
May be insured a passage safely o'er
Great father of the water. On that shore,
And far beyond it, we may freedom find,
And some respite from civilized mankind.

xx.

Such was the substance, such the speech of Black Hawk
On this occasion ; never one more trying.
Greatness of soul it shows, entitling him,
A hero of no ordinary stamp,
To the respect and pity of the good.
That nobleness of mind, what might it not

Been capable of doing with right culture?
By education and refinement aided?
Him we behold, a rude, unlettered savage,
Engaged in one great, glorious enterprise,
Condition of his tribe ameliorating,
By a resort to last extremity,
To fighting in defence of his loved country,
For restoration of their claims to lands
Which God and nature to them had bequeathed,
To which he deemed they had a sovereign right,
By every principle of equity,
And justice, known among the Indian tribes,
And which unjustly had been ta'en away.
Nature's own child, and own primeval offspring,
For liberty and equal rights contending,
On the broad base of true republicanism.

XXI.

It is a maxim grown into a proverb,
That he who shoots his arrow at the sun
In his meridian height, though he can't reach it,
Yet, e'en much higher will his arrow fly,
Than aimed at lower object near the earth.
This chief, aspiring, high his arrow shot,
That sun to hit, which doth illumine heaven
Political, the firmament thereof,
With brightness filling of its influence
Redeeming; civil and religious freedom.
True, hit that sun he did not, nor did he
Succeed in his endeavors all-absorbing,

In their own land to reinstate his people,
Effect those measures needful he conceived,
To glorify and make them happy there—
Yet, still, quite high enough his arrow flew,
To show the world what all he would have done,
And high enough to render his fair name
Great and immortal 'mong the sons of men.

XXII.

Now Black Hawk and his army are retreating ;
Henry and Dodge pursue with drums a beating.
The former, o'er the prairies, as they pass,
Through intervening groves, amid high grass,
Which crowns the verdant lawns, o'er hill and dale,
Entwined with flowers, make plain their narrow trail.
Down-trodden grass betrays their Indian file ;
The swift pursuers trace it many a mile.

XXIII.

From early immigrant's constructed cabin new,
No curling smokes had yet ascended up.
Sound of his axe, the baying of his dogs,
His curfew tinkling, timbered lands among,
Which beautifully fringe the prairie grounds ;
The lowing of his kine returning home,
To yield unto his dairy beverage rich,
Had never yet been heard in this wide region,
O'er which this sad retreat was now conducting,
In nature's rich luxuriance, wild abounding.

The freshness of these scenes enjoyed not yet ;
Nor the sweet charms of pastoral life 'mong groves,
And fields where cultivation first begins
Her pious toils ; nor had the husbandman,
In holy place, his household gods set up.

XXIV.

The rolling prairies broad before them stretch,
Far as the eye can reach ; and to the sight
Admiring, they appear, on their green surface,
Like undulations vast of the deep sea ;
Whose beauteous flowers, in their rich multitude,
Out-rival all the Oriental gardens
Of horticulturist. In their varied hues,
Flowers form the pavement of the ground beneath ;
While the magnificent canopy above,
And vault ethereal of the sky, star-paved ;
Or, during day, more brilliantly illumined
By dazzling lustre of that brightest lamp
Of heaven, the sun. Sweep over here the winds,
To kiss the flowery lawn, and cause the waves
Sea-green, to rise among the waving grass
Of lambent ocean, boundless, verdant all.
No lordly lion here, or tiger fierce,
To frighten or destroy, lurks round ; but here
The playful fawn, the prairie-hen, all kinds ;
Various sweet singing birds and doves inhabit,
And prairie-wolf, degenerate kind, not fierce,
Like those in deep recesses of the wood ;
But easily ensnared, and overcome.

Oft in pursuit, the vales meandering through,
To pass o'er rushing rivers were they called,
Whose banks were covered with majestic trees
Of sycamore, and forest's noblest sons ;
The towering oak, the elm, and sugar-maple,
With sacchariferous qualities imbued.
Anon, and ever, 'mid the prairies wide,
Are sprinkled island groves and skirts of wood,
The scene to vary. Ancient mounds are here,
Whose regular forms, immense area, and size,
Covered with trees of huge millennial growth,
To distant period more remote, point back,
When built ; to some more ancient race of men,
Farther than Indians in the arts advanced,
Of civilized life, with ample means to work.

XXV.

This, also, is the mining region, where
The earth prolific teems with mineral wealth ;
Rich stores of lead and copper pouring forth,
Have found their way throughout our wide domain,
Which promise to the State a fruitful source
Of never-failing opulence and wealth,
Are powerful motives set before the mind,
For occupation of this goodly land ;
To say nought of the beauty of the country,
Its healthfulness, salubrity of air,
And milder climate, so delectable ;
Its fruitful soil, and wondrous adaptation
To ease of husbandmen in agriculture ;

Nought of the people's hospitality,
A hardy race of enterprising ones,
With flush of health from every countenance beaming.
In almost every part the mining region,
Lead may be sought for with success, and found.
Discoveries new are making day by day,
Throwing greater light upon the situation
Of ore ; enabling miners to direct
Their efforts with a certainty of gain.
Beneath cliff, limestone, which contains the ore,
A very thin stratum of blue limestone, lies ;
Beneath this still, a body of brown sandstone ;
In which, no veins of ore are ever traced ;
But in the cliff, limestone above, 'tis found
In veins, and seams, and fissures of the rock.
These fissures are of every size ; from leads
Of inch diameter, to fifty feet.
Large chambers these ; their walls are lined with coat
Of lead ore, or galena, as 'tis called,
A foot in thickness. Hollow cavities
Between, filled up with clay ; while layers run
In horizontal lines across, of ore.
Sometimes in lumps of various sizes, found
In clay of fissures, or the soil above.

XXVI.

Sometimes the fissures follow horizontal
The strata ; sometimes vertical, or oft inclined ;
But ne'er below the sandstone they descend ;
Those yielding greatest quantities of ore,

That eastward run in horizontal lines.
The copper ore's position is the same,
Either in fissures or in small veins lying,
And running through the same calcareous rock.
Large fortunes in these mines have been acquired ;
Much money has been sunk, and labor lost,
In many an unsuccessful, bold attempt.
Nought ventured, nothing got, a proverb is,
Noted in every miner's glossary ;
Which, in prospecting, tends to spur him on,
In which enthusiastic quite he is.
At mention of a big lead, or a lode,
His eye dilates, and brightens up with joy.
This hopes to find ; and if he should, he knows
He's sure to make his fortune by the means.
He drives his pick, and brightens oft his spade,
While through top-earth, firm strata, crevices,
And blasted rock, he makes laborious way ;
Spurning the dangers of the deep-sunk shaft,
And hollow cave, with overhanging earth.
The places where these mines are worked, are called
Diggings. A noted singularity their names.
A man there dwelt, who kept a rhyming-mill,
Informed me he collected them one day,
And in the hopper throwing them, out came
The following list, converted into verse :

XXVII.

Hard Scrabble, Fair Play, Nip and Tuck, and Patch
With Catholic and Whig, and Democrat to match ;

Blue River, Strawberry, and Hoof Noggle steep,
And Trespass, and Shake-Rag, Clay-Hole deep ;
Beetown, Hard Times, and old Rattlesnake,
Black-Leg, Shingle-Ridge, Babel and Stake ;
Satan's Light-House, Pin-Hook and Dry-Bone,
And Swindler's-Ridge, with hazles o'ergrown ;
Buzzard's Roost, Injunction, and the Two Brothers,
Snake-Hollow Diggings, Black-Jack, Horse, and others ;
As Small-Pox, Buncombe, and Peddler's-Creek,
And Lower-Coon, Stump-Grove, and Red-Dog bleak ;
Menominee, Rat-Tail Ridge, may measure out this sonnet,
With Bull-Branch, Upper-Coon : pour no curses on it !

XXVIII.

O ye inhabitants of this fair land !
To range the wild, romantic fields delighting,
Of pleasure in this nature's wide domain !
When this a wilderness to ascertain,
Inhabited by beasts of prey, and men
More fierce than they, you need not go to search
Annals, traditions of a by-gone race ;
To time or period far remote go back,
The glorious epoch to determine well,
And that primeval era, when first dawned
Civilization on this pleasing land—
Culture commenced, and forests first began
To fall beneath the ruddy axe-man's arm,
Cities and towns to rise up in their room ;
When nurseries, orchards, cultivated farms,
And architectural domes most beautiful,

Within, without, with art well ornamented,
In little rising hamlets of the West,
Taking the place of wigwam, and the ground
Identical, where stood the Indian's corn ;
Still seen the remnants of deserted town.
Nor is it needful that ye should be told
Of ancestors here settling first this land,
Making it fruitful, populous for you,
And giving birthright, patrimony all.
No ! no ! ye bold and enterprising men,
Who dared to fly in face of regal power,
And almost set the universe on fire,
Defying every bar to liberty ;
Yourselves have been the actors in these scenes,
The architects of your own mighty fabric,
Reared by the hands of human industry.
Your children, living witnesses of all,
Shall tell the story to their children's children,
And boast illustrious ancestors, who made
The wilderness and solitary place
Alike rejoice and blossom as the rose.
The trees surrounding their secluded mansions,
In sign of worship wave each graceful head,
All ornamental, forth in singing break.
Bidding a long adieu to eastern friends,
They left their peaceful cottages for aye,
The abodes of civilized men for western lands,
Awhile to endure privations, dangers, toils.
The fertile earth, much at their coming moved,
Gave signs of gladness, quickening joyfully,
And multiplying its fruits a hundred-fold,
For their subsistence ; welcome in the land !

XXIX.

Ye ruddy cleavers of the sylvan soil,
Who hew out timbered farms with so much toil ;
This land's already fit to plough and sow,
Without one stroke of axe or grubbing hoe ;
For not a stump impedes, and not a bough,
Not e'en a root to intercept the plough.
Thrice happy he ! the future shepherd here,
Surrounded by his numerous fleecy care,
Shall lead them forth beside the gentle rills,
And send them bleating to their sunny hills.
His broad expansive plains well covered o'er,
With satiate herds domestic, bounteous store !
Fit land for grazing ; here the bison fed,
And here the lordly bull once shook his curly head ;
The buffalo had his haunts ; huge mammoth raised
His head enormous, unmolested grazed.
Pomona here begins her happy reign,
And smiling Ceres spreads her waving grain.
Celestial orbs that animate the sky !
And all the starry hosts that roll on high !
Here you fulfil your offices divine !
Witness, the western heavens as brightly shine
On him who rears a cottage on the plain,
As him whose mansion bounds the rolling main !

XXX.

Let those who will, delight in scenes of blood,
Sack and o'erturn whole cities, as with flood ;

Let misers thirst for gold, and anxious weep,
With such avidity as takes their sleep ;
Perplexed with all the cares the public brings,
The wealth, the honor, and the pride of kings,
Voluptuous pleasure, joy's excessive pall ;
Man is not happy, pride must have its fall.
While cheerful, I prefer a country life,
Of rural joys possessed, and far from strife,
To that of being penned up in some place,
Or city, where one knows not e'en the face
Of his next neighbor, inmate of the dome,
Where he, himself, resides, and calls it home.
What better, then, if thou surrounded be,
By thousands who know not, care not for thee ?
Can the bare thoughts of these thy wants supply,
Pestilence and famine help thee to defy ?
Vain hope ! prefer the country for these ends ;
Where all do know each other, and are friends.

XXXI.

Wisconsin, lovely land ! full many a year,
The prime of my best days have I spent here ;
Have traced thy history, have seen thee rise,
Have viewed thy every change with hopeful eyes ;
Have looked upon thee with a look of love,
And for thy rising glories fondly strove.
Dear unto me thy illustrious founders are,
And each illustrious first proprietor.

The lonely, wild, and pathless forest his,
Who braved the storms of lengthy voyages ;

From lands remote, who could themselves deny,
Dear as the brethren of one family.
In bold contempt e'en life itself was held ;
They bared their breasts to scenes romantic, wild—
To men more savage than the beasts of God,
In lands unknown before, where white men never trod.

An enterprising race sprang in the East ;
Their souls, unfettered, sought the boundless West.
They found their way ; the forest quickly fell ;
The steeples rose, and clanged their sounding bell.
Th' appalling war-whoop now is heard no more,
In all the length of Mississippi's shore.
Far west, along Missouri's distant flood,
In bounds allotted, roves the man of blood.

And thou, Milwaukee city ! young and fair,
And full of life, and glee, and healthful air !
Dear unto me thy illustrious founders' names ;
And each bold pioneer upon my heart has claims.
Sprung like a mushroom, growing in one day ;
But not like mushrooms born to swift decay.
I thee rejoicing saw in infant prime,
And thy relapse lamented for a time.

But now I thee behold in the full tide
Of rich prosperity, and spreading wide,
In vigorous youth, thy neat and simple domes,
Thy ornamental mansions, frugal homes.
What towers and structures thee to raise is given !
What temples sacred to the God of heaven !

The hum of city life, the rattling road,
And busy bustle stalking all abroad ;
Thus, ancient things receding from our view,
All-changing time still brings us something new.
Some days ago here none but red men trod,
Employed in mirth, or strife, and paid no vows to God.

Praise to the generous swains that guide the ploughs,
And tear the roots that bear such lofty boughs.
Here they may live, heirs to a fruitful soil,
And reap the due reward of every toil.
They sow the fields, and plant the useful maize ;
In the wide wood the laboring oxen graze.
Wide spread the fields, the yellow harvests glow,
And underneath their bridges rivers flow.

Large vessels richly laden skim the lake,
Spread their white sails, and frequent voyages make ;
With loads of immigrants the chain throughout,
Ontario Lake, Chicago ends the route.
All labors here are new beneath the sun,
As though a new creation had begun.
The highway opens, mountains sinking down,
Canals and turnpikes lead into the town.

The new-raised beacons cast a glaring light ;
In numbers gild the stormy face of night ;
The seaman warn to keep the watery wide,
And to a friendly harbor prove his guide.
Mills, factories rise, wherever streamlets flow ;
On harbors good, by magic cities grow.
A new republic of their own they raise,
A sister State th' united head to praise.

Ye sons of labor ! leave that stony shore !
A landless poverty bemoan no more !
A certain tract secure, make good your claim ;
Here rise to wealth, to honor, and to fame !
Come to Wisconsin's fair and lovely land,
Where nature spreads abroad, with liberal hand,
Her richest prairies, one sweet plain of flowers,
With intervening groves, and beauteous, happy bowers.

XXXII.

The pursuing army's course was intercepted,
Agreeably, by coming oft in contact
With numerous inland lakes that here abound,
Transparent, and whose waters soft and tranquil,
Abounding in the trout and finny tribes,
By any other lakes are not surpassed.
For nature, being in a playful mood,
When made these scenes, did not forget to place
A chain of isolated lakes upon their route,
To beautify, adorn, and crown the whole
With every rural charm and mead enchanting ;
The rich savannas, and the sylvan scene,
As though by decorations she intended
To charm the hearts of this pursuing army,
Compel them sweetly to imbibe her love.
In their advance, now had they wound their way
Along the waters of hydraulic Rock,
The gentle south-flowing stream ascending up,
Till they unto Lake Kosh-ko-nong arrived .
Which but the widening of this river is,

Into a most romantic inland sea.
It seems, when nature gave the river birth,
The spring, from bottom of a lake rose out
Far north. The hollow cavity soon filling,
And overflowing its bounds, did burst away,
As if to seek the south, a milder clime,
Till in its course a wider basin found,
Encompassed on all sides by hilly ground;
Stupendous amphitheatre, whose shore
Circumference round about seven leagues or more,
Which nature had, by some volition, made,
And hollowed out, designing here a lake,
Supply perpetual filled the spacious basin,
Forming an inland sea most beautiful,
In miniature, the world had e'er beheld.
Then, on its southern border breaking out,
To water that contiguous region round,
Its course pursues, the vale meandering through;
Thence seeks, by southern course, the Mexic' gulf,
Through waters of the noble Mississippi.
The pleasant lake, romantic Kosh-ko-nong,
A name interpreted from Indian tongue,
To signify the lake on which we live;
Because wild rice abounds, which Indians eat.
With numerous flocks of wild fowl is it thronged;
Even the pelican large, and basin-billed,
A visit to its banks doth not disdain.
In summer's heat resorted to for bathing;
Winter, a joyful place of recreation
For all sleigh-riding, and skate-loving youth;
Also by others, who delight t' ensnare
The luscious fish, to furnish their repast,

XXXIII.

The crystal bay, to all before unknown,
Like one clear sea of glass before them shone.
The sun displays his eve-beam, as of old,
And gilds its banks and trees with burnished gold,
When o'er the western mountains far away,
He flings upon the snowy clouds his ray,
A glow of radiance there no painter can,
Inimitable by the works of man.
There was no note of sorrow in the scene,
The earth, the air, the river, all serene.
The bugle note sent up its loud alarms ;
The sounding trumpet bade them cease from arms,
While it resounded through the plains afar,
And told to peaceful hill and dale of war.
The fife and hollow drum had ceased their sound ;
Then arms, and steeds, and baggage, strewed the ground.
Joy laughed around ; with saffron ether glows ;
O'er earth, black night her sable mantle throws ;
While heaven's blue vault ethereal burns above,
With twinkling myriads of the fires of Jove.
The weary soldiers gladsome lay them down,
Along the pleasant lake, a camping-town ;
The sentinels keep their watch the live-long night ;
Their steeds the herbage crop till morning light.

XXXIV.

Seven miles above, upon this river's bank,
Atkinson ordered that a fort should rise ;

Against the northern tribes a sure defence ;
Built on high ground, and to his honor called
Fort Atkinson. Moreo'er, resolved to take
Needful precaution, ordered Colonel Moore
The erection of two more to superintend ;
One on Des Plains, the other on Du Page,
Each lying south ; and stationed soldiers there ;
Thus did discharge the duties of a general,
Proceeding circumspectly near the foe ;
Careful to leave no enemy in his rear,
Nor possible chance for one there to arise.
Having despatched two generals, Dodge and Henry,
Great numbers of the army, choice dragoons,
Mounted on fleetest steeds, in hot pursuit
Of foes retreating ; waiting not to see
The fort's completion, but there leaving troops
To finish and defend it, with all speed,
With the main army, regular troops composing,
Took up his line of march, and hastened on
To the scene of conflict on the battle-field.
Meanwhile, Dodge, Henry, rapid marches made,
Black Hawk in order to o'ertake, before
Could weary cross Wisconsin. On the eve
Of July twenty-first, with him came up,
Upon its southern bank, the Blue Mounds near ,
A journey made that day of forty miles.
The Indians' usual method of attack,
Is, to approach their foes in single column,
Or Indian file, so called, direct behind
Some shady tree, that intervening stands ;
So keeping range, that each man in the file

Is from the enemy's ken completely hid.
When they have cautious thus, and without noise,
The tree reached, by the column's head, the rear
Moves round to front, like door upon its hinge,
Or compass' mov'ble leg ; while he, the van,
Remains the stationary pivot of the rest.
At other times, on having thus approached,
A regular front they form, by whirling off
On each side, cringing low behind the trees.

XXXV.

'Tis at this juncture that they raise a cry,
Th' appalling war-whoop's loud, terrific sound,
At first to frighten and astound the foe.
This was their manner here. In several files,
Such as above described, behind large trees,
At proper distances apart, which stood,
Approached ; then filing off to right and left,
Skulking behind contiguous trees around,
In prompt obedience to their chief's command,
Themselves prepared to ope' a galling fire
Upon the more advanced of their pursuers.
But all their preparations, shrewdness, tact,
And signal bravery of their captain-general,
Effectually to resist the bold attacks
Of these two generals, with their mounted men,
Were vain ; in every quarter were defeated.
Brave Black Hawk, mounted on a noble steed,
Armed with a rifle, battle-axe, and sword
Drawn in his hand, his cavalry did rally,

And at their head did make a desperate charge
On them, which was successfully resisted.
The mounted men, their valiant generals, too,
In service of their country, zeal displayed,
Encomiums, and the highest praise deserving.
Black Hawk himself, and all his warriors brave,
Defeated were, and routed ; three-score souls
Lie cold in death, of Black Hawk's valiant band.
Nought but the troops, fatigued by such a march,
And battle, and the falling of dark night,
Preserved the foe from total loss of all.
They crossed Wisconsin, to an isle where lay
Their families. Instant, Dodge could not them follow,
For want of boats and necessary rafts.
The Indians sorely chafed were in their minds ;
Their bodies lean, emaciate had become,
For lack of food. They seldom have on hand
Provisions much, and what they had, was gone ;
And, for subsistence farther, they had not ;
Dependent on the hunt, and killing game.
This is, at best, a slim and poor dependence,
An army to supply ; especially now,
When they were so much straightened and confined,
Pursued and circumscribed in all their movements.
The safety of their persons, too, required
They should not venture out from their main camp,
So far as would admit of hunting food.
Hence, their reliance to sustain their lives,
Was mainly on the roots and bark of trees,
And flesh of steeds, obliged to slay and eat.
Black Hawk, beholding th' evil 'bout to come

On him, and his devoted army, broken .
Already, and dismayed, resolved, at once,
To leave the isle, and cross Wisconsin stream,
Without delay make his retreat, howe'er
Disastrous, o'er the Mississippi. Part
His troops went down Wisconsin—fell a prey
To watchful soldiers stationed on the banks.

XXXVI.

Meanwhile, with regular army, Atkinson,
Precipitous, by a journey of three days,
From Kosh-ko-nong arrived ; determined straight
On quick-constructed rafts to cross the stream,
And by forced marches overtake the foe ;
Although, in sultry season, now the troops,
Worn down, were much exhausted with fatigue.
Four days, and all things ready made, the troops,
And army under Atkinson's command,
Crossed at Helena—took their line of march
Northwest ; believing, that this course pursued,
Would lead in contact with the Indian's trail.
Nor were they disappointed with vain hopes ;
For Atkinson, perceiving by their trail,
Them several days ahead, which would require
The utmost expedition to o'ertake,
Before they could the Mississippi cross,
That he might give them on its eastern side
A battle, which he coveted of them,
Determined leaving all his baggage-wagons,
And everything his progress would retard.

This done, by speed accelerate he advanced,
Following the narrow, beaten track they made,
And on their rear-guard gaining rapidly.

XXXVII.

Between Wisconsin Bluffs and Kickapoo,
Through which the troops by this retreat were led,
A hilly country lies, of mountain range.
Behold ! no sooner did they reach the top
Of one high, almost perpendicular hill,
Than they descended down the opp'site side,
By a declivity as steep and rare,
Unto another's base ; while narrow vales
Between, were filled with shallow, muddy water—
Sometimes, but deep ravines, with muddy banks.
In these, and on the summits of the hills,
Tall grew the forest-trees of heaviest size,
With undergrowth of thorn and prickly ash,
Which oft in spots so thickly filled the ground,
'Twas difficult for men to clamber up.
This hurried and fatiguing march o'er such
A rugged country, so replete with toil,
Without a murmur was by them endured ;
For it could not be said their souls became
Discouraged by the way, or wished return ;
But, as they neared the foe, increased desire,
And ardor, prompted greater efforts still.
Being for journey long in better plight,
And spirits, too, with more hilarity,
More bounteously fed and clothed withal,

Than their dejected, half-starved Indian foes,
Continued constantly the gaining ground,
Out-travelling them by several miles each day,
As plainly by encampments did appear.

XXXVIII.

Now, from these cliffs and caverns dark emerging,
The prairie spreads its rolling billows surging ;
The sea-green, grassy billows waving high,
Moved by the gentle zephyrs of the sky,
The warrior and his courser tread again,
And snuff the fragrance of the flowery plain ;
Enjoy the freshness of the cooling breeze.
His steed, the verdure waving round his knees,
Essays to crop ; oft catching as they pass
The tempting bait, a flower, or lock of grass.

XXXIX.

While Atkinson and army, steadily,
With zeal and courage fixed, the foe pursue,
We'll take the freedom to digress a little,
To give the reader more account succinct,
Of scenery and resources of the country,
O'er which this late retreat was so conducted ;
And of its present state—by whom 'tis peopled,
And of the wondrous change has here been wrought,
Since whites possessed and claimed it for their home.
Premising what we say applies full well
To Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, too,

The land of Gentle Dove, and 'Si-ar-nah.
May not amiss be, also, here to state,
Iowa doth resemble this good land.
Wisconsin, from its river chief so called,
Was under territorial law ordained
In eighteen-thirty-six, and organized ;
And Dodge thereof first governor was appointed .
Pursuant to this order, Congress gave
A Legislative council, and the House.
Enacted was a code of laws, and published ;
Courts civil instituted, judges made,
And off'cers of the peace appointed then.
Justice administered to every class,
And good observance of the laws maintained.
Great was the rancor of contending parties ;
Of litigation following seemed no end,
Long since subsided ; harmony now prevails.
Among the first and most remarkable
Of causes brought before this new tribunal,
The trial of an Indian criminal was ;
Tried for the murder of a pale-faced man,
Surveyor on Rock river, Burnett called.
He, with a Captain Clyman, was exploring
The country there—came to the Indian's camp,
To tarry for the night, as oft had done ;
When he was struck by him, whose trial waits.
Clyman's right arm was wounded by a shot ;
But fortunate, effected his escape,
And, by a journey long, through wood and wild,
Arrived in safety at Milwaukee town

XL.

His crime to justify, the Indian plead,
His father by a white man had been slain ;
That it became a binding duty on him,
Imperious, solemn, not to be dispensed with—
Due to his tribe, according to their laws,
And to his sire deceased, to avenge his death,
By shedding of the blood of some white man,
Which could not be atoned for otherwise.
His duty he had done, was satisfied.
His plea weighed light, and sentence passed of death ;
But afterwards, was granted his reprieve ;
For what good cause, the following lines will show :
For lo ! soon after this, another crime,
Committed ere this trial came to close,
Of deeper dye, which in the shade this cast,
And threw a gloom of melancholy o'er
The infant village. Milwaukee became
Too soon the scene of tragical events ;
Its peaceful streets polluted by the blood
And lifeless body of a murdered Indian.
Murdered by Indians ? no ! by two white men.
Say not they're men, nor so disgrace the name ;
Call not such monsters of the human form,
Countenance them not, nor own them as our fellows.
A crime committed under circumstances
More aggravated, heinous than the former ;
Far less excusable to palliate.
These felons, inmates of the village jail,
Ne'er had a trial there, but were let loose.

They either broke thence of themselves, or found
Secret assistance in their prompt escape,
And set at liberty by hands unknown ;
To be the fact, the latter is supposed.
One since has met the punishment his due,
Hung for a second murder, of his friend,
So rumor says ; not heard from yet the other.

XLI.

The trial of the Indian followed soon ;
Allowed, by all, it was a trial fraught
With consequences great ; not only to the Indians,
But to the infant State just rising up.
Rumor had said, the Indians were in council
Gathered at Ottawa, five hundred strong,
Threatening attack on neighboring villages ;
Milwaukee and Chicago to be razed,
When prairie-grass for Indian ponies grew.
Now, many people entertained their fears,
The Indians, stirred to anger by this outrage,
Would fly to arms, exterminate the whites,
Milwaukee and the country round it lay,
Junneau, proprietor, and first inhabitant,
Whose knowledge of the Indians greater was
Than other men's, consulted was, if he
Did think it needful that a fort should rise,
Milwaukee 'midst, the tribes to overawe.
His answer was, he did not think it needful.
No troops were sent. Some blamed him much for this ;
The soundness of his judgment time has proved.

As white men guilty of a crime more flagrant,
Had been released unpunished, it did seem
No more than right, by equitable judgment,
He should escape the rigor of the law ;
An offset just, against their liberation.
Indeed, there seemed to be no other course
The judges could pursue, by which t' evade
The charge of base injustice to the Indians,
Reckless connivance at their people's crimes.
Sentence of death, therefore, to execute,
Far would it be from giving satisfaction
To any party ; much less to the Indians ;
Who, though they'd sold their lands, were in the country.
Still in possession of the soil ; yet more,
According to the articles of treaty,
Two years to come were privileged to remain ;
And if this case could not be so disposed of,
With their ideas of justice to accord,
Inimical to the whites they might become,
And cause much serious trouble and alarm.
Indeed, the sentiment seemed universal
Throughout the territory, that, as white men
Had been let go, or suffered to escape
Due punishment, for similar offence,
An equitable judgment did require
The prisoner's prompt release ; and that this course
A needful policy had now become,
In order to conciliate the tribes,
Their favor and their confidence maintain.

XLII.

Judge F——, alone, seemed anxious that the law
In all its penalties severe should fall
On one devoted head. Much zeal displayed
In cause so sanguine ; he the prisoner doomed
To death. But, by the noble clemency
Of Dodge, was pardoned, to the satisfaction,
As we believe, of every human else ;
And, if we be permitted thus to speak,
And venture an opinion of our own,
Our excellent governor would, in point of tact,
Civil and military, well compare with
Great Alfred ! who the way has led,
On princes highest honors shed.
Great legislator ! wisest, best,
Of old a pattern for the rest !
In law a great reform thou mad'st ;
Inhuman customs all forbid'st !
First in that early barbarous age,
When babbling ignorance passed for sage.
Established codes of common law,
Observed till now with fear and awe.
The same undaunted spirit lead
Our counsellors in the cause they plead ;
That suffering virtue be redressed,
This land with heavenly influence blessed.

XLIII.

To this judicious and prudential measure,
The prisoner's counsel did contribute, Arnold.

He, as a means preliminary, drew
A just petition, and the names obtained,
And signatures of citizens great numbers ;
Which said petition to the governor sent.
Business more lively, money plenty, more,
Or better times, than in Wisconsin now,
Known never was. Ne'er did the mania rage
Of speculation to extreme so great.
In one fair summer's epoch, rose the town,
Milwaukee young, four hundred edifices,
New-built, and painted ; immigration's dawn.
The business speculations of the day,
Consisted principally in future towns,
And would-be cities, handsomely portrayed
On paper. These locating, selling lots,
Parcels thereof, to whomsoe'er would buy,
Already occupied in fancy's brain,
More worth than they will ever be again ;
Who each improvement in the future saw,
In purchasing and vending of their claims,
Improvements on the lands of government.
The country, with bank-notes and wild-cat money,
Was inundated. Then the public lands
Were into market ushered. Then, O death !
Death to the hopes of many a speculator,
And greedy occupant of public lands !
Jackson his specie circular had sent forth,
Charging receivers of the public moneys
To take but gold and silver for the land—
Bank paper was but rags, a thing of nought.
Then followed, 'mong the business-doing men,

Merchants, and capitalists, such great depression,
Distress financial, as had not been known
In this, or one preceding generation.
Then came the sale of lands, and fortunate,
Extremely, those who had the means to buy.
These were to buy the claimants' lands permitted,
At price but minimum, by Congress fixed ;
Which they, according to arrangements made,
Previous transferred immediate to the claimant
For double sum, with interest until paid,
Secured by mortgage on the lands thus sold ;
Doubling their money thus upon the spot.
For speculation greater, ne'er was chance,
Embraced by all whom money thus enabled ;
Gladly accepted on the claimants' part.
During first sale, which several weeks did last,
Six hundred thousand dollars were received
At one land-office in Milwaukee city.
The raging of the mania, farther hear,
As in the following stanzas doth appear :

XLIV.

The Wisconsin fever ! for oh, I did never
Witness such doings before !
The people run mad, or what was as bad,
And flocked to the Michigan shore.

And this was their ditty, O Milwaukee city,
A second great London must be !
In the United States there is nothing that rates
With Milwaukee city, you'll see,

Speculation high ran, the ci'y began,
The lots for ten thousands were sold ;
Great London was founded, nine miles surrounded,
Each foot of marsh worth as much gold.

And then every day you would hear them say,
Our property doubles to-morrow ;
And if you don't buy, you'll exclaim, with a sigh,
I missed it for all, to my sorrow.

But lots soon came down in this noble town,
From thousands to fifties, alas !
And many great folks bought oxen and yokes,
And retired to their furrows of grass.

The farmers in bands, on government lands,
Made claims, and for thousands they sold ;
The first in possession, as seemed the impression,
Had property better than gold.

But the times are now changed, and all is deranged ;
They'd happy yet happy remain,
If the title to lands, now placed in their hands,
Were worth but as much as a claim.

The high-souled, the honest, and those who had credit,
With funds that were borrowed, built large ;
Soon pay-day came round, and then it was found
They could not answer the charge.

A war with the banks spread throughout all ranks,
And blew a most terrible blast ;

The merchants loud raving, no prospect of saving,
And all went to ruin at last.

Let the people be sober, and wisely give over
Their hatred, their malice, and pride,
Their wild speculation, and seek their salvation,
By each one's securing a bride.

Then all will be well, and the aged will tell
Their generations yet to come,
The evils endured, when first they secured
In this lone desert a home.

The Milwaukee town, destined for renown,
In all her grandeur shall rise ;
From ten thousand domes of happiest homes.
Her smokes will ascend to the skies.

BLACK HAWK,
AND
SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

A farther description of Scenes in the West—A legend of the Illinois tribe of Indians, showing in what manner they became extinct.

I.

THIS country's everywhere supplied with rivers;
Several of these a southern course pursue,
And swell the tide of noble Illinois,
Which, from the north, runs central through the State
That bears its name. And, also, with this stream,
Canal and lake conjoin in prospect fair,
Forming an unobstructed watery road,
Internal, grand communication through,
From Gotham's mart, to southern town Orleans:
St. Louis, central city, intervenes.

II.

What scenes we know not once did pass!
For blood hath flowed upon the grass,

Which waves upon these beauteous plains
From dying men and heroes' veins !
And, here, we tread on holy ground,
The dust of unknown millions round !
Here, mighty nations in their pride,
Ambitious lived, lamented died.
So say the walls of Aztalan,
Replete with ancient works of man.
So speaks the monumental mound,
Time could not level to the ground.
We know they lived, but who, or what ?
Their origin and end forgot !

iii.

O ! since there is a later race,
Of which we can some history trace,
The legend we will here relate,
Which shows their valor, and their fate.
For, on this river's eastern shore,
Once dwelt the Illinois of yore,
An Indian tribe of power and fame,
From whence the country takes its name.
Quite small in numbers, when compared
With northern tribes, with whom they warred
Provoking them, incurred their hate,
And hence, their sovereign doom and fate.
Declare, O muse ! the signal hour
When sprung the strife, and from what power !
Encroaching oft upon the ground
Where Pottawatamies abound,

Time immemorial, the war
Had lasted, stained their lands with gore.
The Pottawatamies, at length,
Enraged, arose in all their strength,
Prone to exterminate that race,
The puny nation, their disgrace.
A general council now they call,
Of chiefs and warriors, great and small ;
Their place of rendezvous, on Fox,
The Illinois there interlocks,
Upon its western banks, and near
Where northern bounds of foes appear.

IV.

Assembled, Zash-u-on-a rose,
The big-armed chief, in whom repose
The cares paternal of his State,
And thus, began he to relate :—

Time immemorial, began
This Illinois, perfidious clan,
To interrupt our peaceful haunts
With violence, robbery, and taunts.
This we have suffered long and bore,
Still do they insult us more and more.
Enough ! 'tis time to break their bands,
They well deserve it at our hands.
I first advise each valiant chief,
With chosen troops, in bold relief,
A single band for each and all,

On village singled out shall fall,
Each, suddenly, upon the foe,
And cut them off all at a blow.
Thus shall the perjured meet their end,
And deeds of glory us attend.
So spake, and sat, and silence reigned ;
His speech presumed had well obtained.

v.

Next Pi-a-se-ka upward rose,
And chief to chief in thoughts oppose.
Addressing thus the chief, he said :
'Tis rare that I that hoary head
Of thine oppose ; but, when the State
Requires me to address the great,
I'll speak my sentiments as true,
And thou, O chief ! shalt hear it too,
And counsel wiser wilt not spurn,
Man never is too old to learn.
Then hear my words ; it will not do—
We must another course pursue ;
Three thousand warriors we can raise,
For deeds of valor, lasting praise.
Assembling in one band our might,
This is the surest way to fight.
'Then, one by one, united strong,
We'll sweep their villages along—
Surrounding, killing, burning all,
And wigwam after wigwam fall ;

Till we have passed their scanty realm,
And finished all to overwhelm.
Thus shall we purchase great renown,
And glory all our efforts crown.
This is the plan that I advise ;
Speak, those experienced, brave and wise.
A jarring intercourse began,
Speech followed speech, man after man,
Till no decision seemed to sway,
Is this or that the better way ;
While angry looks and words were rife,
Proclaimed the growing of the strife.

VI.

The Illinois were soon apprized,
The plot their enemies devised.
A spy had sought their council-hall ;
Concealed, and overhearing all,
Had hastened to his tribe forlorn ;
Collected, by the coming morn,
A hundred warriors, hastened back,
And on their council made attack
By night, and laid a hundred dead,
Before, in their surprise, they fled ;
Expecting all the tribe in mass,
Had fallen on them in that pass.
The spy pursued them all that night,
And slew a hundred more in flight ;
Then gathering up the scalps that lay,
On his return, at dawn of day,

He crossed the noble Illenoy,
His heart elate with martial joy,
And high before his nation's sight,
Held up the trophies of the fight.
To their surprise, the nation's boon ;
But vengeance, vengeance, followed soon !

VII.

Who was this spy returned with joy ?
The bravest chief of Illenoy !
O-na-we-quah, in battle brave,
Done much his people's lives to save.
He now addressed them ; brothers, said,
Dark night has left the dastards dead.
The arm of Illinois is fate ;
His enemy has felt its weight.
His squaws do in their wigwams mourn ;
Dark is the path of his return.
But fell revenge is in his breast ;
Those who have given him unrest,
He'll strive to slay, and us destroy ;
But ready stands the Illenoy.
He knows the war-path, and he goes
Exultingly to meet his foes.
The rock that Manitou has given
Is close at hand, and high to heaven,
From whence we'll roll upon the foe
Destruction, if it must be so.
What say, my brothers ? O-na-'quah
Has spoke ; his word alone's not law.

A murmur of approval ran
Through all the camp, from man to man,
Determined to defend their grounds,
Till death should settle other bounds.

VIII.

While they their safety thus contrived,
The Pottawatamies arrived;
Close on their track had followed soon,
And found the place they landed on.
The shore with shouts of vengeance rung
As lightly on the turf they sprung.
These they decoyed in a ravine,
Narrow, where nought but rocks were seen;
Surrounding them, began to throw
Arrows and stones upon the foe,
From high impenetrable rock,
While in the deep defile they flock.
Down stones and arrows fall in showers,
And driving rock their strength o'erpowers;
They sink beneath the flinty rain,
Two hundred warriors fell down slain.
Retreat was difficult made here,
The van prevented by the rear;
Until destruction vastly great,
Caused all their ardor to abate;
Retreating, crossed the Illenoy,
And left the tribes they would destroy.

IX.

The Pottawatamies, appalled,
Another council quickly called.
Revenge and rancor, ruthless sway,
The ruling passions of the day.
Had lost a brother, some a son,
And each a friend, since war begun ;
Must be revenged upon the foe,
To wipe away the stain of wo.
Their safety, too, was all at stake,
Unless they signal vengeance take.
To spare the foe, was but to fall
Themselves, and yield to numbers small.
Then, raising all their force, at length,
Three thousand warriors, in their strength,
Resolve they will return no more,
Till Illenoy is steeped in gore ;
And this perfidious nation pay
The cost of such a bloody fray.

X.

Meantime, the Illinois prepared
To meet the dreadful storm declared.
Through all his realm the chief did send,
These orders on his words attend :
O-na-we-quah doth send to call,
From every village, great and small,
Commanding that there none remain,
But bring their corn, and stores, and grain,

To where their foes of late did fall,
Forthwith assembling with their all.
Thence, as they trace the river down,
They'll see a rock of towering crown,
A hundred feet above the stream,
That peaceful by its base doth gleam.
Obedient to their leader's call,
They near the place assemble all ;
Two thousand souls, in signal hour,
The remnant of a tribe of power,
By savage warfare dwindled down
From ancient splendor and renown ;
Before the rock of refuge stood,
Their subterfuge from men of blood.
Provisions on its top they laid,
And preparations needful made,
In case of their defeat, to stand
A siege against a stronger band.
O-na-we-quah, the people's soul,
Left some the passes to control ;
Then, with the rest, he made his way
High up the stream, the foe at bay,
To watch their motions, and annoy
Their fierce descent down Illenoy.
Concealing all his trusty ranks
Behind the bushes on the banks,
Prepared to give the cautious foe
A warm reception from his bow.
He hoped them to decoy on shore,
To beat them where he did before.

This done, he saw them on the way,
Descending down in dread array,
In several hundred large canoes,
All manned, and rowed by savage crews.
Aloof they kept, away they bore,
Till they beheld men on the shore ;
Then came to land, in hopes that they
Could make their enemies their prey.
But, when they followed till they saw
The deep ravine, they did withdraw,
And turned with a sarcastic smile,
From entering into that defile.
They would not follow there again,
Because the banks were lined with men
Lest they should meet defeat, yet more,
Be forced again to quit the shore.
Embarking, landed lower down,
Intending to attack a town ;
But O-na-we-quah did repair
Unto the place, and met them there.
Then, chief to chief, and hand to hand,
They fought, and struggled up the land.

XI.

The Illinois now sought the wood,
Defend them there, they better could ;
Pursued with rage, compelled to flee
Before the Pottawatamie.
Here, keeping from the sight of foes,
Continued well to ply their bows,

And springing on from tree to tree,
And managing most skilfully,
Slew many of th' approaching foes
By sudden darts and furious blows.
They scattered in the forest wide ;
When came their enemies beside,
They bounded on them close in fight,
And sealed their eyes in lasting night.
Sometimes, by mortal stabs, each died,
With weapon in him, side by side,
While both a mutual vengeance plead,
And claim the glory of the deed.
The Illinois, in battle brave,
Done all he could his tribe to save ;
But, over-matched by numerous foes,
Three times his number to oppose,
Pursued with fierceness, rage, and glee,
Reduced to last extremity,
Compelled, with native courage bold,
To make retreat to his strong hold.
Knowing the paths that thither led,
Much better than pursuers did,
Arrived in season to ascend
The rock with all that him attend.

XII.

The foe arrived, and in surprise,
Cast up the towering rock their eyes ;
Where they beheld a darkening line
Along its summit, high entwine,

Figures ; and from them came a shout
Of long defiance, round about ;
Which echoed and re-echoed round ;
The adjacent rocks return the sound.
The water round it mildly gleams,
The sun threw out his evening beams
Upon the silent hosts there lay,
So late engaged in bloody fray.
Besiegers sought, throughout the night,
To find a passage where they might
Ascend the rock and scale the walls ;
The effort vain, and them appals.
Of places found, there was one dent,
And this of difficult ascent,
Which led to perpendicular shelf,
That one must pass but by himself,
Then through a crevice in the rock,
Bare one admitting, not a flock.
And this was strongly fortified,
High up along the mountain's side ;
And near the top a strong defence,
To cast invaders down from thence.

This was the only passage found,
All perpendicular else around.
Besiegers make attempts to storm
This castle in that only form.
And now begin they to ascend ;
Deep silence on their steps attend.
In single file each followed each,
The way in which they think to reach

The mount above. With care proceed ;
Then clambering up as they have need,
Step after step, the rocky steep,
T' avoid in dark a fatal leap,
Fast holding to the shrubs that grew
In rocky crevices in view,
To save them from a backward foe,
A fall into the deep below.
Sometimes assisting some the rest,
To climb a higher cliff or crest,
Until at length they gained the height,
And the last barrier hove in sight.

XIII.

No sound above upon the air,
Did indicate they knew them there.
The wary leader crept along,
In breathless silence 'fore the throng,
Up to the barricade, to see,
And raised his head most stealthfully
Above the breast-work, to discern
What of their station he could learn.
The last sad look he ever gave,
A hatchet's blow his forehead clave.
A horrid war-cry instant rose,
And retribution on their foes,
Most terrible in high degree,
Did follow simultaneously.
Down fell on them, like thunder's shock,
A ponderous, huge, and jagged rock,

Which swept the passage where they lay,
And followed down the narrow way.
Its hugeness filled the opening made,
And the whole passage did invade,
The narrow, deep defile, or glen,
Which now was full of armed men ;
And gathering force, it leaps amain,
And thunders down upon the plain,
Fast crushing out the lives and souls
Of all before it as it rolls.
Some sought to fly. A dreadful flight !
With no soft couch whereon to light ;
Down, headlong down, they fled, they fled ;
The rock below received them dead.
A pause ensued ; an awful pause !
Then rose a shout of wild applause,
And joy, upon the midnight air,
From those from death delivered there.
Then was there heard the doleful groan,
The mortal sigh, the low-like moan,
Of wounded, suffering men alloyed,
Whose lives not wholly yet destroyed.
With glee they cast them from the height ;
And when arose the morn's clear light,
It shone upon a human pile,
Whose end was dire, and glory vile.

XIV.

The grief of Illinois grew less,
His soul revived by such success ;

Believed the foe would now retire,
And leave him to his heart's desire.
He much mistaken was in this;
The foe, convinced their future bliss
Destruction of their foes involved,
To pen and starve them here resolved.
The Illinois were well supplied
With food ; neglecting to provide
A fount of water at the first,
Began to suffer much from thirst,
And set about them to devise
Some method to procure supplies.
On this depended their salvation,
With this, impregnable their station.
They ropes of bark tied all in one,
And vessels by this means let down,
To draw out of the river's brink,
What they, or die, must have to drink.
But ah ! their cruel foes were near ;
No water could ascend them here.
Fast as the cords were gently lowered,
They cut them off with knife or sword ;
Till no more vessels there remained,
Nor drop of water was obtained.
Now, half-way down the rock was found
A belt of shrubbery reaching round ;
By careful clinging fast to this,
One round can pass and view th' abyss.
And now it was proposed, that one
Should in the calm of night go down,

Adhering close on hands and knees,
Descending by the shrubs and trees,
Below, enough contrive to bring
To keep from instant perishing.
This, by a chieftain bold and young,
His song of death uprising sung ;
Who volunteered, 'mid sufferings rife,
Devoted, at the risk of life,
For the salvation of his tribe,
Attempted was, without a bribe.

xv.

Sometimes holding by a point,
Where'er the craggy rocks disjoint ;
Sometimes letting himself down
By a bending cedar's crown,
Whose roots in opening chinks grew fair,
Arrived at length where rocks grew bare ;
Then, looking upward, round on all,
Thought of th' ascent and downward fall,
And consequences that involve
This great and dangerous resolve.
Resolved his journey to pursue,
Firm taking hold of one that grew
Above the rest ; beneath his weight
It bent, and swung him down the height.
But here the rock was smooth of face,
His feet could find no resting-place ;
And further he could not proceed,
Return, abandon must the deed.

More fast to his support doth cling ;
And now he gave an upward spring—
The roots did crack beneath his weight .
He clung convulsively, though late.
It broke quite from its fastening there ;
Then heard a shriek of wild despair,
And solemn plunge in deeps below,
Resounding to the height of wo.
For those above had watched his way
In breathless silence, listening lay,
The shriek perceived, the plunge he gave,
And knew him lifeless on the wave.
Despair fell on them as in storm ;
Thirst, with his pale and meager form,
Stalked fiercely round. The children cried
For water first, and gasped and died.
And then the female, and less strong,
With fevered brain and swollen tongue.
Next sturdy men, and chiefs unblest,
Laid down in their last sleep to rest ;
Or else, with language uttering nought,
Or sounds uncouth, with misery fraught,
With heated blood and lips parched dry,
And frenzied wildness, fiery eye,
In madness of delirium throw
Themselves into the deep below.

XVI.

Still left were those who watched the height,
And gates and walls by day and night.

Days passed : their numbers lessened more,
And fell to ninety and three-score.
These had not lost their courage all,
And ancient glory whence their fall.
True, was their sun of brightness shorn,
And shone not on them as in morn
Of better days, in early bloom,
When foes confronting met their doom
From their decrees ; and when they gave
To hospitality the brave,
And done their will. But still they seem
In glory of that brightening beam,
Like fallen angels from their height
Of heaven supreme ; still shining bright
Their glory but eclipsed. Still great,
And mighty to accomplish late,
All, all that suffering men could need,
To stamp with glory their last deed,
Determined to go down below,
With what remained attack the foe.

XVII.

That O-na-'quah, beloved chief,
Was still alive, was some relief,
Although his sinewy frame and strong,
Emaciate was, through suffering long ;
Yet was his spirit still the same,
As when victoriously he came
In joyous spring's most glorious clime,
From fields of battle in his prime—

And gathering his remaining few,
Declared the course he would pursue.
Shall we stay longer pent up here,
Like women warriors, slain by fear?
The glory of our tribe is gone!
Seek we existence to prolong?
And give, to our avenging foes,
A triumph greater than our woes?
Already are our warriors dead!
Beneath this turf their lowly bed!
Their wonted voices cease to sound,
Gone to the happy hunting-ground!
Our squaws and children buried since,
High on this rock of our defence.
We yet are left! Wait we for what?
Shall we die here, and be forgot?
Without one noble effort, wait
Till death shall come, unbar the gate
Of our strong castle, and destroy
What mortal men can but annoy?
And let in on us coward foes,
Glad witnesses of all our woes?
Or, shall we prove unto our foe,
That vengeance yet is ours, though slow?
And strength unto our arms belong,
The Illinois in death is strong?
Come, let us cut our way through hosts,
And, from our foes, dismiss the ghosts;
That they may tell, to shades below,
They fell not by a feeble foe.

We'll slay of them until we're dead ;
And then, at least, it shall be said,
We passed not unrevenged away,
To regions of immortal day,
With any fear, or marks of shame,
To blast the glory of our name.
Come on ; the war-club we will wield ;
Escape, or death, shall crown the field.

XVIII.

Approving murmurs on the air,
Ran round the little circle there.
Each seized his club, and eyed the gate
Of their descent. Some fire, though late,
Did kindle in each bosom there,
A spark to save them from despair.
The chief beheld his words had sway ;
An omen good—then led the way.
Down went the remnant of a race
That once had fame, and pride, and place
'Mong nations mighty of the earth ;
How vain their ancient power and worth !

XIX.

Darkness enveloped mount and lawn,
As they descended, ere the dawn ;
Their noise astonished much the foe,
The sentinels watching down below.

They heard with wonder, gave th' alarm,
Of something that did omen harm ;
As ghosts of those they fancied fled,
Were coming to avenge the dead.
But onward came the little band,
And, in a moment, hand to hand,
Struggled in conflict on the lawn,
But all their former strength seemed gone.
Their clubs refused their work to do,
Their blows fell feeble, faint and few ;
By famine weakened and depressed,
The will was there, but not the rest.
But O-na-'quah did seem alone
Endued with prowess not his own ;
And wonderful, the astonished foes
Gave way before his sturdy blows.
His arm did keep the foe at bay,
And opened for his friends a way,
In which they followed on in train ;
But in the rear they fell as rain.
Yet onward passed the mighty chief,
His foes' affright, his friends' relief ;
The crowd dividing, breaking through ;
His friends the closing path pursue.
Shouts in the rear disturb the air
And augur there was carnage there.
But sixteen passed secure along
The dark defile amidst the throng.
Unto the shore they held their way,
To where their foes' canoes did lay ;

Hard pressed, into the vessels sprung,
The shore with imprecations rung.
All but the chief of Illenoy ;
Who, turning to his friends in joy,
Now seated in their foes' canoes,
Haste and anxiety profuse ;
Fly, followers ye of O-na-'qua' !
Make sure your safety while you may !
O-na-'quah needs your aid no more !
Down stream ply every useful oar !
Go ! he repeated, as he saw
Them wait, and call for O-na-'quah.
Go ! leave me, leave me, on the shore !
Our tribe, our nation, is no more !
Life is not needful hence to me ;
Nor do I longer wish to be !
My cruel foes I now defy ;
I'll stay, and with my kindred die !
Live ye, the woful tale to tell,
How much we suffered, how we fell !
They seized their paddles, cut the tide,
Before their prows the waves divide.

XX.

He, like a lion, stood at bay,
His foes around in dread array ;
None dared approach, for fear of harm,
In reach of his uplifted arm.
Reproached them thus, with bitter taunts,
For having so disturbed his haunts :

Ye cowards, dastards, as ye are !
Remember how, in battles fair,
How oft we have defeated you,
When you had hundreds, we but few ;
And caused your bravest chiefs to die,
And turned your boasted victory
To slaughter and promiscuous flight,
Your brightest day to sudden night.
Come singly on, and you shall know
I make no flight from such a foe.
Your bravest shall before me lie,
A desperate effort ere I die.
At length a chief in prime of youth,
Provoked by jeers of so much truth,
With hatchet raised above his head,
To strike his tribe's reviler dead,
Ran fiercely up ; loud clamors rung,
O-na-we-quah upon him sprung
Like lion fierce, and bore him down ;
Then seized his hair, and doffed his crown,
As tigers seize upon their prey,
While on the earth beneath he lay.
That moment was his foe's long knife
Sheathed in the vitals of his life,
While underneath unslain he lay,
Although his crown was torn away.
He held the scalp on high meanwhile,
And viewed it with disdainful smile ;
Then feeling death, no more he said,
But fell, and earth received him dead.

Below St. Louis fled the rest,
Wed with some other tribe more blest ;
And thus the tribe extinct became,
The country still retains the name.
They live in legend and in song ;
Will ever fame like this belong
To those who peaceful live and die,
Their only hope beyond the sky ?
Nay ! but a praise of nobler birth,
And far above the feuds of earth—
A higher, nobler, sweeter song,
Their immortality prolong,
Round happy heaven's enduring throne,
Too great for language to make known.

BLACK HAWK,

AND

SCENES IN THE WEST.

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

A farther description of the country—Massacre of Chicago—In praise of the Western Pioneer—His situation, recreations, and hunting excursions described—Society in its origin, and the nature of his title to the public domain illustrated—Battle of the Mississippi, and total defeat of Black Hawk—His army's disastrous voyage across the river—He is taken prisoner, and conducted to the capital city—Makes a tour through the United States, and is shown their great strength—He returns unto his own land, and dies in peace—Great lamentation is made over him, and he is honored above all the generations of his people with the high prerogative of everlasting remembrance.

X.

CHICAGO, with her piers, and walls, and domes,
And spacious edifices, high-built homes,
And towers, the retinue of city life,
All arts, professions, occupations rife,
And houses of resort for multitude,
The peasant, tourist, learned, and seclude ;

Her solemn temples, that in grandeur vie
With decorations sacred, spires on high ;
Assemblies solemn, literati, too,
With all that every sacred right pursue ;
Critics, and editors, and authors just,
Those led by sordid avarice, pride, or lust,
Ambition, love of riches, place and name,
Exalt themselves, while others they defame ;
Her beauteous beaus and belles in rich attire,
All sights and sounds to glad the heart conspire,
Was once the land of dire affray and blood,
Along Lake Mich'gan's green, unstable flood !
New-built Chicago, fated thus of yore,
The grand metropolis of this western shore.

II.

For here a woful scene was laid,
Which cast all others in the shade ;
While Hull surrendered up his van,
And wrought the fall of Michigan,
Sad scenes to be remembered long,
And history fit for tragic song.
Town from the river takes its name,
The river's from a chieftain came ;
Some say from native onions wild,
Which grew along its current mild.
In by-gone years, less than three-score,
A fort was built upon this shore,
And manned by fifty troops of ours,
Defence against the savage powers,

In time of peace, when all went well.
The Pottawatamies here dwell,
O'errun the country and the town,
Quite lawless, ranging up and down ;
A numerous race, with other tribes,
Received Tecumseh's English bribes,
Fought Harmar, Wayne, and sage St. Clair,
With shouts of blood and carnage there ;
Red from the ground of Tipp'canoe,
Vengeance for slaughtered chiefs in view.
Few other families here reside,
Shut out from all the world beside ;
No place of safety could they reach,
Or go beyond the sandy beach,
Except by Indian trails each way,
Through deserts where the savage lay.
Nor yet, by sea a passage saw,
Since late the fall of Mackinaw,
When England's trident proudly waved
O'er that wide lake their borders laved.

III.

An Indian chief, in August of that year,
Tall Winnemeg, of Pottawatamie tribe,
Despatches brought from Hull, in high command,
To Heald, commander of Chicago's fort,
His senior off'cer thus instructing him
The place to leave could it be safely done,
And to Fort Wayne repair, on Maumee lying,
High up, and near its source ; in which event,

All goods, provisions, public property,
Should be distributed among the tribes
Of neighboring Indians, them to pacify.
Delivering prompt his message, Winnemeg
Stated to Captain Heald that he well knew
The purport of the writings he had brought ;
Urged well the policy of his remaining,
With ammunition, arms, provisions, stores,
So well supplied to stand a lengthy siege.
Howe'er, in case he would depart at risk,
He urged on him the great necessity
Of his departure thence immediately,
Before the foe, whose country they must pass,
Yet ignorant of the message he had brought,
Could raise a force sufficient to oppose them.
This counsel, though 'twas faithfully given, was not
Sufficiently regarded by the off'cer,
Who said, he should the fort evacuate,
But not immediately, because of orders
To give the public stores unto the tribes ;
Till he the neighboring Indians had collected,
And equitable distribution made,
Could not feel justified in leaving here—
A scrupulous honesty, when death so near !
But, the necessity of marching out,
And leaving everything just as it stood,
Suggested Winnemeg. "For then," said he,
"While th' Indians are dividing of the spoils,
Made drunken by the liquor they have found,
You will be able to effect retreat."
Also, this good advice unheeded fell.

Early next morn, while on parade, was read
The orders to evacuate the fort.

IV.

The junior off'cers he had not consulted,
In such emergency as well becomes,
Because a coolness did exist between them.
Not known the cause, nor is it needful now.
The ensign and lieutenant waited on him,
And, learning his intentions more at length,
Against them did remonstrate. We do not,
Said they, believe our troops can pass in safety
The Pottawatamie country to Fort Wayne.
Although their chiefs, a part, were some opposed
To an attack upon us in the autumn,
Yet, they were moved by private, friendly motives,
Towards individual whites they much respected ;
Not the Americans at large regard.
In the excited state they now are in,
We cannot deem those friendly chiefs have power
Their warriors to restrain, or pacify,
Or influence tribes for vengeance thirsting now.
Besides, said they, our march must be but slow ;
Our children, wives must go ; our troops are few,
Some invalids, and superannuated.
Discretionary as your orders are,
We think we'd better fortify ourselves
As strong as possible, and here remain.
Succor may reach us ere we are attacked,
From Mackina ; and, should this come to pass,

Unto the English we had better fall,
Than yield as victims to a savage foe.
To this replied he, we are quite too few
To stand the Indians ; said he should be censured,
Should he continue in the garrison,
When safe retreat apparent seemed to him.
He, therefore, deemed it still advisable
The Indians to assemble, and distribute
The public stores—an escort ask of them,
With promise that a large reward be paid,
On safe arrival ; adding, that he had
In th' Indians' friendship, perfect confidence ;
From whom, forsooth, the fall of Mackina
Had been concealed, and which they yet knew not

v.

The junior off'cers, after this reproof,
From their self-swayed commander stood aloof ;
Considering his designs approaching madness,
But little said that savored not of sadness ;
And murmuring there pervaded much the ground,
Disunion menaced, discord stalked around ;
Soldiers, subalterns, waked to discontent,
Daring from their superiors to dissent.
Meanwhile, the savages surround the camp,
Reveal their anger in the furious stamp ;
And singly entered oft the fort, defying
The sentinels, who their entrance stood denying ;
And without ceremony make their way
To those apartments where the captain lay.

For ere this time an Indian runner sought
Their camp, a message from Tecumseh brought,
Informing them of Mackina's defeat,
That Hull from Canada had made retreat ;
To Indians news most glorious, said he,
Arm for the war, and strike immediately.
You'll see surrender Hull and army all,
And we shall reap a harvest in their fall.

VI.

More and more bold, and troublesome became
The Indians now, whose ire began to flame.
One in Heald's parlor ran, took up a gun,
And fired it off, pretending nought but fun.
'Twas thought to be the signal of attack,
The aged chiefs and squaws walked forth and back
Among the groups, meantime assembled round ;
Appeared much agitated, eyed the ground
With looks of sorrow, tears anon descending,
As though some great calamity impending ;
For some, by kindness from the whites received,
Were friendly, and at their destruction grieved ;
Could not the fury of the rest restrain,
Impelled by vengeance for their kindred slain
At Tipp'canoe, and hopes of gain immense,
And thirst for whiskey, which became intense ;
For plenty had the garrison in store,
And this they knew, desired their death the more.
Howe'er, no movements hostile more display,
And, without bloodshed, passed another day.

But yet, each inmate here retired to rest—
Ah, terrible suspense ! Oh, souls unblest !
Expecting to be roused from where they lay,
To tragic scenes before the dawn of day ;
Till clear bright morn, appearing, lent them breath ,
Yet, was it viewed a prelude to their death !

VII.

Yet, so infatuated was their leader,
That he supposed the savage to appease,
And lead his little band in safety forth,
While more and more apparent it became
To others, that the hope was truly vain.
From villages adjacent now arrived
The Indians, and a council held, at which,
Save Heald, the captain, no white man approached.
Having been warned of massacre intended,
Which they him told, he said they must attend
The council-hall. They gave a prompt refusal,
And, when he sought the council, they repaired
Unto the block-house which it overlooks ;
Opening the port-holes, pointed cannon there,
And saved themselves from massacre that day.
Heald told the Indians that he would, next day,
Distribute 'mong them all the factory goods,
Provisions, ammunition, and supplies ;
Desired of them an escort to Fort Wayne,
Promised a great reward on getting there.
The Indians friendship most sincere professed,
And promised everything which he required.

The council was no sooner broken up,
The tone of feeling that pervaded saw
Many, and waited on Heald to disclose
Opinions, and to ope' his eyes, could they,
His true condition and their own to see.
'Twas wrong to furnish Indians thus with arms,
For use against themselves ; e'en Captain Heald
Could not approve on better counsel heard.
So he resolved, without the least advice,
Not heeding his agreement with the Indians,
That he'd destroy the arms and ammunition,
Except what for immediate use was needed.
Next day distributed were all the goods ;
When eve had come, the ammunition, guns,
In sally-port, were thrown into a well ;
The liquor carried through the southern gate,
Thence borne in silence to the river's brink,
The heads of barrels knocked in, and their contents
Discharged to mingle with Chicago's flood.
Indians, suspecting, watched the fort so near,
Perceived and witnessed everything that passed.

VIII.

Next day the gloom was for a while dispelled,
By Captain Wells' arrival with a band
Of fifteen friendly Indians—son of Wells,
A general much distinguished in Kentucky.
He, when a child, was ta'en, and carried off
By Indians, and adopted as a son.
Brought up and lived among them many years,

In family of a chief, the Little Turtle,
A chieftain famed since days of Pontiac,
Commanded Indians at St. Clair's defeat,
And he who poured destruction 'mong their ranks,
When Wells, but second, held an honored post.
He left the Indian ranks for better cause,
When he by stealth the laws of whites had learned.
The wife of Heald was, too, his near relation ;
Hearing the danger that his friends were in,
That rashly Heald did hazard so their safety,
Came there to save them, or their fate to share.
Too late he came to save, for learning soon
The ammunition and supplies destroyed,
Or given away, saw no alternative,
Prepared by morrow's sun the march to join.
Before the king of day went down to rest,
Was held another council, where expressed
The Indians their resentment in strong terms,
For loss of liquor, arms, and ammunition—
A violation of good faith, said they,
Terms of the treaty not fulfilled as promised ;
Had seen the barrels broken, spirits spilled,
And tasted of the river-grog next morn.
Murmurs and threats through all the council ran.
Black Hawk, in his allusion to this thing,
Says :—Had the whites but kept their promises,
No blood on this occasion had been shed.
A chief of some renown, Black Partridge was ;
A chief that favored much the white man's cause.
But savage anger he could not allay,
When provocation had their vengeance roused.
Soon as the council had adjourned, he came

To Heald, and taking off a medal, worn
Long time in friendship, Father, said, I come
To give you up the medal which you gave,
Long worn by me in token of our friendship.
Our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands
In blood. I can't restrain them, will not wear
This token when compelled to be a foe.
Had doubts existed, now they were at end.

IX.

Still did the garrison, to death devoted,
Continue to prepare for morrow's march.
Some gallant spirits, buoyant, cheered the rest;
All things disposed and ready made that eve,
To rest retired, a wild unseeming rest,
With anxious cares and wakefulness much fraught.

Soon came the dawn, and beautifully bright,
Phœbus, on burning chariot, brought the light,
New-born, and Michigan before them rolled,
In shining splendor, as of burnished gold.

Then, to th' American camp, a message came,
From chief To-pee-na-bee, St. Joseph's band,
Informing them of mischief brewing in
The Pottawatamies' camp, sworn to escort them.

X.

Now from the fort, in order and array,
The troops with martial music take their way.
Wells, at the head of his Miami friends,
With blackened face, as Indian custom tends,

Led on the van. With loaded guns in hand,
The garrison, with those who have command,
Next follow on ; while next, and in the rear,
The wagons for the sick and young appear.
The Pottawatamies, five hundred strong,
Behind all these, a dense and motley throng,
Sworn to escort them safely to Fort Wayne ;
Ne'er was a trust reposed so much in vain !

XI.

Those in advance no sooner sand-hills reach,
Which separate the prairie from the beach,
When the whole escort rear deceitful prove,
Their station leave, diverging towards a grove,
And pass along the sand-hill's southern side,
Which intervening, now the bands divide.
And having soon effected this their plan,
Showed their intentions hostile in the van.
At this, who at the general welfare aimed,
Kind Wells rode back, and to the whites exclaimed :
They're going to fight ! form, instantly, and charge !
His words were followed by a quick-discharge
Of musketry, behind the sand-hills 'twine ;
The troops were instant formed into a line,
And charged as they ascended up the hill,
A man of seventy years, a veteran, fell.

XII.

'Tis needful that we paint the deeds of yore,
That drenched in crimson this ill-fated shore.

The fight was general ; the Miamis fled ;
Their chief rode to the Indians, and thus said :
You act a double part, your trust betray,
I'll be revenged on you another day !
I'll be the first to raise an armed force,
To punish you for such a treacherous course.
Then brandishing his tomahawk their cheek,
Rode off, his boon companions 'scaped, to seek.
But nothing more of him or them was seen,
Since their last scampering o'er the prairie green.

XIII.

The American troops were gallant, true, and bold,
Though numbers few, their lives they dearly sold ;
In battle died, and knew their end was near,
Sought to forget all that on earth was dear.
Vorhees, the surgeon, while the battle raged,
As in the thickest fight he too engaged,
Severely wounded, suffering much with pain,
His bounding courser 'neath his master slain,
Approached the consort of Lieutenant Helm ;
Said thus to her :—Think you they'll overwhelm,
And take our lives, and not as captives spare ?
My wound I think not mortal, don't despair.
Perhaps, by giving all we can afford—
Perhaps, by offering them a large reward,
We may prevail, our safety to advance ;
And do you think there can be any chance ?

XIV.

Oh, Doctor Vorhees ! spake the lady Helm,
Let's neither suffer woes to overwhelm,

Nor waste the moments few that yet remain,
In idle hopes—ill-founded, vague and vain !
Our fate's inevitable ! this is clear ;
Must soon before Jehovah's bar appear !
While yet within our power, let us prepare,
And make our peace with him by faith and prayer.
Oh ! oh ! said he, this is no time to pray !
Confused, a time of suffering and affray.
I cannot die ! I am unfit to die !
Although my dissolution seems so nigh.
Ah ! had I to prepare a longer space !
Death ! O how awful ! stares me in the face !

XV.

This moment witnessed Ensign Ronan's fall ;
Was fighting with two portly Indians tall,
Contending desperately upon one knee,
Was nearly down, and wounded mortally.
Pointing her finger there, the strife inferred,
Directing his attention thitherward,
Behold ! said she, that young man, how he dies !
How like a soldier ! Vorhees thus replies :
Yes ! he perceives no terrors in his fate,
And has no fears of any future state !
An unbeliever—but not so with me,
A candidate for dread eternity !

XVI.

Now raised his tomahawk, a savage young,
And struck at Lady Helm. She instant sprung

Aside, evading from her head full well,
The blow intended, on her shoulder fell.
She grappled with the Indian, sought in strife
To seize and take away his scalping-knife ;
And while she did this Indian warrior clasp,
Another seized, and dragged her from his grasp ;
Bore her resisting, onward towards the lake,
As though 'twere better drowning, life to take.
But, as he bore her rapidly away,
She recognized among the dead that lay,
The lifeless surgeon, man unfortunate !
Who sought no grace until it was too late.

XVII.

The Indian plunged her in the water deep,
She managed 'bove the waves her head to keep.
She soon perceived her captor did not seem
Resolved to drown, but rather to redeem,
From savage violence, this his prisoner fair.
This seen, she viewed him with attentive air ;
And now, in spite of painted, black disguise,
The white man's friend in him did recognize.
It was Black Partridge. When the battle ceased,
And danger less, safe from the waves released
His prisoner, and conducted her away
Along the sand. It was a sultry day ;
Much overcome by heat, and efforts made
Beyond her strength, and burdens on her laid,
And anxious for the safety of her friends,
And for her own, the evil that attends,

Her state was one of misery and suspense,
And what she felt was agony intense.

XVIII.

The troops with desperation fought,
Until two-thirds their death had wrought ;
The rest surrendered to the foe,
And grace received, accounted so.
Save one, a sacrifice, who turned
From mercy, and their offers spurned ;
A soldier's consort, often told,
To tortures worse than death were sold,
Those captive to the Indian bands,
Resolved she'd fall not in their hands.
And when the foe her presence sought,
To make her prisoner, desperate fought ;
And though assured of treatment kind,
Unchanged the purpose of her mind—
Refused protection, would not yield,
Was cut in pieces on the field.

XIX.

A wagon, children twelve contained,
Still on the strand untouched remained ;
A single savage gave a yell,
Approached the place, and on them fell.
As cruelty itself to mock,
All fell beneath his tomahawk.

Wells saw at distance, yet unharmed,
Exclaimed aloud, his foes alarmed,
Though he to them a prisoner was,
“ O, what a violated cause !
If this ’s your conduct, I’ll kill too !
Your squaws, papooses will pursue !”
Then turned his courser’s head around,
Rode off unto their camping-ground.

XX.

Now, soon as he had started on his way,
There followed several Indians in his rear,
Discharged their rifles at him as he flew.
He laid himself flat on his courser’s neck,
And got, as one would thought, quite out of reach,
When lo ! one ball from his pursuers sped,
Which execution done exceeding rare,
Severely wounded him, and killed his steed.
Again a prisoner, savage foes came up.
Wa-ban-see, Winnemeg were both his friends—
Among the number, sought his life to save,
Already disengaged him from his steed,
And kindly were supporting him along,
When Pe-so-tun, a Pottawatamie,
Drew out his scalping-knife, and stabbed poor Wells ;
Inflicting in the back a mortal wound.
In arms of friends he fell, and breathed his last
A sacrifice for those he came to save.

XXI.

The battle ended, prisoners all secured,
Conducted to the Indian camping-ground ;
And here the wife of Wau-bee-nee perceiving
The lady Helm's exhaustion so extreme,
A kettle took, and dipping up some water
From sluggish stream there flowing constantly,
Some maple-sugar stirring in it,
Gave her to drink forthwith. It was, said she,
'The most delicious draught I ever tasted.
The kindness of her manner, 'mid such scenes
Atrocious, touched my heart. The fort became
A scene of plunder. Beasts of stall lay round,
Or dead, or dying, scattered o'er the ground ;
The words of Ensign Ronan called to mind,
" Such is our fate, to be like brutes shot down !"
The wounded prisoners fell ; while those unhurt,
Remained in wigwams of their conquerors.
Complete the work of plunder now ; division
Being made of all the finery in the fort,
Shawls, ribbons, feathers, beads, in rich profusion
Scattered about, the fort was set on fire.
The Indian trader having hence removed
Across the stream, Wa-ban-see and Black Partridge
Stood sentinels at his door. All things seemed tranquil ;
But now another swarm, more hungry, came
From Wabash country, most implacable
Of all the bands of Pottawatamies.

XXII.

To carry tidings, runners had been sent
To all their villages, informing them
The fort to be surrendered, and its spoils
Divided, and the people massacred.
These hurried joyful on with utmost speed,
To reap rich harvests from the awful scene,
And share the glory of so vile a deed.
Arriving at Aux Plains, they met returning,
A party bearing a wounded chief along.
Informed by these a battle had been fought,
A victory gained, divided all the spoils—
The prisoners sported with, and they not there,
Unbounded was their rage. Then hastening much
Their march, until Chicago they had reached,
In token of designs malevolent,
Their faces blackened—marked the trader's house
For massacre, to reap a plundered share.
Amid th' assembled household and their guard,
His parlor entered, ceremony none.
In silence sullen, on the carpet floor,
With anger in their looks, themselves they seat,
As though in taciturn they would explore,
And taunt devoted victims ere their time ;
(A doom anticipated, deepens, more sublime!)
Impress an earnest of impending wo,
Or on so base design an air of grace bestow.

XXIII.

Black Partridge saw their looks, and knew what passed
Within them—to remonstrate dared not haste.
To Wa-ban-see said, in an under strain :—
To save our friends, our efforts are in vain ;
The trader and his house remain no more !
I now behold them slain, their loss deplore !
There's nought of effort can prevent their doom—
But hark ! another band of Indians come
Across the stream, a friendly whoop I hear ;
Who knows what chance of safety may appear ?
Alert upon his feet Black Partridge sprung,
Advancing to the river, met the throng.
When gained the bank, he thus accosts their chief :—
Who are you, sir ? and do you bring relief ?
I am a man, their leader prompt rejoined ;
But who are you, of such assuming mind ?
A man like to yourself ; but tell me, chief,
Who are you for ? and do you bring relief
To peaceful men, who always keep their faith ?
You who so late arrived ? Black Partridge saith.
Then he replied : The Sau-ga-nash proclaimed,
I am ; though Billy Caldwell oftener named.
My father was an off'cer of high rank—
My mother Wyandot, to be thus frank.
'Mong them an heir to princely power I fall,
Though educated sure in Montreal.
Adopted chief upon my mother's side,
But Englishman, or Sau-ga-nash, my pride.

If thus you are, life on your steps depends !
Your presence, nought but this, can save your friends ;
Then make all haste, and to your speed add wings,
Fly quickly ; ask not more the state of things !

XXIV.

Then hastened to the place the new arrived,
And entered there with calm deliberate step ;
And, seemingly unconscious of what passed,
Well pleased, his own accoutrements took off,
And laid aside ; his rifle placed away
Behind the door. Saluting them, he said :—
How now, my friends ? a pleasant day to you.
Enemies, I was told, were lurking round ;
But I rejoice that here are none but friends.
Why have you blacked your faces ? do you mourn
The loss of relatives in battle slain ?
(Mistaking their intentions purposely,)
Or, are you fasting ? if so, ask our friend
Here, and he'll give you all you want to eat.
He is the Indian's friend, and ne'er refused
For once to set before them what they need.

XXV.

Ta'en by surprise, the foes ashamed became,
Nor deigned their baneful purpose once to name ;
But, softened down, in tones subdued, they said :
Some 'cotton, white, in which t' enwrap our dead,
We've come afar to ask of our kind friend,
That decency our burial rites attend.

'Twas given with presents, some increase of store ;
Appeased, they went in peace, and came no more.
Heald shared two wounds, full seven his beauteous bride,
For she a steed of noble blood did ride ;
The foe, uninjured, sought it to obtain,
And on the rider flung their darts amain.
One demon furious on her did advance,
Armed with a rifle, tomahawk, and lance.
His tomahawk uplifted to destroy ;
Now she, in time of danger, was not coy—
Accustomed there, amid rough scenes to dwell,
She knew the Indian character full well ;
And, looking him directly in the face,
She smiling said :—You surely won't disgrace
Your noble person, raise that valiant arm
Against a feeble squaw, to kill or harm ?
The warrior's arm fell nerveless by his side ;
The words had reached his heart, and touched his pride.
Thus, innocence and right prevail o'er wrong,
And peerless heroines subdue the fierce and strong.

XXVI.

But others yet pursue. Then up came one
So rude, well nigh the fatal deed had done ;
Was in the act to tear her head-dress off,
To gain his trophies, and the crown to doff ;
When to her rescue came up Chaudonnaire,
Of tribe St. Joseph, honorable and fair,
And offered for her ransom, his new prize,
A captured mule, ten bottles rum likewise ;

The last temptation o'er her foe prevailed.
But her perceiving had been much assailed,
And wounded oft, observed that she might die ;
The buyer would the whiskey then deny.
Inquired if he would risk vicissitudes ;
He gave assent, the bargain thus concludes.

XXVII.

Cast with her children in a boat on shore,
A buffalo robe thrown o'er, she was enjoined
Silence, as life she valued. Here remained
Still, uttering nought of sounds could her betray,
To foes who came for captives there to search.
Meanwhile, by an Indian from the Kan-ka-kee,
Who had for him strong personal regard,
Her lord was captured. He, beholding them,
The wounded, feeble state his wife was in,
Requiring care, by pity moved, released
His prisoner without ransom, to attend
Her to St. Joseph's. Here, by Chaudonnaire,
Conveyed. The Indian who so nobly done,
Set free his prisoner, to his tribe returning,
Saw their displeasure manifest so great,
That he resolved a journey to this place,
His prisoner to reclaim. But news of this
Preceded him. Then, by Ke-poo-tah's aid,
And Ta-pa-na-bee, they were ta'en on board
A bark canoe, and paddled by a chief
And wife to Mackina, along the coast ;
Received as prisoners there, thence to Detroit
Were sent. In final time, and happier hour,

When friends did triumph over British power,
Perfidious Proctor felt in turn defeat,
And great Tecumseh fell, they were exchanged.
Lieutenant Helm was wounded, prisoner made,
And carried off by Indians to Au Sable ;
St. Louis thence, and captive there time long ;
When, through the aid of him who deals in furs,
Who o'er the tribes had influence, was set free.
Wounded, his bride, her courser slain beneath ;
When scenes surpassing romance, suffered through,
Led captive to Detroit. But whether she
E'er met her faithful love on earth again—
Conjectured here he did not long remain,
History informs not us. But one thing true,
She long survived him, lived in honor, too.
The soldiers and their wives, and children all,
Among the foe, where'er their lot did fall,
On Wabash, Illinois, and Rock were ta'en ;
Milwaukee some ; there until spring remain
With their wild captors, some a longer space,
Much longer ; at their hands did find more grace
Than friends anticipate, till ransom came,
And heaven-made peace restored their rightful claim.

XXVIII.

That old and mighty hunter, Time,
Whose feats are known in every clime,
Swings his broad scythe with ruthless sway,
Sweeps all the sons of men away.

A lofty generation dies,
Another, and another rise ;
And bards that sweetly sung of yore,
In Grecia, Rome, or Albion shore,
Lie low in dust, their harps unstrung,
And mute the voice of those who sung.
And ancient colonists there were,
Who loved to breathe the mountain air,
As now do these. They had their day,
Flourished and fell, and knew decay ;
And so shall these—and in their place,
Successive spring another race,
Forgetful of their sires ; alone,
And only studious of their own.
Ah ! since their race so soon is run,
Like shadows ended with the sun,
Haste to resound their praise, before
They're numbered with the dead of yore !
Ask no reverse, O son of earth !
Enough thou art of heavenly birth ;
Nor seek, lamenting o'er thy fate,
To give th' appointed bounds a date.
Oh ! be content to have thy day,
Its boon of praise, its transient lay ;
Then, ripe in virtue, mount on high,
To realms of pleasure in the sky.
Let others flourish in thy room,
For this is clear the sovereign doom,
And will of God to mortal men,
Who grants them years three-score and ten.

O, does there still exist on earth,
The fire which gave the Iliad birth !
Made mortal men immortal here,
By painting meed to fancy's ear ?
Or died it with the fall of Rome,
Of Grecian architect and dome ;
When great Pantheon felt decay,
Or Pope and Milton passed away ?

XXIX.

If strains of mounting fire Hesperian lands
Can boast from harps attuned by minstrel hands ;
Or any power of tune to thee belong,
Raise, muse, to western pioneers a song !
Come, lovely Clio ! yet for once inspire
A dull recluse with thine immortal fire !
That o'er the poet's soul soft rapture flings ;
Attune the lyre, and touch the tender strings !
On great Columbus be due honors shed,
Of all the rest, the sovereign and the head.
And thou, O Boone ! shalt be remembered long,
Of western pioneers first in the throng.
Johnson and Harrison, who fought on Thames,
Benton, and Clay, and Cass, are western names ;
Jackson, who served the country in his prime,
Unyielding man, the hero of his time ;
Immortal men, on western hearts engraved,
By tyrant custom could not be enslaved :
Statesmen, of whom our countrymen are proud.
Round such, what awe, what recollections crowd !

The tide of emigration rolls along,
Beneath such sapient minds, and hands so strong,
Like mountain torrents tumbling from the hill ;
Must every mountain, every valley fill ;
Millions on millions hail the glorious land,
And crown it with the works of their ingenious hands.
Virtuous and free, a blessing on mankind ;
Where reigns forever free immortal mind.
And thou, far Oregon ! with mountains high,
Whose snowy, cloud-capp'd towers salute the sky,
Present one spacious garden to the sight,
Whose clustering beacons mock the starry night ;
Till meet the eastern and the western main,
Till the whole continent one subject plain,
One happy people fill from shore to shore,
One happy people hear each ocean roar ;
One glorious nation, send up, blest and free,
Their universal shout of liberty ;
So loud and long, that all the earth shall hear,
And all her kings shall shrink away with fear,
And learn our glorious governmental plan,
Till man no more shall domineer o'er man.

xxx.

The canvass-sheltered pioneer I name,
And he who far from eastern country came.
Within, his infant family are drawn,
His stock he drives before him o'er the lawn.
O'er rivers, hills, and dales, for many a day,
A tour through many States, he takes his way ;

Under the open heavens, in prospect clear,
Arrives, at length, the weary pioneer.
The opening heavens around his pathway shine,
And nought he marks but owns the hand divine ;
And now with logs his cabin he doth build,
With chumps and clay between the cracks are filled,
With clapboards long he covers o'er the roof ;
One room, one door, one window is enough
To serve the present time, till he can rear
A future mansion, land for tillage clear.
Think not too meanly of his scanty dome,
His wild, unpolished, and romantic home !
Ye, who are not thus used, without a sigh,
On simple nature solely to rely ;
For this is nature's child, creation's lord,
And nature's bounties crown his frugal board.
Soon flocks and herds his pastures wide adorn,
His spacious fields are covered o'er with corn.
To speak like holy writ, they shout for joy,
They join in worship, songs of praise employ,
To their great Maker, who with goodness crowns
The circling years that roll. Rejoice the downs,
On every side the little groves and hills,
The mighty river, and the purling rills,
Falling from high, or murmuring under ground,
The landscape fair below the sky profound.
Each living creature, housed in earth or air,
And all that with the beauteous can compare,
That utter sounds uncouth, or speak in song,
Forever their diurnal notes prolong ;
All speak a harmony, a rapture here,
Send up a note which, to the listening ear

Of him whose heart is full of nature's love,
Is heavenly music like to that above ;
That thrilling on his soul without alloy,
Fills his most grateful heart with floods of joy.
Toil, recreation, peace, his life adorn,
Sweet is his hour of rest, and sweet his morn.
Oft he awakes the huntsman's horn to hear—
The chase is up, a fox, a wolf, a deer !
Swift bounding o'er the lawn, through wood and dale,
Swiftly the hounds pursue and scent the gale.
His bounding courser bears him swift along ;
Wolves, dogs, and huntsmen, steeds, together throng ;
A widening circle formed ten leagues around,
And driving inward to the centre ground ;
They meet, and in the narrow ring exposed,
A score of prairie-wolves are oft enclosed.
Then here is sport, and glee, and high exploit
Performed by curs, and hounds, dragoons adroit,
And bounding coursers swiftest in the chase ;
Not like Eumelus, of ethereal race,
Yet equal, we doubt not, in strength and force,
To waft their riders foremost in the course.
Autumnal eve, when shines the silver moon,
The hunter seeks to find the fatted 'coon.

XXXI.

But, should there come a snow so deep,
The nimble deer can't run,
Then, girding on his snowy shoe,
The huntsman with his gun,

Walks all unsinking careless on
The summits of the heaps,
And overtakes, and shoots him down,
While struggling in the deeps.

XXXII.

A hunt of this kind, long to be remembered,
Near Danville's pleasant village, years ago,
Took place in populous county of Vermilion.
It would be well, perhaps, and to his liking,
To give the reader smattering of the climate,
This favored season of the years that roll ;
So pleasant was the weather all that fall,
Exceeding fair up to this time convivial,
E'en to the new year's day, no wintry blásts,
That devotees of pleasure, in their glee,
Upon that day foot-races barefoot run.

XXXIII.

Preparing all things proper for this hunt,
A tall tree in the adjoining forest felled,
Brought forth, and set it up upon a height.
In middle of the prairie, raised a flag,
For many miles around which could be seen.
Then men, some mounted, some on foot, with dogs,
Begin, from all sides round, to drive the wood,
Joining the prairie, moving towards the flag,
Until together in the centre meet.
In narrow ring thus formed, enclosed, that day,

Wolves twenty-seven, some wild-cats, and some deer.
Few had the fortune good to make escape.
Were present here, of the pursuing host,
On this occasion, 'bove two hundred dogs,
A hundred foot, two hundred three-score steedsmen ;
For 'twas a time of great hilarity.
Great was th' ambition and exertions much,
Of hounds and curs, who well performed their task,
By routing, chasing, in the proper course,
Whate'er wild animals came into their way,
Until they'd driven them out upon the prairie,
In open sight. The huntsmen and dragoons
In swift pursuit then joined, and being fresh
On track, took easy lead of curs and hounds.
The buoyancy, exhilarating spirits
Of those engaged, surprising truly was.
Victorious o'er the wolves, the steedsmen rode,
Borne swiftly by his bounding courser on,
While he, loud neighing, in a glee of triumph,
Assails them oft with open mouth advanced,
Or furious tramples them beneath his feet.
Follows the feast—when, seated round the place
Of rendezvous, beneath the liberty-pole,
The parson's blessing is solicited ;
Then, with good appetites and jovial hearts,
Begin they to partake what their good wives prepared ;

Their custards, venison, shortened cakes,
Eggs, hams, and tarts, and seasoned steaks ;
Their sweetmeats, puddings, choice nick-nacks,
Cheese, chickens, joles, and apple-jacks ;

Their mince and maccaroni pies,
Fruit, pound, and cakes that spongy rise ;
Baked pigs, roast turkeys, cheerful song,
God grant they may enjoy the blessing long !

XXXIV.

In eastern countries, there are many persons
Not well informed, or not informed at all,
Correctly, on the products of the soil,
And state of things as here exist far West,
Or well-authenticated statements don't believe ;
Regarding them extravagantly false ;
Esteeming immigrants to this fair region
But reckless rambblers, wild, infatuate,
Entirely from the human world gone out,
Of people civilized, to dwell among
Mere savages, or but the least remove.
These sentiments were common, years gone by,
And still prevail to limited extent.
Hence, certain stories strange they used to tell,
In high derision of this country's soil,
And growth of plants ; and thus would they begin :

This is a wondrous country, sure !
The land is rich, the water pure.
Here bread spontaneous grows on trees,
And waffles flutter in the breeze,
Well buttered, sweetened, fresh and fair,
And fragrant balms perfume the air.
Here Ceres rears her corn as tall
As any pine or Chinese wall ;

And those who gather it, must walk
High ladders, made to climb the stalk.
Wild hogs quite plenty here, they say,
In woods and wilds along highway ;
The sweetest and the fattest pork,
Stuck in their backs a knife and fork.
Already in good style are baked,
With sauce and spices stuffed and caked -
Inviting hearers, as they run,
Polite as any mother's son,
To come and dine, partake the feast,
And count it favors none the least.
And here are plenteous 'coons, they say,
That walk the earth in evening gray ;
The way they snare them is quite winning,
Bring them down from trees by grinning.
The best of sugar pours from trees,
Like sweetest wine upon the lees ;
Each hollow oak is full of honey,
And here there is no want of money.
And as to prairie-land so clear,
'Tis what they cannot make appear ;
We don't believe such tales as these,
More than we do the moon green cheese.

XXXV.

In view that throw we may some further light
Upon this country's early history,
When first by whites 'twas occupied, so far
As titles are concerned, to lands ere sold

By Congress to the men who settled there,
We'll give the reader an account succinct
Of a claim-trial that took place that time,
In then the infant village of Milwaukee.
Proper to state, by way of preface, here,
'That Mr. M——, presiding o'er the trial,
Was, and is still, the District Court's first judge ;
And has for several years discharged the duties
Of office with ability and honor.

The advocates are men of high repute,
Still here residing ; have at different times
Been chosen of the Legislature members ;
By fellow-citizens respected much.

S—— D——, defendant, is an honest farmer,
To his profession does abundant honor—
The credit of his townsmen well enjoys
And we would state, by way of palliation,
In his behalf, that claimants on their lands,
To have their claims respected, and prevent
Others from seizing them, have made claim-laws,
Requiring persons occupying thus,
To be in full possession of the land,
To make improvements certain in amount ;
Building a cabin, clearing, cultivating
Acres a stated number, farmer-like,
Proportioned to the size of tract so claimed :
Binding themselves collective to defend
Each other from encroachments that might come.
The plaintiff, it is true, improvements made,
Sufficient in amount him to entitle,
Perhaps, to the protection of his class ;

But he had neither made them to accord
With rules specific of the law exact,
Nor really settled there upon the land,
Either in person, or by substitute.

XXXVI.

Therefore, S—— D——, though not excusable
Wholly, for entering this disputed tract,
Especially, as the plaintiff and first claimant
Was in the country, near at hand, and ready
The title to contest, and rights assert ;
Yet, circumstances of the case were such,
As in degree to justify his course
In settling on this claim identical.
He deemed it would confirm him in the right,
His title be acknowledged paramount
To that of claimant first, whose title there
Was merely nominal, in his opinion.
He hoped to be sustained by claimants, bound
By solemn obligations to protect
Those of their class, in any righteous cause ;
But otherwise the popular voice declared.
Consulting not opinions, as was need,
Especially in community like this,
Where great asperities need softening down,
Not weighing causes and effects aright,
S—— D—— possession took, a cabin built thereon,
And into it his rising family moved,
The culture of the rugged soil began,
By clearing, fencing, raising there a crop.

But, notwithstanding, he was dispossessed
By force, and disinherited of all,
By the first claimants ; bachelors were they.
He took possession soon a second time,
Deeming his right still feasible ; then 'twas,
The litigation next described took place.

XXXVII.

Delightful village of Milwaukee !
I went in November your beauties to see ;
Leaving my home, and the land of my tillage,
To visit the early and new-founded village.
I entered your courts, the jury I saw,
And all your attorneys, and counsellors at law.
The learned judge, enthroned, looked sedate and compla-
cent ;
The sages of law sat smiling adjacent.
It seemed a time when joy, in profusion,
Pervaded the council, and far off collusion.
They called up the case of S—— D—— and Peters -
Witnesses, too, as thick as mosquitos.
After the evidence had gone on apace,
The lawyers got up to argue the case.
W——, the pertest of these, led the van,
Acknowledged by all as an eloquent man.
He says, this is trespass by common law ;
As clear a case as ever I saw ;
Also, by statute of this territory,
And this is the way to tell the story.

Kind gentlemen, too, 'tis quite unreasonable,
That these poor bachelors thus, unseasonable,
Should rudely be stripp'd of their rights and their lives,
Merely because they have got them no wives.
On relevant topics his subject had length,
His reasons supported by wisdom and strength ;
Showed the first claimant's title most sure and most clearly,
And proved, beyond doubt, he had paid for it dearly.
S—— D——, the defendant, was rowed up Salt river,
The plaintiff he put in possession forever.
A——, generous, saw this, and beheld it with grief,
Arose in his might for defendant's relief.
A well-timed intrusion it certainly was,
Poor D—— needed sadly such prop to his cause.
Wholly unlike treacherous Arnold of old,
Who basely betrayed his country for gold,
So skilful in law, and trusty was he,
The judge declared he honored should be—
He, therefore, made him a State attorney,
And, of this office, he proved himself worthy.
Gentlemen, he says, these lawyers have taken
A course, which by all should be forsaken ;
Whilst one, advocating, stands up, as appears,
The other sits by, shedding crocodile tears,
For bachelors old, who deserve not a claim,
Encumbering the ground, and but settlers in name ;
While an actual settler, as all you agree,
With his lady and children, my client must be.
You would vacate the land, and turn out of door
The industrious farmer, because he is poor ;

And shut against him all bowels of compassion,
And swallow the camel to follow the fashion.
This speaker gave them such going over,
It made the lawyers look quite sober ;
We thought they could not answer amain,
Having two to one, they rallied again.
Soon after this noble speech was ended,
And from the rostrum he descended,
As I was penning this down, as may be,
He came and addressed himself thus to me :
To write this down you are taking much pains,
But for sale, now, have you got any claims ?
No, says I, my claiming business is done,
Whilst yours, it appears, is just now begun.
For, after the claims with me are at rest,
You counsellors have the title to test ;
And, when before you the action is brought,
You'll confirm such titles as I have bought.
When I hunted claims, I went far and near,
Resolved from all others to keep myself clear ;
And if, through mistake, I jumped a man's claim,
As soon as I knew it, I jumped off again.
'Twas then that the gallant T—— arose,
These adverse proceedings firm to oppose ;
With boldness and much gesticulation,
Draws from the audience their high admiration ;
Extends his arms aloft with grace and thumps,
Puts all his dire opposers to their trumps—
By powerful words, with reason much imbued,
Proved headstrong D—— a reckless course pursued.

Such eloquence, and long, with powerful sway,
Bore down all opposition, won the day.
The learned judge did then address the jury,
And thus, to them, he mildly told the story :—
This is a case of trespass, *vi et armis*,
And you, the jury, must try what the harm is.
And if you find that these poor bachelors grand,
Had peaceable possession of this land,
And had complied with the known customs good,
That were adopted in their neighborhood ;
And if you find the plaintiffs both int'rested
In the said claim, which now is to be tested,
You must, indeed, a verdict for them find ;
This is the law in cases of this kind.
The jury, ever faithful to their trust,
Soon for the plaintiff brought a verdict just,
Against poor D—— ; for he the case had lost,
Sixpence the damage, sixty dollars cost.

XXXVIII.

Our detail of the army in progression,
And operations martial on their part,
'Twill now be necessary to resume,
And unto Black Hawk's sad retreat return,
Hopeful to gain the Mississippi ere
O'erta'en by Atkinson in swift pursuit.
For here illustrious Dodge, of sober years,
Bears credence first among the pioneers ;
Before the rest his glory was enhancing,
While with more rapid strides he was advancing.

Whether it was that the commanding general
Reposed in Dodge a greater confidence,
Such risk and task important to perform,
We know not ; but are sure he was commissioned
To go before the army in pursuit.
On the fourth night since they Helena left,
Unto a late encampment of the foe
They came ; there found an aged Indian sick,
Abandoned by his people to his fate.
For 'tis, among some Indian tribes, a custom,
Travelling from place to place, when on removing,
To leave behind the aged and infirm,
Provisions furnishing a somewhat stock,
Which to consume and die. But, in this case,
They no such stock did leave, for reason plain,
That they had none to leave ; none for themselves.
They deemed, no doubt, that he would be discovered
By his pursuers, and be saved from death,
Lingering, protracted, from a long starvation,
By the more welcome bullets of his foes.
This Indian old the army did inform,
Black Hawk and all his train had that day gone
To a place called Bad Axe, on the Mississippi,
To cross next morn, on August's second day.

XXXIX.

Meanwhile, that day the Indians reached the river,
Striking it forty miles 'bove Prairie du Chien,
Some having died of hunger and fatigue.
Black Hawk immediately essayed to cross ;

Prevented by calamitous mishap.
For here, the steamer Warrior he encountered ;
A white flag raised, the truce to supplicate,
And sue for peace in his distress extreme.
To the captain called, to send his boat on shore,
That he might there surrender up himself,
To save his squaws and children from the death,
And swift destruction hanging over them.
Quite certain 'tis, that he the peace desired,
On any terms, to save the remnant left.
If thirst of blood had been rapacious less,
And more respect indulged for flag of truce,
Held sacred 'mong all nations of the earth,
Farther destruction of the lives of men
Might well been spared, the nation's honor saved
From reckless violation of their faith,
And ruthless cruelty in this affair.
But no respect was shown ; charged with decoy,
The dogs of war let loose without delay,
Swept scores of that unhappy race away.

XL.

The steeds all wearied out, or nearly so,
By marches forced, the foe to overtake,
'Mid weather sultry, overcoming heat,
The soldiers much exhausted with fatigue,
The general ordered that the army halt,
In order hastily to refresh themselves
By food, and some few hours' repose, before
They entered into battle, that they might

The better be prepared for sanguine fray ;
That on next day, at second hour of morn,
Long ere the rosy dawn should streak the East,
They all be ready for their line of march,
O'er those three leagues that led to fields of conquest.
That hour, precise, the bugles sounded loud,
Through all the camping-ground, the notes of war,
Their heroes calling to the field of fight.
The following was the order of the battle :
Dodge, with his squadron of the mining troops,
Was honored with a place in the front rank.
The regular soldiers, infantry, came next,
Under their General Taylor's high command,
He who immortal honors won in Mexic' land.
And next him, General Henry's brigade followed .
To this succeeded General Alexander's ;
And next, and last, came General Posey's on,
Whose band the rear-guard of the army formed.

XLI.

A forlorn hope, select, and led by Dodge,
Were sent, a chosen score, their foe to spy ;
A service perilous to execute.
Different divisions of the army thus
Disposed of, every preparation made
Needful, the bands elate their march begin.
Had not far gone, ere one of the forlorn
Returned with tidings that the foe were near ;
Having discovered his out picket-guard.
This told he to the general of the host ;



GEN^L ZACHARY TAYLOR.

From him to all subordinates was it sent.
'Twas followed by accelerated march ;
Firing in little time commenced in front.
The Indians, from one rising ground to next,
From time to time were driven, still keeping up
A constant fire, on every eminence,
O'er which they knew their foes obliged to pass.
Still, being routed from their hiding-places,
At length sought safety in a body main,
Retreating to the river bottom, where
They joined in one great effort to defend
Themselves and families, or in battle die.
Here Atkinson resolved to take each step
Deemed needful, to prevent the foe's escape,
Or down or up the river ; prudently
Ordered the generals Alexander, Posey,
To form the army's right wing, and move down.
Directed Henry and brigade to form
The left, and march along the Indians' trail,
Which lay to south, so near the river's bank,
As to prevent a passage out that way.
Then must the infantry, by Taylor led,
And Dodge's troops, the front and centre form.
All of this army, regular troops except,
Were mounted volunteers, militia-men.

XLII.

The army marshalled thus, in dread array,
The almost perpendicular bluffs descend,
Until the river's bottom-lands they reach

Which was to reinstate his people in
Their ancient territory ; what they'd lost
Recover, and to which they had a right,
As he believed, by laws of Deity ;
Yet, he still felt an inward consciousness
That he his duty had discharged full well
Unto his nation. Buoyed up by this,
Determined still to do what yet remained
Within his power, in saving their retreat,
Retrieving their condition ruinous ;
Oft much depressed in mind in this sad flight
He seemed, for fear of its results disastrous.
But purely national was his concern,
Not caring for himself, but for the rest ;
While o'er the ruins of his country wept.
Yet sorrowed not like one who'd lost his hope,
And with it all the will and power to work.
Something he still could do—that something was,
To put forth all his energies sublime,
And firmness, to conduct a safe retreat.
And this he did. All duties he discharged
Of a good general—done what man could do,
In such a desperate, hopeless cause forlorn.
All quarters were denied him by his foe,
And left him no resource but in himself.
Going from group to group of his dejected
Followers, reminding them the great events
Which on th' issue of this battle hung ;
All being at stake, and their salvation resting
Upon their valor and success ; much now
Exhorting to be valiant in defence

Of wives and children dear; endeavoring hard,
At risk of life, the enemy to repulse
From river's bank, and force a passage o'er
The Mississippi to its western shore,
Their last grand barrier 'gainst a safe retreat.
The motives which inspired this generous savage,
Posterity will approve and venerate.
Unto the brave, high-souled, adventurous spirits
Of earth, it will eternally endear him.

What general on this mortal shore,
In such a strait, accomplished more ?
Not Buonaparte, in that sad hour
Of his retreat from British power !
Nor Wellington, who passed for nought,
When the first battle lost he fought !
And sure they had no better cause,
Than fight for country, kindred, laws !

XLVI.

Finally routed from all place of refuge,
Surrounded on all sides, and driven like flock
Of timid sheep from wolves, in horror flying
To th' outer verge of Mississippi's bank,
Evil, perceived they, had befallen them ;
For, oh ! to cross so wide and deep a river
So rapid in its current, in full view
Of a victorious, unrelenting foe,
Both eager in pursuit and close in rear,
Under most favorable circumstances, must,

Could not but be disastrous in extreme ;
Much more so must it prove to them, who now
Were unprovided with the needful barks
To cross that awful gulf, impassable,
Barrier tremendous, hindering their escape !
Their minds were filled with awful apprehensions
Of consequences fearful that would follow.
Dreadful alternative ! to be thus forced
To plunge the river headlong, and expose
Themselves to danger imminent of drowning,
Or fall by cruel hands upon its banks !
Thus circumstanced, with dangers such before,
Destruction worse behind, they lingering stood
Upon the outer bank of Mississippi's flood !

XLVII.

The dread appearance thereof, and the thoughts
Of being compelled to cross it, without bark
Or raft to buoy them up above the waves,
Astounded them with an amazement sore,
Involuntary forced them back with horror ;
They turned away, and stood aghast in view
Of such a mighty effort so revolting ;
But worse destruction from behind pursuing,
Impelled them onward, and their minds strung up
To deeds of mighty daring. Braving all,
In the deep waters, headlong, straight they plunged,
Where many drowned ; others, pursued too closely,
Strove t' evade the leaden death by diving—
But all in vain ; for our sharp riflemen,

Who could, from top of tallest tree there stood,
Pick out, perchance, a squirrel's eye, or pierce
The head of duck, far off, in re-appearing
Above the water's surface, found it easy
In diving Indian's head a ball to lodge.
The women, children, and of warriors part,
Mounted on ponies, in their haste plunged in.
The time, the least delay permitted not ;
The ponies with their freight succeeded well,
And gained the western shore, a few except,
That were so overladen with the living,
Besides to bridles, manes, what children clung,
That under weight of such a burden sunk ;
Could not the current stem ; with all their load
In waters deep were drowned, the stream bore down.
The shattered remnants of their bands succeeded
In gaining Mississippi's western shore.
No danger from their foes of being pursued,
Till boats could build, or otherwise obtain.

XLVIII.

So great, indeed, was their discomfiture,
All furthermore pursuit was needless deemed.
Three hours the raging of the battle held—
Of women, children, prisoners taken fifty ;
Of warriors, none—no man surrendered there.
As they no quarters sought, or sought in vain,
None they received, but were in battle slain.
Their loss in numbers still remains unknown,
Though near a score of anxious years have flown.

XLIX

O, noble Mississippi ! father flood !
They tinge thy peaceful waters with their blood !
Yet thou roll'st on majestic as before,
When these, and those pursuing, are no more.
Yea, future nations here may rise and fall,
Yet wilt thou lift thy head, and look unchanged on all !
The red man of the wood, like morning dew,
Has disappeared, except a harmless few ;
Where once his curling wigwam's smoke appeared,
Farms beautiful, and little towns are reared ;
And where in war-dance played by stream or pool,
Oft heard the cheerful hum of village school.
His light canoe on rivers way has given,
To boats majestic, that by steam are driven.
The noble lakes, long where he lived seclude,
And used to bathe his limbs in solitude,
Are covered o'er with numerous trading ships,
That daily spread their sails, perform their trips.
The happy people here their fears release ;
Here grows and blooms the tree of sacred peace ;
The earth no longer drinks the blood of slain ;
That it may drink no more, God say amen !

L.

The formidable train of Black Hawk, now
No longer as an army did exist ;
For, so completely panic-struck were they
Who yet remained, and so confounded with

The terrors of so dreadful a defeat,
Became as dead men, having no more strength,
Courage, or resolution to resist ;
But, scattered o'er a length of way in flight,
Without to discipline the least regard.
Black Hawk's attendant, constant friend, the prophet,
From whom he counsel sought, divine direction,
In case of danger and of trial oft,
Turning to him, discoursing thus began :

BLACK HAWK.

My brother most revered, and faithful guide !
Of our late loss disastrous, and defeat
Ruinous, you told me nothing. Had you not,
By astrologic signs, or dreams prophetic,
Appearance of a heavenly visiter,
Or otherwise, some warning of this thing ?

PROPHET.

Warning, 'tis true, I had of this event
Direful ; not making known, did not dissent
From thee—convinced this could not make things better,
Would thee distress, and serve thy mind to fetter ;
Vigor relaxing, whereby our great doom,
With heavier vengeance on us all had come ;
For, in my dream the night before, 'twas given
To me to view, suspended high in heaven,
A mighty ball of fire. While this I eyed,
It fell, and brake in pieces by my side.

The many pieces turned to blazing stars,
And seemed to skip about like living fires,
And one by one they turned exceeding pale,
Went out with imitative sounds of wail,
That filled my soul with horror but to hear,
And showed our nation's end and ruin near.
Few, burning pale, did wander out of sight,
And shadowed forth a remnant saved by flight.

BLACK HAWK.

The warning we could not forego,
As by experience sad we know ;
Yet let us still by faith inquire,
And ask of our Almighty Sire,
The signs our future course may show,
And what we do, and where we go.
But first we'll make a sacrifice
Of all we do most dearly prize—
Cast our tobacco in the fire,
And offer up our heart's desire.
And the Great Spirit grant, this night,
A visioned omen fair and bright.
Our chief long watching, sunk to rest,
Prayer labored in the prophet's breast.
All night he nought of slumber found,
But walked a solitary round ;
Oft viewed in prayer the burning brand,
And all the heavenly movements scanned.
He saw before the dawn of day,
A sign which crossed the aerial way ;

And thence arose a burning star,
A supernatural sign, and far
Into the north it made its way,
There stood, all luminous as day.
The prophet called the weary chief,
And showed the sign of their relief.
He saw the omen, and was glad,
Unto the prophet thus he said :
This is my ancient mother's star ;
She saw it through the future far ;
Foretold my fate in ancient day,
And said a star should mark my way,
And be my guide in that sad hour
That gave my foes the ruling power.
Up quickly, prophet ! rein our steeds,
For I must follow where it leads.
It shows the way of safety true,
For this was kindly promised, too ;
If to my foes I be betrayed,
Their hands from violence shall be stayed.
Obedient to the mandate given,
Obsequious to the will of heaven,
Devoutly grateful went they forth,
And journeyed onward towards the north.

LI.

Pursued by Winnebagoes, they, ere long,
Were taken prisoners, brought to Prairie du Chien,
By Decorie, Chaeter, chiefs of tribes.
The off'cers of the fort were present now,

The many pieces turned to blazing stars,
And seemed to skip about like living fires,
And one by one they turned exceeding pale,
Went out with imitative sounds of wail,
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LI.

Pursued by Winnebagoes, they, ere long,
Were taken prisoners, brought to Prairie du Chien,
By Decorie, Chaeter, chiefs of tribes.
The off'cers of the fort were present now,

And other persons of distinction, many.
The scene was interesting and impressive.
In deer-skins, snow-white dressed, appeared the captives.
Seated, his message Decorie delivered,
And prisoners to the charge of General Street.
Then, Black Hawk rose, the general thus addressed :
Great chief ! you've ta'en me prisoner, with my warriors !
When I could not by Indian tact prevail,
To fight you face to face I was constrained.
I fought hard ; but your guns were too well aimed ;
Like singing-birds of air your bullets flew,
And whistled by our ears like wintry winds.
My warriors fell around me ; dismal looked it.
I hoped assistance from some neighboring tribes,
Who promised faithful they would join my standard.
Deceivers told me that our British father .
Would secretly assist us to regain
The lands we'd lost—on that we might depend.
The Pottawatamies could massacre
Families defenceless, lying on Indian creek ;
Say Black Hawk done it ; but they took good care
Not to fulfil their promises to him,
By coming to his aid in time of need.
I saw my evil day at hand, and then
The sun rose dim upon us on that morn ;
In darkness set ; looked like a ball of fire.
That was the last sun ever shone on Black Hawk.
His heart, dead in his bosom, beats no more !
His numbered suns are three-score years and six,
And the infirmities of age are on him.
Now to the white men he has fallen a prisoner ;

They'll do with him their wish ; but he can stand
Torture ; and he of death is not afraid.
He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian—
He's nothing done an Indian to disgrace ;
Nothing for which an Indian need feel shame.
He's for his countrymen and kindred fought,
Against white men, who came, year after year,
To make his people drunk with their fire-water,
And rob them of their furs and hunting-grounds.
He's satisfied. He'll go to the world of spirits ;
His father there will meet him, and commend him.
Black Hawk disdains to like a woman cry.
He loves his wife, his children, and his friends ;
He cares not for himself. Farewell, my nation !
Black Hawk to save you tried. He drank the blood
Of some o' the whites. He has been taken prisoner,
His plans are stopped, and he can do no more !
His end is near ; his sun is going down !
And he will rise no more ! Farewell to Black Hawk.

LII.

Was taken to the capitolian city—
First words he uttered in his interview
With the nation's chief, were these distinguished ones,
Descriptive of his character sublime :
“ You are a man, and I, too, am a man.”
The whites much honored the magnanimous chief,
Black Hawk. The better to convince him of
The daring nature of his bold attempts,

'Gainst other tribes upon whose borders forced,
Encroaching on, lest they destroy us there.
We know our weakness and forlorn condition,
Orphans and strangers in a distant land,
As o'er a wide and thinly-timbered country
We're doomed to rove, our hunting-grounds inferior.
Great Manitou hears what I say ; will be
A faithful witness 'tween you and my people.
I'm done. But be you sure to tell my words
To the tall white chief of all your pale-faced brothers,
Who occupies the splendid mammoth wigwam
In Washington, your capitolian city.

LIV.

Unto his people he returned, and told
Them all that he had seen, and all the words
The white chief told him ; what he'd said to them.
He died in peace and honor in his land ;
Was gathered to his people ; over him
Great lamentation made. They buried him
On Des Moines' eastern side, in what was called
New Purchase, in Iowa, with such honors
As military heroes do receive,
By customs known 'mong red men to observe.
They mourned in usual way, by uttering
Sounds guttural, and prayers to Manitou,
For his safe passage to the land of spirits.
And here, him to lament, would often come
His friends and people, bringing him rich presents,

Large pieces of tobacco, honey-comb,
Placed by him in his tomb, uttering wild cries of grief.
In prairie land, upon an eminence,
Quite near his habitation, and the river,
The grave of the renowned is situate,
Of him, the prince and hero of his race,
The mighty, and unconquerable Black Hawk !
His grave, constructed in the Indian mode,
Was wide and deep, and in its western end,
And in a sitting posture, was he placed ;
His countenance looking towards the rising sun.
His staff, that Clay did give, was placed upright
Beside him ; on it his right hand did rest.
By him his garments, tomahawk, and gun ;
A splendid uniform did he have on,
Presented to him by our nation's chief.
His face was painted red, and striped with black,
Just as a youthful Indian dandy paints,
When he goes wooing ; thus conveying thought
To living red men, that their great, high chief,
Had gone a-courting to another world ;
Where, if he should receive the signal favor
Of the Great Spirit, he would be united
To a woman who had passed these mortal bounds,
There live forever in green hunting-grounds,
Where deer and elk abound, and no white man,
Them to molest, be suffered there to come.
Thus was he honored, according unto all
That was revealed of him to Gentle Dove,
His great maternal ancestor, alone,

The only chief 'mong all the families, tribes,
And kindreds of his people, who could claim
The high prerogative of everlasting fame.

LV.

Live, O illustrious chieftain of the Sacs !
The noblest, last, and bravest of thy race !
Live in the affections of thy people ever !
Live in the records, and the songs of history !
Let no man censure thee henceforth, or dare
To call in question thy motives pure !
Against thy character sublime say aught,
Or strive to rob thee of immortal fame !
Forever perished be that hand, that name,
O'er thee oblivion's curtain fain would draw,
Or tear away from thy most noble brow
The chaplet wreath of thy resplendent glory !
Sleep, warrior ! to thy rest thou must return ;
As all thy fathers have, so e'en must thou !
For ah ! to death, what monarch needs not bow ?
O joyful, unconfined his spirit be !
For freedom loved in life, in death may he
Inherit largely it. Sleep thou in glory's bed,
In quiet, mighty chief of nation red !
Alone had wisdom in thyself to know, '
And magnanimity to vindicate just claims,
Thy people's rights ; appealing to the sword,
The last resort, when efforts else had failed ;
Ill-fated hour, and desperate cause, though just ;

Hurling defiance 'gainst gigantic power ;
Who tyranny in every shape condemned ;
While Dodge and Doty, Tallmadge, prudent men,
Far in the north, and Renolds, Duncan, Ford,
Govern successively this land of thine,
Of Nit-o-me-ma, and Omaint-si-ar-nah !

THE END.

Thayer

